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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.¹

XI.

GRACE burst into the room where her mother sat, and flung her hat aside with a desperate gesture. "Now, mother, you have got to listen to me. Dr. Mulbridge has asked me to marry him!"

Mrs. Breen put up her spectacles on her forehead, and stared at her daughter, while some strong expressions, out of the plebeian or rustic past which lies only a generation or two behind most of us, rose to her lips. I will not repeat them here; she had long denied them to herself as an immoral self-indulgence, and it must be owned that such things have a fearful effect, coming from old ladies. "What has got into all the men? What in nature does he want you to marry him for?"

"Oh, for the best reasons in the world!" exclaimed the daughter. "For reasons that will make you admire and respect him," she added, ironically. "For great, and unselfish, and magnanimous reasons!"

"I should want to believe they were the real ones, first," interrupted Mrs. Breen.

"He wants to marry me because he knows that I can't fulfill my plans of life alone, and because we could fulfill them together. We shall not only be husband

and wife, but we shall be physicians in partnership. I may continue a homœopath, he says, and the State Medical Association may go to the devil." She used his language, that would have been shocking to her ordinary moods, without blenching, and in their common agitation her mother accepted it as fit and becoming. "He counts upon my accepting him because I must see it as my duty, and my conscience won't let me reject the only opportunity I shall have of doing some good and being of some use in the world. What do you think I ought to do, mother?"

"There's reason in what he says. It *is* an opportunity. You *could* be of use, in that way, and perhaps it's the only way. Yes," she continued, fascinated by the logic of the position and its capabilities for vicarious self-sacrifice, "I don't see how you can get out of it. You have spent years and years of study, and a great deal of money, to educate yourself for a profession that you're too weak to practice alone. You can't say that I ever advised your doing it. It was your own idea, and I didn't oppose it. But when you've gone so far, you've formed an obligation to go on. It's your duty not to give up, if you know of any means to continue. That's your duty, as plain as can be. To say nothing of the wick-

ed waste of your giving up now, you're bound to consider the effect it would have upon other women who are trying to do something for themselves. The only thing," she added, with some misgiving, "is whether you believe he was in earnest and would keep his word to you."

"I think he was secretly laughing at me, and that he would expect to laugh me out of his promise."

"Well, then, you ought to take time to reflect, and you ought to be sure that you're right about him."

"Is that what you really think, mother?"

"I am always governed by reason, Grace, and by right; and I have brought you up on that plan. If you have ever departed from it, it has not been with my consent, nor for want of my warning. I have simply laid the matter before you."

"Then you wish me to marry him?"

This was perhaps a point that had not occurred to Mrs. Breen in her recognition of the strength of Dr. Mulbridge's position. It was one thing to trace the path of duty; another to support the aspirant in treading it. "You ought to take time to reflect," Mrs. Breen repeated, with evasion that she never used in behalf of others.

"Well, mother," answered Grace, "I didn't take time to reflect, and I shouldn't care whether I was right about him or not. I refused him because I didn't love him. If I had loved him, that would have been the only reason I needed to marry him. But all the duty in the world wouldn't be enough without it. Duty? I am sick of duty! Let the other women who are trying to do something for themselves take care of themselves, as men would. I don't owe them more than a man would owe other men, and I won't be hoodwinked into thinking I do. As for the waste, the past is gone, at any rate; and the waste that I lament

is the years I spent in working myself up to an undertaking that I was never fit for. I won't continue that waste, and I won't keep up the delusion that because I was very unhappy I was useful, and that it was doing good to be miserable. I like pleasure and I like dress; I like pretty things. There is no harm in them. Why shouldn't I have them?"

"There is harm in them for you" — her mother began.

"Because I have tried to make my life a horror? There is no other reason, and that is *no* reason. When we go into Boston this winter I shall go to the theatre. I shall go to the opera, and I hope there will be a ballet. And next summer I am going to Europe; I am going to Italy." She whirled away toward the door as if she were setting out.

"I should think you had taken leave of your conscience!" cried her mother.

"I hope I have, mother. I am going to consult my reason after this."

"Your reason!"

"Well, then, my inclination. I have had enough of conscience, — of my own, and of yours, too. That is what I told him, and that is what I mean. There is such a thing as having too much conscience, and of getting stupefied by it, so that you can't really see what's right. But I don't care. I believe I should like to do wrong for a while, and I *will* do wrong, if it's doing right to marry him."

She had her hand on the door-knob, and now she opened the door, and closed it after her with something very like a bang.

She naturally could not keep within doors in this explosive state, and she went down-stairs, and out upon the piazza. Mr. Maynard was there, smoking, with his boots on top of the veranda rail, and his person thrown back in his chair at the angle requisite to accomplish this elevation of the feet. He

took them down, as he saw her approach, and rose, with the respect in which he never failed for women, and threw his cigar away.

"Mr. Maynard," she asked abruptly, "do you know where Mr. Libby is?"

"No, I don't, doctor, I'm sorry to say. If I did, I would send and borrow some more cigars of him. I think that the brand our landlord keeps must have been invented by Mr. Trask, the great anti-tobacco reformer."

"Is he coming back? Is n't he coming back?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Why, yes, I reckon he must be coming back. Libby generally sees his friends through. And he'll have some curiosity to know how Mrs. Maynard and I have come out of it all." He looked at her with something latent in his eye; but what his eye expressed was merely a sympathetic regret that he could not be more satisfactory.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "Mr. Barlow might know something."

"Well, now," said Maynard, "perhaps he might, that very thing. I'll go round and ask him." He went to the stable, and she waited for his return. "Barlow says," he reported, "that he guesses he's somewhere about Leyden. At any rate, his mare's there yet, in the stable where Barlow left her. He saw her there, yesterday."

"Thanks. That's all I wished to know," said Grace. "I wished to write to him," she added boldly.

She shut herself in her room, and spent the rest of the forenoon in writing a letter, which when first finished was very long, but in its ultimate phase was so short as to occupy but a small space on a square correspondence-card. Having got it written on the card, she was dissatisfied with it in that shape, and copied it upon a sheet of note-paper. Then she sealed and addressed it, and put it into her pocket. After dinner she went down to the beach, and walked a long way upon the sands. She

thought at first that she would ask Barlow to get it to him, somehow; and then she determined to find out from Barlow the address of the people who had Mr. Libby's horse, and send it to them for him by the driver of the barge. She would approach the driver with a nonchalant, imperious air, and ask him to please have that delivered to Mr. Libby immediately, and in case he learned from the stable people that he was not in Leyden, to bring the letter back to her. She saw how the driver would take it, and then she figured Libby opening and reading it. She sometimes figured him one way, and sometimes another. Sometimes he rapidly scanned the lines, and then instantly ordered his horse, and feverishly hastened the men; again, he deliberately read it, and then tore it into small pieces, with a laugh, and flung them away. This conception of his behavior made her heart almost stop beating; but there was a luxury in it, too, and she recurred to it quite as often as to the other, which led her to a dramatization of their meeting, with all their parley minutely realized, and every most intimate look and thought imagined. There is of course no means of proving that this sort of mental exercise was in any degree an exercise of the reason, or that Dr. Breen did not behave unprofessionally in giving herself up to it. She could only have claimed in self-defense that she was no longer aiming at a professional behavior; that she was in fact abandoning herself to a recovered sense of girlhood and all its sweetest irresponsibilities. Those who would excuse so weak and capricious a character may urge, if they like, that she was behaving as wisely as a young physician of the other sex would have done in the circumstances.

She concluded to remain on the beach, where only the children were playing in the sand, and where she could easily escape any other companionship that threatened. After she had walked long

enough to spend the first passion of her reverie, she sat down under the cliff, and presently grew conscious of his boat swinging at anchor in its wonted place, and wondered that she had not thought he must come back for that. Then she had a mind to tear up her letter as superfluous; but she did not. She rose from her place under the cliff, and went to look for the dory. She found it drawn up on the sand in a little cove. It was the same place, and the water was so shoal for twenty feet out that no one could have rowed the dory to land; it must be dragged up. She laughed and blushed, and then boldly amused herself by looking for foot-prints; but the tide must have washed them out long ago; there were only the light, small foot-prints of the children who had been playing about the dory. She brushed away some sand they had scattered over the seat, and got into the boat and sat down there. It was a good seat, and commanded a view of the sail-boat in the foreground of the otherwise empty ocean; she took out her letter, and let it lie in the open hands which she let lie in her lap.

She was not impatient to have the time pass; it went only too soon. Though she indulged that luxury of terror in imagining her letter torn up and scornfully thrown away, she really rested quite safe as to the event; but she liked this fond delay, and the soft blue afternoon might have lasted forever to her entire content.

A little whiff of breeze stole up, and suddenly caught the letter from her open hands and whisked it out over the sand. With a cry she fled after it, and when she had recaptured it she thought to look at her watch. It was almost time for the barge, and now she made such needless haste, in order not to give herself chance for misgiving or retreat, that she arrived too soon at the point where she meant to intercept the driver on his way to the house; for in

her present mutiny she had resolved to gratify a little natural liking for *ma-nœuvre*, long starved by the rigid discipline to which she had subjected herself. She had always been awkward at it, but she liked it; and now it pleased her to think that she should give her letter secretly to the driver, and on her way to meet him she forgot that she had meant to ask Barlow for part of the address. She did not remember this till it was too late to go back to the hotel, and she suddenly resolved not to consult Barlow, but to let the driver go about from one place to another with the letter till he found the right one. She kept walking on out into the forest through which the road wound, and she had got a mile away before she saw the weary bowing of the horses' heads, as they tugged the barge through the sand at a walk. She stopped involuntarily, with some impulses to flight; and, as the vehicle drew nearer, she saw the driver turned round upon his seat, and talking to a passenger behind. She had never counted upon his having a passenger, and the fact undid all.

She remained helpless in the middle of the road; the horses came to a standstill a few paces from her, and the driver ceased from the high key of conversation, and turned to see what was the matter.

"My grief!" he shouted. "If it had n't been for them horses o' mine, I sh'd 'a' run right over ye."

"I wished to speak with you," she began. "I wished to send"—

She stopped, and the passenger leaned forward to learn what was going on. "Miss Breen!" he exclaimed, and leaped out of the back of the barge and ran to her.

"You—you got my letter!" she gasped.

"No! What letter? Is there anything the matter?"

She did not answer. She had become conscious of the letter, which she had

never ceased to hold in the hand that she had kept in her pocket for that purpose. She crushed it into a small wad.

Libby turned his head, and said to the driver of the barge, "Go ahead;" and, "Will you take my arm?" he added to her. "It's heavy walking in this sand."

"No, thank you," she murmured, recoiling. "I'm not tired."

"Are you well? Have you been quite well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. I did n't know you were coming back."

"Yes. I had to come back. I'm going to Europe next week, and I had to come to look after my boat, here; and I wanted to say good-by to Maynard. I was just going to speak to Maynard, and then sail my boat over to Leyden."

"It will be very pleasant," she said, without looking at him. "It's moonlight now."

"Oh, I sha'n't have any use for the moon. I shall get over before night-fall, if this breeze holds."

She tried to think of something else, and to get away from this talk of a sail to Leyden, but she fatally answered, "I saw your boat this afternoon. I had n't noticed before that it was still here."

He hesitated a moment, and then asked, "Did you happen to notice the dory?"

"Yes; it was drawn up on the sand."

"I suppose it's all right — if it's in the same place."

"It seemed to be," she answered faintly.

"I'm going to give the boat to John-son."

She did not say anything, for she could think of nothing to say but that she had looked for seals on the reef, but had not seen any, and this would have been too shamelessly leading. That left the word to him, and he asked timidly, —

"I hope my coming don't seem intrusive, Miss Breen?"

She did not heed this, but "You are going to be gone a great while?" she asked in turn.

"I don't know," he replied, in an uncertain tone, as if troubled to make out whether she was vexed with him or not. "I thought," he added, "I would go up the Nile this time. I've never been up the Nile, you know."

"No, I did n't know that. Well," she added to herself, "I wish you had not come back! You had better not have come back. If you had n't come, you would have got my letter. And now it can never be done! No, I can't go through it all again, and no one has the right to ask it. We have missed the only chance!" she cried to herself, in such keen reproach of him that she thought she must have spoken aloud.

"Is Mrs. Maynard all right again?" he asked.

"Yes, she is very much better," she answered, confusedly, as if he had heard her reproach and had ignored it.

"I hope you're not so tired as you were."

"No, I'm not tired now."

"I thought you looked a little pale," he said, sympathetically; and now she saw that he was so. It irritated her that she should be so far from him, in all helpfulness, and she could scarcely keep down the wish that ached in her heart.

We are never nearer doing the thing we long to do than when we have proclaimed to ourselves that it must not and cannot be.

"Why are you so pale?" she demanded, almost angrily.

"I? I did n't know that I was," he answered. "I supposed I was pretty well. I dare say I ought to be ashamed of showing it in that way. But if you ask me, well, I will tell you: I don't find it any easier than I did at first."

"You are to blame, then!" she cried. "If I were a man, I should not let such a thing wear upon me for a moment."

"Oh, I dare say I shall live through it," he answered, with the national whimsicality that comes to our aid in most emergencies.

A little pang went through her heart, but she retorted, "I would n't go to Europe to escape it, nor up the Nile. I would stay and fight it where I was."

"Stay?" He seemed to have caught hopefully at the word.

"I thought you were stronger. If you give up in this way, how can you expect me?" — She stopped; she hardly knew what she had intended to say; she feared that he knew.

But he only said, "I'm sorry. I did n't intend to trouble you with the sight of me. I had a plan for getting over the cliff without letting you know, and having Maynard come down to me there."

"And did you really mean," she cried piteously, "to go away without trying to see me again?"

"Yes," he owned, simply. "I thought I might catch a glimpse of you, but I did n't expect to speak to you."

"Did you hate me so badly as that? What had I done to you?"

"Done?" He gave a sorrowful laugh; and added, with an absent air, "Yes, it's really like doing something to me! And sometimes it seems as if you had done it purposely."

"You *know* I did n't! Now, then," she cried, "you have insulted me, and you never did *that* before! You were very good and noble and generous, and would n't let me blame myself for anything. I wanted always to remember that of you; for I did n't believe that any man could be so magnanimous. But it seems that you don't care to have me respect you!"

"Respect?" he repeated, in the same vague way. "No, I should n't care about that unless it was included in the other. But you know whether I have accused you of anything, or whether I have insulted you. I won't excuse my-

self. I think that ought to be insulting to your common sense."

"Then why should you have wished to avoid seeing me to-day? Was it to spare yourself?" she demanded, quite incoherently now. "Or did you think I should not be equal to the meeting?"

"I don't know what to say to you," answered the young man. "I think I must be crazy." He halted, and looked at her in complete bewilderment. "I don't understand you at all."

"I wished to see you very much. I wanted your advice, as — as — a friend." He shook his head. "Yes! you *shall* be my friend, in this at least. I can claim it — demand it. You had no right to — to — make me — trust you so much, and — and — then — desert me."

"Oh, very well," he answered. "If any advice of mine — But I could n't go through that sacrilegious farce of being near you, and not" — She waited breathlessly, a condensed eternity, for him to go on; but he stopped at that word, and added, "How can I advise you?"

The disappointment was so cruel that the tears came into her eyes and ran down her face, which she averted from him. When she could control herself she said, "I have an opportunity of going on in my profession now, in a way that makes me sure of success."

"I am very glad, on your account. You must be glad to realize" —

"No, no!" she retorted wildly. "I am *not* glad!"

"I thought you" —

"But there are conditions! He says he will go with me anywhere, and we can practice our profession together, and I can carry out all my plans. But first — first — he wants me to — marry him!"

"Who?"

"Don't you know? Dr. Mulbridge!"

"That — I beg your pardon. I've no right to call him names." The young fellow halted, and looked at her down-

cast face. "Well, do you want me to tell you to take him? That is too much. I did n't know you were cruel."

"You make me cruel! You leave me to be cruel!"

"I leave you to be cruel?"

"Oh, don't play upon my words, if you won't ask me what I answered!"

"How can I ask that? I have no right to know."

"But you *shall* know!" she cried. "I told him that I had no plans. I have given them all up, because — because I'm too weak for them, and because I abhor him, and because — But it was n't enough. He would not take what I said for answer, and he is coming again for an answer."

"Coming *again*?"

"Yes. *He* is a man who believes that women may change, for reason or no reason; and" —

"You — you mean to take him when he comes back?" gasped the young man.

"Never. Not if he came a thousand times!"

"Then what is it you want me to advise you about?" he faltered.

"Nothing!" she answered, with freezing hauteur. She suddenly put up her arms across her eyes, with the beautiful, artless action of a shame-smitten child, and left her young figure in bewildering relief. "Oh, don't you see that I love *you*?"

"Could n't you understand, — could n't you *see* what I meant?" she asked again that night, as they lost themselves on the long stretch of the moonlit beach. With his arm close about that lovely shape, they would have seemed but one person to the inattentive observer, as they paced along in the white splendor.

"I could n't risk anything. I had spoken, once for all. I always thought that for a man to offer himself twice was indelicate and unfair. I could never have done it."

"That's very sweet in you," she said;

and perhaps she would have praised in the same terms the precisely opposite sentiment. "It's some comfort," she added, with a deep-fetched sigh, "to think I *had* to speak."

He laughed. "You did n't find it so easy to make love!"

"Oh, *nothing* is easy that men have to do!" she answered, with passionate earnestness.

There are moments of extreme concession, of magnanimous admission, that come but once in a life-time.

XII.

Dr. Mulbridge did not wait for the time he had fixed for his return. He may have judged that her tendency against him would strengthen by delay, or he may have yielded to his own impatience in coming the next day. He asked for Grace with his wonted abruptness, and waited for her coming in the little parlor of the hotel, walking up and down the floor, with his shaggy head bent forward, and his big hands clasped behind him.

As she hovered at the door before entering, she could watch him while he walked the whole room's length away, and she felt a pang at sight of him. If she could have believed that he loved her, she could not have faced him, but must have turned and run away; and even as it was she grieved for him. Such a man would not have made up his mind to this step without a deep motive, if not a deep feeling. Her heart had been softened so that she could not think of frustrating his ambition, if it were no better than that, without pity. One man had made her feel very kindly toward all other men; she wished, in the tender confusion of the moment, that she need not reject her importunate suitor, whose importunity, even, she could not resent.

He caught sight of her as soon as he

made his turn at the end of the room, and with a quick "Ah!" he hastened to meet her, with the smile in which there was certainly something attractive. "You see I've come back a day sooner than I promised. I have n't the sort of turn-out you've been used to, but I want you to drive with me."

"I can't drive with you, Dr. Mulbridge," she faltered.

"Well, walk, then. I should prefer to walk."

"You must excuse me," she answered, and remained standing before him.

"Sit down," he bade her, and pushed up a chair towards her. His audacity, if it had been a finer courage, would have been splendid, and as it was she helplessly obeyed him, as if she were his patient, and must do so. "If I were superstitious I should say that you receive me ominously," he said, fixing his gray eyes keenly upon her.

"I do!" she forced herself to reply. "I wish you had not come."

"That's explicit, at any rate. Have you thought it over?"

"No; I had no need to do that. I had fully resolved when I spoke yesterday. Dr. Mulbridge, why didn't you spare me this? It's unkind of you to insist, after what I said. You know that I must hate to repeat it. I do value you so highly in some ways that I blame you for obliging me to hurt you — if it does hurt — by telling you again that I don't love you."

He drew in a long breath, and set his teeth hard upon his lip. "You may depend upon its hurting," he said; "but I was glad to risk the pain, whatever it was, for the chance of getting you to reconsider. I presume I'm not the conventional wooer. I'm too old for it, and I'm too blunt and plain a man. I've been thirty-five years making up my mind to ask you to marry me. You're the first woman, and you shall be the last. You could n't suppose I was going to give you up for one no?"

"You had better."

"Not for twenty! I can understand very well how you never thought of me in this way; but there's no reason why you should n't. Come, it's a matter that we can reason about, like anything else."

"No. I told you, it's something we can't reason about. Or yes, it is. I will reason with you. You say that you love me?"

"Yes."

"If you did n't love me, you would n't ask me to marry you?"

"No."

"Then how can you expect me to marry you without loving you?"

"I don't. All that I ask is that you won't refuse me. I know that you *can* love me."

"No, no, never!"

"And I only want you to take time to try."

"I don't wish to try. If you persist, I must leave the room. We had better part. I was foolish to see you. But I thought — I was sorry — I hoped to make it less unkind to you" —

"In spite of yourself, you were relenting."

"Not at all!"

"But if you pitied me, you did care for me a little?"

"You know that I had the highest respect for you as a physician. I tell you that you were my ideal in that way, and I will tell you that if" — She stopped, and he continued for her: —

"If you had not resolved to give it up, you might have done what I asked."

"I did not say that!" she answered indignantly.

"But why do you give it up?"

"Because I am not equal to it."

"How do you know it? Who told you?"

"You have told me, by every look and act of yours, and I'm grateful to you for it."

"And if I told you now, by word, that you *were* fit for it" —

"I should n't believe you."

"You would n't believe my word?" She did not answer. "I see," he said, presently, "that you doubt me, somehow, as a man. What is it you think of me?"

"You would n't like to know."

"Oh, yes, I should."

"Well, I will tell you. I think you are a tyrant, and that you want a slave, not a wife. You wish to be obeyed. You despise women. I don't mean their minds, — they're despicable enough, in most cases, as men's are, — but their nature."

"This is news to me," he said, laughing. "I never knew that I despised women's nature."

"It's true, whether you knew it or not."

"Do I despise you?"

"You would, if you saw that I was afraid of you. Oh, why do you force me to say such things? Why don't you spare me, — spare yourself?"

"In this cause I could n't spare myself. I can't bear to give you up! I'm what I am, whatever you say; but with you I *could* be whatever you would. I could show you that you are wrong, if you gave me the chance. I know that I could make you happy. Listen to me a moment."

"It's useless."

"No! If you have taken the trouble to read me in this way, there must have been a time when you might have cared" —

"There never was any such time. I read you from the first."

"I will go away," he said, after a pause, in which she had risen, and began a retreat towards the door. "But I will not — I cannot — give you up. I will see you again."

"No, sir. You shall not see me again. I will not submit to it. I will not be persecuted." She was trembling, and she knew that he saw her tremor.

"Well," he said, with a smile that

recognized her trepidation, "I will not persecute you. I'll renounce these pretensions. But I'll ask you to see me once more, as a friend, — an acquaintance."

"I will not see you again."

"You are rather hard with me, I think," he urged gently. "I don't think I'm playing the tyrant with you now."

"You are, — the baffled tyrant."

"But if I promised not to offend again, why should you deny me your acquaintance?"

"Because I don't believe you." She was getting nearer the door, and as she put her hand behind her and touched the knob the wild terror she had felt, lest he should reach it first and prevent her escape, left her. "You are treating me like a child that does n't know its own mind, or has none to know. You are laughing at me, — playing with me; you have shown me that you despise me."

He actually laughed. "Well, you've shown that you are not afraid of me. Why are you not afraid?"

"Because," she answered, and she dealt the blow now without pity, "I'm engaged, — engaged to Mr. Libby!" She whirled about, and vanished through the door, ashamed, indignant; fearing that if she had not fled he would somehow have found means to make his will prevail even yet.

He stood, stupefied, looking at the closed door, and he made a turn or two about the room before he summoned intelligence to quit it. When death itself comes, the sense of continuance is not at once broken in the survivors. In these moral deaths, which men survive in their own lives, there is no immediate consciousness of an end. For a while habit and the automatic tendency of desire carry them on.

He drove back to Corbitant, perched on the rickety seat of his rattling open buggy, and bowed forward, as his wont

was, his rounded shoulders bringing his chin well over the dashboard. As he passed down the long sandy street, toward the corner where his own house stood, the brooding group of loafers, waiting in Hackett's store for the distribution of the mail, watched him through the open door, and from under the boughs of the weather-beaten poplar before it. Hackett had been cutting a pound of cheese out of the thick yellow disk before him for the Widow Holman, and he stared at the street, after Mulbridge passed, as if his mental eye had halted him there for the public consideration, while he leaned over the counter, and held by the point the long knife with which he had cut the cheese.

"I see some the folks from over to Jocelyn's, yist'd'y," he said, in a spasm of sharp, crackling speech, "and they seemed to think 't Mis' Mulbridge 'd got to step round pretty spry 'f she did n't want another the same name in the house with her."

A long silence followed, in which no one changed in any wise the posture in which he found himself when Hackett began to speak. Cap'n George Wray, tilted back against the wall in his chair, continued to stare at the store-keeper; Cap'n Jabez Wray did not look up from whittling the chair between his legs; their cousin, Cap'n Wray Storrell, seated on a nail-keg near the stove, went on fretting the rust on the pipe with the end of a stiff, cast-off envelope; two other captains, more or less akin to them, continued their game of checkers; the Widow Seth Wray's boy rested immovable, with his chin and hand on the counter, where he had been trying, since the Widow Holman went out, to catch Hackett's eye and buy a corn-ball. Old Cap'n Billy Wray was the first to break the spell. He took his cigar from his mouth, and held it between his shaking thumb and forefinger, while he pursed his lips for speech. "Jabez," he said, "did Cap'n Sam'l git that coalier?"

"No," answered the whittler, cutting deeper into his chair; "she did n't signal for him till she got into the channel, and then he 'd got a couple o' passengers for Leyden; and Cap'n Jim brought her up."

"I don't know," said Cap'n Billy, with a stiff yet tremulous reference of himself to the store-keeper, "as spryness would help her, as long as he took the notion. I guess he's master of his own ship. Who's he going to marry? The grahs-widow got well enough?"

"No. As I understand," crackled the store-keeper, "her husband's turned up. Folks over there seem to think 't he's got his eye on the other doctor."

"Going to marry with *her*, hey? Well, if either of 'em gets sick they won't have to go far for advice, and they won't have any doctor's bills to pay. Still, I should n't ha' picked out just that kind of a wife for him."

"As I understand" — the store-keeper began; but here he caught sight of Widow Seth Wray's boy, and asked, "What's wanted, bub? Corn-ball?" and, turning to take that sweetmeat from the shelf behind him, he added the rest in the mouth of the hollowly reverberating jar — "she's got prop'ty."

"Well, I never knew a Mulbridge yet 't objected to prop'ty, — especially other folks's."

"Barlow, he's tellin' round that she's very fine appearin'." He handed the corn-ball to Widow Seth Wray's boy, who went noiselessly out on his bare feet.

Cap'n Billy drew several long breaths. When another man might have been supposed to have dismissed the subject he said, "Well, I never knew a Mulbridge that objected to good looks in women folks. They've all merried hahnsome wives, ever since the old gentleman set 'em the example with his second one. They got their own looks from the first. Well," he added, "I hope she's a tough one. She's got either to bend or to break."

"They say," said Cap'n George Wray, like one rising from the dead to say it, so dumb and motionless had he been till now, "that Mis' Mulbridge was too much for the old doctor."

"I don't know about that," Cap'n Billy replied, "but I guess her son's too much for her: she's only Gardiner, and he's Gardiner and Mulbridge both."

No one changed countenance, but a sense of Cap'n Billy's wit sparsely, yet satisfyingly, glimmered from the eyes of Cap'n George and the store-keeper, and Cap'n Jabez closed his knife with a snap and looked up. "Perhaps," he suggested, "she's seen enough of him to know beforehand that there would be too much of him."

"I never rightly understood," said Hackett, "just what it was about him, there in the army, — coming out a year beforehand, that way."

"I guess you never will — from *him*," said Cap'n Jabez.

"Laziness, I guess, — too much work," said old Cap'n Billy. "What he wants is a wife with money. There ain't a better doctor anywhere. I've heard 't up to Boston, where he got his manifest, they thought everything of him. He's smart enough, but he's lazy, and he always was lazy, and harder'n a nut. He's a curious mixtur'. 'N' I guess he's been on the lookout for somethin' of this kind ever sence he begun practicing among the summer boarders. Guess he's had an eye out."

"They say he's pop'lar among 'em," observed the store-keeper thoughtfully.

"He's been pooty p'tic'lar, or *they* have," said Cap'n Jabez.

"Well, most on 'em's merried women," Hackett urged. "It's astonishin' how they do come off and leave their husbands, the whole summer long. They say they're all out o' health, though."

"I wonder," said old Cap'n Billy, "if them coaliers is goin' to make a settled thing of haulin' inside before they signal a pilot."

"I know *one* thing," answered Cap'n Jabez; "that if any coalier signals *me* in the channel, I'll see her in hell first." He slipped his smooth, warm knife into his pocket, and walked out of the store amid a general silence.

"He's consid'able worked up about them coaliers," said old Cap'n Billy. "I don't know as I've heard Jabez swear before, — not since he was mate of the Gallatin. He used to swear then, consid'able."

"Them coaliers is enough to make any one swear," said Cap'n George. "If it's any ways fair weather they won't take you outside, and they cut you down from twenty-five dollars to two dollars if they take you inside."

Old Cap'n Billy did not answer before he had breathed a while, and then, having tried his cigar and found it out, he scraped a match on his coat-sleeve. He looked at the flame while it burned from blue to yellow. "Well, I guess if anybody's been p'tic'lar, it's been him. There ain't any doubt but what he's got a takin' way with the women. They like him. He's masterful, and he ain't a fool, and women most gen'ly like a man that ain't a fool. I guess if he's got his eye on the girl's prop'ty, she'll have to come along. He'd begin by having his own way about her answer; he'd hang on till she said Yes, if she did n't say it first-off; and he'd keep on as he'd begun. I guess if he wants her it's a match." And Cap'n Billy threw his own into the square box of tobacco-stained sawdust under the stove.

Mrs. Maynard fully shared the opinion which mocked Dr. Mulbridge's defeat with a belief in his invincible will. When it became necessary, in the course of events which made Grace and Libby resolve upon a short engagement, to tell her that they were going to be married, she expressed a frank astonishment. "Walter Libby!" she cried. "Well, I *am* surprised. When I was talking to you, the other day, about getting mar-

ried, of course I supposed it was going to be Dr. Mulbridge. I did n't want you to marry him, but I thought you were going to."

"And why," demanded Grace, with mounting sensation, "did you think that?"

"Oh, I thought you would have to."

"Have to?"

"Oh, you have such a weak will. Or I always thought you had. But perhaps it's only a weak will with other women. I don't know! But Walter Libby! I knew he was perfectly gone upon *you*, and I told you so at the beginning; but I never dreamt of your caring for *him*. Why, it seems too ridiculous."

"Indeed! I'm glad that it amuses you."

"Oh, no, you're not, Grace. But you know what I mean. He seems so much younger."

"Younger? He's half a year older than I am."

"I did n't say he *was* younger. But you're so very grave, and he's so very light. Well, I always told Walter Libby I should get him a wife, but you were the last person I should have thought of. What's going to become of all your high purposes? You can't do anything with *them* when you're married! But you won't have any occasion for them, — that's one comfort."

"It's not my idea of marriage that any high purpose will be lost in it."

"Oh, it is n't anybody's, before they *get* married. I had such high purposes I could n't rest. I felt like hiring a hall, as George says, all the time. Walter Libby is n't going to let you *practice*, is he? You must n't let him! I know he'd be willing to do anything you said, but a husband ought to be something more than a mere & Co."

Grace laughed at the impudent cynicism of all this, for she was too happy to be vexed with any one just then. "I'm glad you've come to think so

well of husbands' rights at last, Louise," she said.

Mrs. Maynard took the little puncture in good part. "Oh, yes; George and I have had a good deal of light let in on us. I don't suppose my character was much changed *outwardly* in my sickness," she suggested.

"It was *not*," answered Grace warmly. "It was intensified, — that was all."

Mrs. Maynard laughed in her turn, with real enjoyment of the conception. "Well, I was n't going to let on, unless it came to the worst; I did n't say much, but I kept up an awful thinking. It would have been easy enough to get a divorce, and George would n't have opposed it; but I looked at it in this way: that the divorce would n't have put us back where we were, any way, as I had supposed it would. We had broken into each other's lives, and we could n't get out again, with all the divorces under the sun. That's the worst of getting married: you break into each other's lives. You said something like it to me, that day when you came back from your sail with Walter Libby. And I just concluded that there could n't be any trial that would n't be a great deal easier to bear than getting rid of all your trials; and I just made up my mind that if any divorce was to be got, George Maynard might get it himself; a temporary separation was bad enough for me, and I told him so, about the first words I could speak. And we're going to try the new departure on that platform. We don't either of us expect we can have things perfectly smooth, but we've agreed to rough it together when we can't. We've found out that we can't marry and then become single, any more than we could die and come to life again. And don't you forget it, Grace! You don't half know yourself, now. You know what you have been; but getting married lets loose all your possibilities. You don't know what a temper you've got, nor how badly you

can behave, — how much like a naughty, good-for-nothing little girl ; for a husband and wife are just two children together : that's what makes the sweetness of it, and that's what makes the dreadfulness. Oh, *you'll* have need of all your good principles, I can tell you ; and if you've a mind to do anything practical in the way of high purposes, I reckon there'll be use for them all."

Another lady who was astonished at Grace's choice was more incurably disappointed and more grieved for the waste of those noble aims with which her worshiping fancy had endowed the girl even more richly than her own ambition. It was Grace's wish to pass a year in Europe before her husband should settle down in charge of his mills ; and their engagement, marriage, and departure followed so swiftly upon one another that Miss Gleason would have had no opportunity to proffer remonstrance or advice. She could only account for Grace's course on the theory that Dr. Mulbridge had failed to offer himself ; but this explained her failure to marry him, without explaining her marriage with Mr. Libby. That remained for some time a mystery, for Miss Gleason firmly refused to believe that such a girl could be in love with a man so much her inferior : the conception not only disgraced her idol, but cast shame upon all other women, whose course in such matters is notoriously governed by motives of the highest sagacity and judgment.

Mrs. Breen hesitated between the duty of accompanying the young couple on their European travels and that of going to the village where Libby's mills were situated, in Southern New Hampshire. She was not strongly urged to a decision by her children, and she finally chose the latter course. The mill property had been a long time abandoned before Libby's father bought it, and put it in a repair which he did not hasten to extend to the village. This had re-

mained in a sort of picturesque neglect, which harmonized with the scenery of the wild little valley where it nestled ; and Mrs. Breen found, upon the vigorous inquiry which she set on foot, that the operatives were deplorably destitute of culture and drainage. She at once devoted herself to the establishment of a circulating library and an enlightened system of cess-pools, to such an effect of ingratitude in her beneficiaries that she was quite ready to remand them to their former squalor when her son-in-law returned. But he found her work all so good that he mediated between her and the inhabitants, and adopted it with a hearty appreciation that went far to console her, and finally popularized it. In fact, he entered into the spirit of all practical reforms with an energy and intelligence that quite reconciled her to him. It was rather with Grace than with him that she had fault to find. She believed that the girl had returned from Europe materialized and corrupted ; and she regarded the souvenirs of travel with which the house was filled as so many tokens of moral decay. It is undeniable that Grace seemed for a time to have softened to a certain degree of self-indulgence. During the brief opera season, the first winter after her return, she spent a week in Boston ; she often came to the city, and went to the theatres and the exhibitions of pictures. It was for some time Miss Gleason's opinion that these escapades were the struggles of a magnanimous nature, unequally mated, to forget itself. When they met, she indulged the habit of regarding Mrs. Libby with eyes of latent pity, till one day she heard something that gave her more relief than she could ever have hoped for. This was the fact, perfectly ascertained by some summer sojourners in the neighborhood, that Mrs. Libby was turning her professional training to account by treating the sick children among her husband's operatives.

In the fall Miss Gleason saw her heroine at an exhibition of pictures. She rushed across the main hall of the Museum to greet her. "Congratulate you," she deeply whispered, "on realizing your *dream*! Now you are *happy*; now you can be at *peace*!"

"Happy? At peace?"

"In the good *work* you have taken up. Oh, nothing, under Gawd, is lost!" she exclaimed, getting ready to run away, and speaking with her face turned over her shoulder towards Mrs. Libby.

"Dream? Good work? What do you mean?"

"Those factory children!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Libby coldly; "that was my husband's idea."

"Your husband's!" cried Miss Gleason, facing about again, and trying to let a whole history of suddenly relieved anxiety speak in her eyes. "*How* happy you make me! *Do* let me thank you!"

In the effort to shake hands with Mrs. Libby she knocked the catalogue out of her hold, and vanished in the crowd without knowing it. Some gentleman picked it up, and gave it to her again, with a bow of burlesque devotion.

Mrs. Libby flushed tenderly. "I might have known it would be you, Walter. Where *did* you spring from?"

"I've been here ever since you came."

"What in the world doing?"

"Oh, enjoying myself."

"Looking at the pictures?"

"Watching you walk round."

"I thought you could n't be enjoying the pictures," she said, simply. "I'm not."

She was not happy, indeed, in any of the æsthetic dissipations into which she had plunged, and it was doubtless from a shrewder knowledge of her nature than she had herself that her husband had proposed this active usefulness, which she once intended under such different conditions. At the end of the ends she was a Puritan; belated, misdated, if the reader will, and cast

upon good works for the consolation which the Puritans formerly found in a creed. Riches and ease were sinful to her, and somehow to be atoned for; and she had no real love for anything that was not of an immediate humane and spiritual effect. Under the shelter of her husband's name the benevolent use of her skill was no queerer than the charity to which many ladies devote themselves; though they are neither of them people to have felt the anguish which comes from the fear of what other people will think. They go their way in life, and are probably not disturbed by any misgivings concerning them. It is thought, on one hand, that he is a man of excellent head, and of a heart so generous that his deference to her in certain matters is part of the devoted flattery which would spoil any other woman, but that she consults his judgment in every action of her life, and trusts his sense with the same completeness that she trusts his love. On the other hand, when it is felt that she ought to have done for the sake of woman what she could not do for herself, she is regarded as sacrificed in her marriage. If, it is feared, she is not infatuated with her husband, she is in a disgraceful subjection, without the hope of better or higher things. If she had children, they might be a compensation and refuge for her; in that case, to be sure, she must be cut off from her present resource in caring for the children of others, though the conditions under which she now exercises her skill certainly amount to begging the whole question of woman's fitness for the career she had chosen. Both parties to this contention are, strange to say, ladies. If it has not been made clear, from the events and characters of the foregoing history, which opinion is right, I am unable to decide. It is well, perhaps, not to be too explicitly in the confidence of one's heroine. After her marriage perhaps it is not even decorous.

W. D. Howells.

ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.¹

II.

FAILURE OF THE PUNITIVE SYSTEM.

NOTHING better illustrates the power of heredity, when fortified by widely prevalent custom, than the tenacity with which civilized races still cling to arbitrary punishment for the repression of crime. It is assumed without question that three things are essential to public security: the government must have power to compel the obedience of the subject; punishment by statute furnishes adequate deterrence to law-breakers; the withdrawal of criminals by death, imprisonment, or reformation diminishes the ratio of criminals at large. These assumptions are jealously maintained, and on analysis they possibly reveal that the fear of criminals is greater than confidence in human nature, that faith in statutes is stronger than faith in social laws, and that reliance upon brute force is more esteemed than a proper understanding of the remorseless compulsions of national metamorphoses. In matters of crime, the public mind largely ignores the part which civilization plays as a perpetual persuasion, in slowly moulding the most diverse and obdurate elements of self-interest into still more diverse and recondite forms, which pass under a thousand altruistic names.

It is proposed to examine into the authority for maintaining arbitrary punishment. The first point to be taken up is the assumption that punishment tends to reduce the number of criminals at large. This falsehood will be best exposed by considering the relation of human nature to risks. From the time that the Montgolfiers made an aerial ascent, in 1683, to the year 1838, every forty-seventh adventurer was killed, and, on

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1881.

an average, seventy-five ascensions have terminated in a fatal catastrophe. Nevertheless, aeronauts continued to tempt fate. In July, 1873, M. Durnof and his wife were prevented by the municipal authorities from making an ascension at Calais, because the wind was blowing toward the North Sea. The spectators hissing him for supposed cowardice, he obtained his car from the authorities by a subterfuge, entered it with his wife, and, cutting the ropes, they were driven seaward five hundred miles by the gale. They descended in the Skager Rack, their car tossing in the waves, themselves clinging to the rigging, and would have been lost had not Captain Oxley and James Buscome, of the smack *Grand Charge*, put out with a boat, and rescued them from their perilous drifting. On reaching England, they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Coxwell, the aeronaut, who tendered them the use of his balloon; with which, notwithstanding their recent escape, they ascended from the Crystal Palace, in view of twelve thousand spectators. So far, all ventures at navigating the air have failed, and every attempt at reaching the North Pole has hitherto come short of success; yet Professor Mitchell to-day proposes not only to navigate the air, but to steer to the North Pole. It would seem as if he wished to prove true the paradox of M. Zola, "Only the impossible occurs." Blondin crossed Niagara on a rope to make a fortune, and several men were found ready, for the sake of notoriety, to sit in his wheelbarrow and be trundled over this treacherous bridge. Merchants risk their capital in ships on the capricious waves; farmers sow the last bushel of their seed, although they know that there must be a blight every seven years. The mind of man is constituted

to run risks, and his entire conduct is based on the more or less accurate calculation of probabilities.

The criminal follows this universal law of human conduct. He voluntarily faces the risks which beset the career that he prefers, and these are not greater than are incurred by many belonging to the industrial class. The knife-grinders of Birmingham have an average life of only forty years, while the expectation should be sixty. The compensation is furnished in proportionately higher wages, and it is related that they have struck against a protector that would shield the lungs from steel-dust and prolong their lives, because its introduction would reduce their wages. How does the career of lawlessness of habitual criminals compare with the every-day life of laborers? The average duration of the crime career of convicts in Sing Sing prison was found to be 11.35 years, of which 7.84 were spent in criminal liberty, and 3.71 in prison. Here the measure of crime risks is far below the hazards of the miner, who holds himself ready to spend three hundred days a year, or eighty-two per cent. of his life, in an occupation much more self-denying than imprisonment is, for a remuneration yielding only the bare necessities of life; while the criminal sacrifices only thirty-four per cent. of his life to secure sixty-six per cent. of license and self-indulgence.¹ It is related that during the late war a detail of three hundred volunteers was needed as a forlorn hope to carry a redoubt. The call was made with the statement that only three could ever hope to return; in ten minutes the volunteers were mustered. The word was given to march at double quick, and the redoubt was won, but only five men came back as living heroes of the hour. This is in the chronicle as one of the heroic deeds of the war, and it will go into the hands of our children's chil-

dren as a sacrifice of patriotism worthy of emulation. The incident is so thrilling, and our admiration of the act is so sincere, that few have stopped to ask whether every man in that volunteer company was not the man who expected to return covered with glory. What death before the foe is to the patriot, punishment is to the criminal. Human instinct in each case leads one to expect to draw the prize in the lottery of immunity which will make him scathless. It is not the fear of consequences, but the certainty of escape, that predominates. Legal punishment is a device for artificially raising the risks which the criminal assumes. The efficacy of this punishment is secured by bringing the reflective faculties to bear upon those probabilities which involve painful consequences; but it demands of the criminal the exercise of faculties which our experience shows to be the least developed among this class, and their exercise at a time when temptation is at its maximum.

It is worth while to trace the nature and the degree of success which the deterrent method has obtained. Pure deterrence originates with savages. Its form is retaliation on offending comrades and reprisal on alien aggressors. It suits only that form of society where violence and plunder are resorted to as a proper means of procuring wives or of prolonging life in the struggle for existence under famine or attack. Savage impulse visits on the clan the blow aimed at the individual. Blood feud, which existed before primitive law exercised authority over private wrongs, required the next of kin to avenge the murder or injury of his relative on the offender or his family, and raised deterrence to its highest power. It incited the prosecutor to a private feud, while the collective responsibility of the offender's brotherhood converted them into a police to restrain the lawless members of their clan. Blood feud led to such destruction of

¹ The Jukes, page 101.

life and social order that the measures adopted to limit its excesses prepared the way for criminal law. Gradually it became the custom of the family to compound the offenses of its members by the payment of a sum of money to the person injured, and the law enacted a tariff for every recognized offense, giving the injured party the alternative right to choose revenge or compensation. If he accepted compensation he must give up revenge, but the law did not at first compel him to accept the fine. The government sought only to check feuds, not to punish offenders; but by degrees it converted the practice of collective liability of the tribe into the legal forms of vicarious obligation. In the process of breaking down the custom of blood feud, sanctuaries and cities of refuge were established where the persecuted could flee for safety. Within these inclosures inquests could be held to determine the guilt of the fugitive, and if this could be established he was given over to the vengeance of his pursuer. When government became more centralized, and the personal vindicator was superseded by the impersonal executioner, vicarious obligation was gradually supplanted by individual responsibility for individual crimes. But the establishment of cities of refuge and sanctuaries where the vilest criminal was safe from molestation, and the introduction of compensation in money, even for murder, which were among the most important of the earlier interventions of the government between the offender and his victim, tended to mitigate the severity of punishment by protecting the life of the malefactor, and, according to the theory of deterrence, to lessen his fear of consequences. Nevertheless, this important step was taken, the state assuming the authority of executing the death penalty. Thus deterrence in its barbaric form was transferred to the government, and the savage element of vindictiveness took the form of exemplary punishments,

which have survived down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

It remains to see if the heritage was a profitable one. Savage law visited larceny with death, and when George III. added one hundred and fifty-six crimes to the sixty-seven which three dynasties of kings had already made punishable by death, he only extended old law to new variations of crime made possible by advancing civilization, and put the surviving but crippled conception of deterrence fully upon its last legs. Executions were made public in order to inspire the wicked with terror, but the effect produced upon the king's loyal subjects by the "many cartloads of our fellow creatures carried once in every six weeks to slaughter"¹ was that they flocked to the "holiday at Tyburn" to see the unfortunate "die game." Did exemplary punishment deter? During the interval from 1806 to 1819 the sanguinary code remained nearly unchanged, and the hangings nearly doubled in the four years ending 1819 as compared with the four years ending 1809, while the number of indictable offenses committed increased one hundred and seventy per cent., or nearly triple. In the year 1820 there was a decrease of six per cent. over 1819, and of seven per cent. over 1817. Had punishment become more rigorous? No; for the executions were decreased by one hundred to one hundred and fifty, but 1820 was a year of unparalleled harvest as to quality and quantity, the yield of grain being one third greater than the average. The ratio of crime continued to decrease until 1824, when it was again augmented by a bad harvest. If we take the period from 1858 to 1875, when the criminal law remained almost stationary, when capital punishment, except for murder and treason, had ceased, when the hulks had been abolished, when transportation was so nearly given up that England was ab-

¹ Fielding's Increase of Robbers.

sorbing her indigenous criminals, when the most cruel punishments were disused, a decrease of thirty-three per cent. will be observed in indictable offenses, and of seven per cent. in the aggregate of all offenses. The list includes indictable crimes, summary convictions for larcenies, malicious mischief and assaults, and offenses against the game laws. Here we may note a second period, during which the government itself discards the methods of the savage, which it had adopted from the established customs of an earlier stage of national organization; and coincident with their abolition will be noticed a decrease in the severity and extent of crime. The further details are examined the more conspicuous is the failure of the sanguinary code. Of one hundred and sixty-seven persons under sentence of death attended by the Rev. W. Roberts, chaplain of the Bristol jail, one hundred and sixty-four had attended hangings.¹ Another witness² reported that out of forty persons whom he had seen executed, all but two had witnessed hangings. On the evening of the day when one Miller was hanged for murder, one Jessmer, while stabbing a comrade, declared he "would be hung like Miller." Husbands have kicked their wives to death, saying they were ready to swing for it. And it is related that in 1786 a man was executed for house-breaking, who was cut down and resuscitated, and in a few days sent home; but on his way he stole a saddle and bridle, for which he was this time hanged in earnest.

Neither brutality nor fear answered, even when death was proclaimed to the thief. The appeal to reason through fear broke down, because the legislator ignored the nature of the criminal. "In proportion as punishments become more cruel," wrote Beccaria, one hundred and twenty years ago, "the minds of men, as a fluid rises to the same height with

that which surrounds it, grow hardened and insensible; and, the force of the passions still continuing, in the space of a hundred years the *wheel* terrifies no more than the prison." The unvarying habit of the human mind to estimate the probabilities of immunity limits the deterrent effect of any given punishment to a fixed quantity, which will be overcome when a temptation above the average disturbs the balance. If deterrence enters as an element into the calculations of habitual criminals, it acts chiefly as a stimulant for contriving new methods by which the penalty may be evaded. Upon habitual criminals, therefore, the effect of punishment acts constantly in a diminishing degree. The theory of intimidation presupposes that offenders calculate the cost of crime, and restrain themselves accordingly; the fact being that they are chiefly occupied with the expectation of success in their operations. The successful criminals are not affected by the terrors of laws which they know how to evade, while the unsuccessful or foolhardy notoriously lack foresight; they seldom plan crimes, much less modes of escaping punishment. The shame and disgust and apprehension of the halter or prison have no place in the moments of excitement or temptation which precede the felonious act.

Then, if the penalty comes, how much does it punish? At least sixty out of every hundred felon convicts have been in prison before. Has their experience of punishment compelled them to respect the laws? The fact is that, while the first chastisement hurts, its repetition blunts the feelings, nature adapting itself so readily to unfavorable conditions that there is no permanent conscious memory of pain. This is the emotional condition of what we call the "hardened criminal." The law has no terrors for him, and the difficulty with the punitive system is that it does not rightly appreciate and fails to apply the method of reward, which stimulates to

¹ Charles Phillips.

² The Rev. H. G. Lyford.

correct conduct because it awakens pleasures which are always sweet and therefore live in the memory. Here is the quandary, then, when it is urged that you must increase the penalty. Larceny shall no longer be punished with the county jail; whipping shall be added, and the timid transgressors shall be frightened from the ranks of the offenders. They tried this policy with the Huguenots in France. Heresy was a crime to be stamped out with torture and death. What was the result? Half a million of timid Huguenots swarmed into Switzerland and the Carolinas. The government did not suppress heresy, but it forced emigration; and the more courageous and crafty Huguenots, who stayed in France, replied to the *peine forte et dure* with a guerrilla warfare of twenty years in the fastnesses of the Cévennes, and participated in the uprising of the Revolution. So, when whipping begins, you do not suppress larceny, but force emigration. The timid thief in New York seeks a less rigorous market for his calling in New Jersey, while the more hardy and callous Jersey rogue crosses the state line to farm his chances in the fields of temptation in New York. We are not rid of the thieves by increasing the deterrence, but invite to ourselves a more desperate lot, and favor Jersey with our cravens. They understood things better than this in England two hundred years ago. Previous to 1688 it was customary to brand on the hand such thieves as were entitled to the benefit of clergy, the usual penalty for theft being death. In 1688, it was enacted that such persons should be branded on the cheek; but after an experience of eight years this act was repealed, because it had "not had its desired effect by the deterring offenders from the further committing of crimes and offenses, but, on the contrary, such offenders, being rendered thereby unfit to be intrusted in any service or employment to get their livelihood in any

honest and lawful way, become the more desperate."¹

One would have supposed that the perception of this truth would lead to its application to the general question of punishment, and modify the sanguinary code; but governments are not consistent, as individuals are. The few are convinced before the many, and there is no such logic even in men as there is in books; for men follow their feelings by preference, while books follow their argument. So, nearly two hundred years have elapsed since this astute preamble was engrossed in the statutes of England, and yet, amazing to relate, the authorities in most of our States still hold that striped clothing is a proper degradation of the guilty; that the lock-step, which habituates a man to tread automatically with his left foot foremost, so that his step ever after brauds him as a felon, is an essential aid to prison discipline; and that the forfeiture of citizenship must be added to the infliction of the arbitrary punitive sentence. Has all this artificial effort reduced the number of criminals at large? Not at all. It is the effective temptation that regulates the ratio. The punishment does not in the least affect the degree of temptation, or essentially touch the rate of risk. The rise in risk has been canceled by a rise in the venturesomeness of the offender.

But if legal punishment does not decrease the crime ratio, at least the death, sequestration, or reform of the criminal must tend to lessen the number of criminals at large. "Don't you see?" says the defender of the old system; "here are ten thousand active thieves; catch two thousand, and that leaves only eight thousand, — twenty per cent. decrease." Nothing is more simple in arithmetic, nothing more illusive in social science. How accurately Archbishop Whately described transportation as "a system

¹ 5 and 6 Anne c. 6; also, Statutes of the Realm, 6 Anne, c. 9.

begun in defiance of all reason, and persevered in in defiance of all experience," can be gathered from facts which have transpired since he wrote these words to Earl Gray. From 1828 to 1838 the average convict population of Great Britain was fifty thousand, while from four to five thousand were transported every year to her penal settlements, of whom at least two thirds stayed in the colonies or died there; and yet the crime ratio was increasing, though to be sure in a decreasing degree. But from the day transportation was checked in 1853, and finally abolished in 1867, the crime ratio in England has gradually been reduced to nearly one half. There are now but ten thousand convict prisoners and some two thousand ticket-of-leave men, and the crime ratio is steadily on the decrease.

We are here met by the seeming anomaly that the fewer men there are in prison the fewer criminals there are at large. The fact is that something has been overlooked. The transportation of the malefactor has only affected the number of adults without decreasing the capital stock of criminals, for the progeny is left to follow in the footsteps of the father. Nor is this all. The withdrawal of a portion of the thieves, while the degree of effective temptation remains the same, simply eases up the competition among the thieves who are at large, and enables a new set to take the place of those withdrawn. Instead of the father you have the son; instead of the native you have the foreigner; instead of the professional you have the neophyte, who, being more easily caught, swells the census of the penal colony. What is true of transportation is also true of imprisonment. Its inevitable tendency is to make criminals at the expense of the State. Indeed, it is supposable that, if all the criminals of the State of New York were to be incarcerated within twenty-four hours, the foreign thieves, hearing of a virgin market

for their operations, would flock in as they did to the scene of plunder during the celebrated draft riots of 1863. By successively arresting and imprisoning the new-comers, not only would the New York prisons be full, but the necessity for an indefinite number of penitentiaries would arise, till it had constituted itself the penal colony of the entire commercial world of English-speaking people. Fortunately for the State of New York, such an experiment is impossible. It would entail a taxation equivalent to devastation long before the international exchange of convicts was completed. In other words, the withdrawal of criminals from a country while the degree of effective temptation remains the same does not permanently reduce the crime ratio. It only redistributes the criminals who are at large. The true policy seems to be gradually to dispense with the expedient of imprisonment. Let the criminals be returned upon the community under certain conditions of probation. If they disregard these conditions, they will at once compete with those at large, and before long will drive out those unfit for the criminal calling, to monopolize it themselves. The prisons will then be empty; the active criminals will decrease in number; the taxes will be lessened; and the loss by theft will not be materially augmented. Were the law governing the number of criminals other than one which is self-regulative, there would be no basis for civilization, and no hope for the amelioration of the race.

This proposition may startle many, as if it were the entering upon anarchy; but let it be remembered that before prisons existed the forces of civilization were slowly but persistently marching on, and that they will not halt because this innovation has been dared. It is, indeed, less an innovation than it seems. From the history of the changes in prison management itself, a gradual decline can be traced in the coercive system,

and a constant confession of its failure. Hanging and torture have never put a stop to crime. Transportation effected nothing in this direction. While it was in full activity, offenses in England rose from 1821 to 1848; while from 1858 to 1865, during which years it gradually ceased, until in 1867 it was entirely given up, crime fell in a marked degree. The history of transportation contributes to demonstrate the fallacy of deterrence, because it led to experiments in the colonies which in the mother country would have been impossible during the present century on account of public bigotry and fear to make the trial. In Australia the policy of cruelty within the prison was pushed to such extremes that it utterly broke down. Convicts were outraged on method: they had to salute empty sentry-boxes as a mark of self-abasement; they were "lashed" for insolent looks, and for offenses they did not commit, on the ground that they deserved punishment for undetected breaches of discipline. The convicts sent out to make roads and construct public works were packed for safe keeping, from sunset to sunrise and during all the Sunday, into movable vans or boxes, "which held from twenty to twenty-eight men, but in which the whole number could neither stand upright nor sit down at the same time, except with their legs at right angles to their bodies."¹ In 1834, twenty-nine ringleaders in an unsuccessful attempt at mutiny were tried for murder. When passing the sentence of death the eyes of the judge filled with tears, and when one of the accused was asked why judgment should not be pronounced, the remark of the criminal that "a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast," caused the Chief-Justice to burst into tears. Sixteen of these men were reprieved, and the Vicar-General of Australia, Dr. Ullathorne, volunteered to take the news

to the pardoned, and to console the condemned. His astonishment on announcing the tidings is best told in his own words: "As I mentioned the names of those who were to die, they one after another, as their names were pronounced, dropped down on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place, whilst the others remained standing mute. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed." Is it wonderful that it was found necessary, as one of the rules of discipline, to deny the convicts the use of knives and forks, so that they had to tear their food like wild beasts, because convicts and guards had been "cut up like meat" by prisoners in the barracks for the bare chance of escaping into the wilderness on the journey to the nearest court and to certain conviction; and that the Chief-Justice of Australia should depose before the Parliamentary Committee on Transportation that the cruelties were "such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects"?²

These are the acts of a highly civilized people, and some of them were perpetrated less than fifty years ago. They were intended as "aids to discipline," but may be more rightly called incentives to revolt. They show that within the prison was the essential environment of savage life, and that the submission of the undisciplined malefactors to its influences produced all the features of savage retaliation. It is only another illustration of the statement already made, that men care less for life than for the things for which they live. It was just after a revolt in one of the English penal settlements, when the government and the convict stood at bay, that Captain Maconochie confronted the question "of dragging up two thousand of my fellow-men, al-

¹ Bishop Ullathorne's pamphlet *On the Management of Criminals*.

² Parliamentary Report.

most by the hair of the head, from perdition." Only one hundred and sixty soldiers and five superintendents were allowed him on Norfolk Island to govern this mass of desperadoes, many of whom were the reconvicted felons of New South Wales and Tasmania, "the dregs of the dregs of criminality," whom deterrence had failed to tame! How did he conquer these savages within a year? Well, he discarded that "miserable instrument of government,"¹ fear, and substituted "laws that will execute themselves," because they accord with the spirit and possibilities of human nature. He proposed to rely on increasing rewards to stimulate, instead of continuous punishment to deter. Henceforth the term of imprisonment was to be divided into three stages: the first, hard, repulsive, solitary; the second, in associated gangs of six, each convict choosing his mates; and the third, under conditional liberation. The arbitrary "time sentence" of the law was set aside, and the convict could literally *purchase* his freedom with wages earned under a "labor sentence," which required that a definite amount of work should be done by him before he could be discharged. The convict was *paid* in "marks," an expedient for money, which he had to earn like an ordinary laborer, in proportion to the amount of work he performed. With these marks he bought his medical attendance, his food and clothing, even his education if he desired one, which items might cost him from three to five marks a day; and whatever he could save above this expenditure he could apply to the ransom by which he regained his liberty. Ten marks saved counted for one day of commutation, and it was possible to save ten a day by over work and frugality. In the second stage Captain Maconochie, to insure good discipline, revived the institution of "peace pledge," which best suits the uncivilized and was the first

form of police organization in ancient Britain. Six convicts were associated together, and the marks they saved were pooled in a common fund. If any man misbehaved, a fine proportionate to the offense was levied on this fund, so that each one was not only bail for his own conduct, but for his companions'. Thus, arbitrary coercion was superseded by the loss of an advantage already earned, and "the simple non-collection of reward performed the office of punishment." In the third stage the convict was allowed to live in a separate cabin, to work part of the time for himself, and to enjoy a degree of liberty, the privilege of which depended on the condition of good conduct. The analysis of Captain Maconochie's plan shows how closely it conformed to the development of society. Its basis was useful labor; its law was the exchange of service to the state for service from the state; its lesson was abstinence from present gratification for future advantage; and its objective aim was social responsibility under liberty. Captain Maconochie was never allowed to reap the fruit of his policy. The government, through the mingled jealousy and contempt of the officials who ranked him, prevented him from carrying out his promises of commutation of sentence for good conduct; and, after two years of trial, the disappointed convicts became mutinous, and the opportunity was improved to remove Captain Maconochie and bring the important experiment to a close.

Nevertheless, in subsequent years, a modified copy of the Australian success was introduced into England and Ireland under the names of the "Crofton" and the "Mark" systems; adopting the three stages and the ticket-of-leave, but rejecting the labor sentence and the "peace pledge" with associated labor, which are the distinctive features of Captain Maconochie's plan. The labor sentence was rejected chiefly because

¹ Adam Smith.

the law provided only for a time sentence, with which it was incompatible. The associated labor in gangs, with mutual bail for good behavior, was rejected chiefly because it is claimed that the contamination resulting from the congregation of many rogues multiplies the number of criminals and makes them desperate, an assumption which requires analysis. From the days of Howard the one constant and seemingly unanswerable cry has been that the jail is the school where the neophyte graduates into the hardened villain; and so completely has the statement become identified in the popular mind with the crime question that a description of the jail and its influence which should omit this philanthropic fiction would be considered lacking in point and argument. A little reflection, in the light of the law which regulates the crime ratio, would greatly modify the view. It is quite true that many boys sent to the reformatory for a petty offense learn pocket-picking and "stalling to steal"¹ from accomplished though youthful offenders; but one does not necessarily become an habitual criminal because he has consorted with thieves in a prison. Before he can range in the category of the habituals two things must have come to pass: he must have the disposition to prefer this mode of gaining a livelihood, and he must be able to make his living by this means. If his aptitude for crime falls below the average required, he becomes a bankrupt in the business, no matter how keen his disposition may be to pursue it. The prison or the jail is merely the official accident which determines the meeting of the true teacher and the true scholar, the agent for selecting the recruits, not the creator of the criminals. The prison is the market established by law, the deliberate act of society in creating a criminal exchange: it simply collects the pupils of crime,

¹ Distracting the attention of a store-keeper while a confederate steals.

and puts them beside the most competent teachers. But this does not increase the crime ratio. If the county jail were made what it should be, a place where the accused are held for trial and are separated from all communication with one another, then the apt scholar and the able teacher would be found to "hang out" at "The Burnt Rag," or "sport" at "The Buckingham," or at gambling hells where gay young blades wind up their careers with embezzlement. Nor is the dangerousness of the criminal necessarily determined by his consorting with other jail-birds. It is the effective opposition of the community in guarding its property which raises the standard of criminal ability and daring. No criminal gives himself more effort than is necessary to secure the "swag" he "goes for," any more than the farmer yokes a pair of oxen to hoe a row of onions. When Silas Herring invents a burglar-proof safe, he challenges the capacity of "Johnny Hope;" when the United States treasurer employs the Continental Bank-Note Company to engrave the greenbacks, he sharpens the skill of Ulrich; and when Miss Flora promenades Central Park with her diamond ear-rings, she heightens the daring of "Young" Soper. It is idle to urge that the meeting of Hope, Ulrich, and Soper in the Tombs would produce burglary, counterfeiting, or snatch-thieving. The mere chance meeting of these worthies and their mutual consultation would be barren of results unless they were confronted with obstacles in the way of a coveted opportunity for the "cracking" of the Manhattan Bank, the counterfeiting of a treasury note, or the snatching of a lady's diamonds. It is the difficulty of accomplishing the job, not the bragging around the corner, that determines who shall be the successful competitor in "raiding" the public. Words are no more potent in teaching thieves how to steal than they are in the university for

teaching how to win success in life. If, however, the contamination of the prison is an undoubted fact, and actually increases the crime ratio, it only adds another reason for discontinuing imprisonment as a mode of "repressing crime;" and even as matters stand to-day the present generation is to be congratulated on the gradual abolition of many of the old features of prison practice.

This brings us back to the consideration of the gradual decay of the so-called punitive theory. When the English government adopted the Mark and the Crofton systems, the ticket-of-leave, given from one to five years before the expiration of the sentence, enabling the convict to live at large on condition of reporting to the authorities at stated times and avoiding the company of thieves, was a virtual abandonment of the time sentence, and the abatement of imprisonment to that extent. This step, however, was anticipated by the change in juvenile imprisonment, when children of fourteen years and under were withdrawn from the jails and hulks and placed in reformatories, which took more the character of training schools than of prisons. The establishment of industrial schools, designed to educate children whose parents were criminals, paupers, or habitual drunkards, followed the reformatories. The reformatories themselves underwent changes in construction and management, and gradually all the features of a prison were withdrawn, and a similitude of home life, under the name of the "family system," substituted in its place. The reform has not stopped here. In Massachusetts they concluded that even the reformatory was hurtful to many children, the "institutionalizing" which it produces having the bad effect of preventing the formation of habits of self-reliance. A new office was accordingly created in 1867, to be held by a visiting agent, whose duty was to attend the trials of children, and in cases where

the child seemed worthy or promising to place him in the care of some private family. The point was to avoid even a committal to the reformatory. It was then seen that, if imprisonment or even a reform school was injurious to a child, it might deteriorate an adult; if apprenticing the juvenile offender in good families was most propitious for forming the character and obtaining the training suitable to the prospective station in life which these children might be placed in, many adults sentenced for the lighter offenses might best be dealt with in a similar manner. Thus, in 1872, the practice of conditional liberation, first devised in Australia and adopted in England as a mitigation of imprisonment, was carried a step further in Massachusetts. First, offenders upwards of twenty-five years of age, who appeared to be deserving, were placed on probation after sentence had been suspended, and imprisonment was avoided altogether. They were required to report to an officer appointed for the purpose; and thus partial supervision, so that the conduct and companions were noted, was exercised over the "probationists," but otherwise they were unrestricted. It is understood that so far the plan has given satisfaction.

What is the lesson of all this? The prison as a remedy for crime is a failure. After ages of trial it is falling to pieces of its own accord; and were not the fear of criminals greater than our confidence in human nature (an unfounded fear, which was entertained when conditional liberation was first tried in England), the prison as a mode of repressing crimes against property would soon cease to be an institution of civilized life. Its methods are essentially incongruous with the causes of crime. Civilization has changed alike our prisons and our criminals. If the prison does not keep down the crime ratio by sequestration or reform; if it fails as an agent in increasing the moral compulsions of society; if

if does not deter the criminal; if it accustoms a certain portion of the habituals to cell life, so that they become indifferent to imprisonment; if it pauperizes (and all these propositions are true), is there any useful function which it can serve? We think there is. The prison will continue to be necessary for the life confinement of murderers and of criminals addicted to offenses of great violence against persons, — a class requiring absolute restraint. But it will be a long time before the public will consent to have its criminals remain at large, under conditions the details of which there is no space to set forth in this paper. During this interval the prison can be usefully employed as a field for experiment. We know so little concerning the offending class, as its members ramify through the complex web of society, that new and long-continued observations need to be made, extending to their ancestry, to the surroundings of their childhood and manhood, to their social, mental, moral, physical, and industrial disabilities, before a clear conception can be obtained of the multiform agencies by which a criminal can be lifted into a useful and honorable career. By means of the adult reformatory the question of success in individual cases of discipline can be treated, although this will not affect the ratio of criminals at large. It will have the advantage of showing that hereditary instinct can be overcome by adequate educational influences; it will render possible a registration of the specific process of instruction which has been applied to a given case; and it will impart to a number of persons a knowledge and practice of adult education which must in the end enormously increase the effectiveness of the educators as an expert class dealing with the psychological, as distinguished from the scholastic, aspect of the educational problem. There is now, and for years to come there will continue to be, a necessity for institutions with the aims

of the State Reformatory at Elmira, New York, but it cannot be admitted that there is either need or justification for such "state-prisons" as New York and other States are responsible for. Built in violation of hygienic requirements, intended only to punish, with a barren discipline and a bad system of labor, officered by political time-servers, and turning out their convicts without instruction in trade, in manners, or in books, it is difficult to characterize them without offense to their managers. Nothing thorough has ever been done until a visible necessity arose for vigorous action. It was not until capital punishment for minor offenses was abolished in England that the police was rendered efficient. It was not until the hulks were broken up that the educational and industrial training of youthful offenders was carried forward with zeal. It was not until transportation was discontinued that conditional liberation was adopted. It will not be until prisons are virtually abolished and the last remnants of the punitive system finally set aside that the question of hereditary crime will be thought of enough importance to justify an exhaustive inquiry into the physical and social conditions which keep up the entailable attributes of the malefactor. Gradually puerilities are passing, and the arbitrary imprisonment of criminals must go with the rest of them.

It would seem that the whole attitude of society toward the criminal must shortly change. The Massachusetts experiment of probation indicates the approach of the time when all good citizens will be courageous enough to apply conditional liberation under suspense of sentence to those who are under condemnation with greater frequency; it is possible that a revival of the peace pledge may take place in some form fitted to the complexity of modern life; for an extension of the practice of giving sureties for good conduct might be made to play an important part in a wiser criminal

jurisprudence. If these changes shall be reached in the next quarter of a century, we shall have history again repeating itself. In the beginning of man's experience personal deterrence, in the form of feuds, was broken down because it threatened to extinguish the social

order; to-day corporate deterrence, after centuries of trial, succumbs to industry, emulation, and training under liberty. The way to civilization is not by the discarded expedients of savage life, but through the agencies of civilization itself.

Richard L. Dugdale.

SHAKESPEARE AND BERLIOZ.

OF Hector Berlioz as a musician, others have spoken with an authority to which I cannot pretend. His glory is now complete; even the Parisians, after having treated him as a madman, overwhelmed him with silly calumny, and finally killed him with indifference and ingratitude, now bow very low before his tomb, and proclaim him the glory of the modern school of French music. In the following essay an attempt will be made to study Berlioz from a particular point of view, to trace the influence of Shakespeare upon his life and upon his genius.

Up to the very day of his death, Hector Berlioz was an ardent Shakespearean. The epigraph of his remarkable *Mémoires* is a translation of some lines from *Macbeth*, and the last words of the volumes are the same lines in the original English:—

"Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Indeed, Shakespeare was the cause of Berlioz's happiness and of his misfortunes, the inspirer of his musical efforts, and in a certain way the origin of his moral disasters and of what he calls the greatest drama of his life.

This drama comprised a sad and romantic story. In the year 1827 a company of English actors, amongst whom were Charles Kemble, Abbot, Liston,

Chippendale, and Henrietta Smithson, came to Paris, and gave a series of performances at the Odéon Theatre. Berlioz, a young man of twenty-four years of age, was then struggling against all kinds of privations. His parents were opposed to his studying music, while he himself had the conviction that music was his true vocation. In order to procure his daily bread, Berlioz entered the Théâtre des Nouveautés as a simple chorus-singer, at a salary of fifty francs a month; and as his modest garret was not an inviting place to dine in, he used in summer time to buy some bread and some dried fruit, raisins, dates, or prunes, and eat them seated at the foot of the statue of Henri IV., on the Pont Neuf. There, without thinking of the capon which that good monarch desired each of his subjects to have in the pot at least on Sundays, he ate his frugal meal as he watched the sun go down behind Mont Valérien; "following," as he writes, "with charmed eyes, the radiant reflections of the rippling Seine that flowed murmuringly before me, and with my mind ravished by the splendid imagery of the poems of Thomas Moore, a French translation of which I was reading lovingly for the first time." Berlioz was then simply a young man of talent and enthusiasm, seeking his path, and finding himself, like all the fiery Romanticists of his time, out of harmony with the old order of things, and

not quite knowing what the new order was to be. At this period of fierce passions and infinite joys he became acquainted with Weber's genius in the *Freyschütz*, with that of Glück in *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and with that of Spontini in *La Vestale*. One night he happened to be present at the Odéon at the first performance of *Hamlet* by the English company. The rôle of Ophelia was played by Miss Smithson, a charming Hibernian beauty, who turned many heads, and who revealed to the Romantics — to Victor Hugo, to Alfréd de Vigny, to Alexandre Dumas, to Théophile Gautier, and the rest of the illustrious pleiad — the peculiar Northern sweetness and grace of the characters of Ophelia, Juliet, and Cordelia. Miss Smithson left a very distinct mark in the annals of the French stage, and her memory is still fresh in the minds of some of the veteran critics and playgoers. Berlioz did not escape the charm. In his *Mémoires* he says, "The effect of her prodigious talent, or rather of her dramatic genius, on my imagination and on my heart can be compared only to the bewilderment into which I was thrown by the poet, whose worthy interpreter she was. I cannot say more. Shakespeare, falling thus unexpectedly upon me, dismayed and astounded me. His lightning, in opening to me the firmament of art with a sublime thunder-clap, illuminated the most distant depths. I recognized true grandeur, true beauty, dramatic truth. At the same time I comprehended the immense absurdity of the ideas which Voltaire had circulated in France about Shakespeare, — Voltaire,

'Ce singe de génie,
Chez l'homme, en minion par le diable envoyé,' —

and the pitiable paltriness of our old pedagogic Poetics. I saw, . . . I understood, . . . I felt, . . . that I was really conscious of life, and that I must now rise up and walk."

The performance threw the young musician into such a fever of excitement

that he resolved never again to expose himself to the flame of Shakespeare's genius, and as a matter of course he returned to the theatre the next day, and saw *Romeo and Juliet*. After the melancholy, the heart-rending grief, the tearful love, the cruel irony, the dismal meditations, the sinister catastrophes, of *Hamlet*, after the clouds and icy winds of Denmark, it was in truth dangerous to expose his soul thus heedlessly to the ardent sun of Italy, and to the spectacle of Southern love, — swift as thought, burning as molten lava, imperious, irresistible, pure and beautiful as angels' smiles. Those furious scenes of vengeance, those desperate embraces, those terrible struggles between death and a love that is stronger than death, affected Berlioz with a force that was still further augmented by his sensitive and passionate temperament. At the end of the third act he felt that he was lost. And yet, not knowing at that time a word of English, and reading Shakespeare only in the cloudy version of Letourneur, he necessarily lost that poetry that envelops Shakespeare's creations like a splendid net-work of gold. But the play of the actors, and especially that of Miss Smithson, the succession of the scenes, the pantomime, and the accent of the voices impregnated him with Shakespearean ideas and passions a thousand times more profoundly than Letourneur's pale and unfaithful translation.

After having seen these two performances Berlioz sank into a state of stupor and despair which lasted several months. His thoughts were absorbed in Shakespeare, and in the inspired artiste, the fair Ophelia, about whom all Paris was raving. He compared her glory with his own obscurity, and then, by a supreme effort, he shook off his lethargy, and determined to make himself a name whose glory might reach even her eyes. This was the first act of the sad tragedy of his marriage.

In order to put his resolution into execution, Berlioz, by dint of great efforts, organized a concert at the Conservatoire, hoping that Miss Smithson might be present to witness his triumph. It was love's labor lost. The charming actress, entirely occupied by her brilliant task, was ignorant of the very existence, much more of the efforts, of her obscure slave. However, the concert was noticed favorably by the critics. It was the first time that Berlioz had appealed to their judgment; he had now only to continue working.

Shortly after these incidents Beethoven came to Paris. The effect that this composer had upon Berlioz was almost as great as that of Shakespeare had been. Beethoven opened to him a new world of music as Shakespeare had revealed to him a new universe in poetry, and, with the audacity of youthful genius, he resolved to accomplish the impossible. He desired to be, as a musician, noble and majestic like Spontini, fantastic like Weber, gentle and sweet like Theocritus and Virgil, trivial and sublime like Shakespeare, and grand like Beethoven.

In his *Mémoires*, Berlioz narrates with curious minuteness the sufferings that were caused him by his unrequited passion for Miss Smithson. "It upset my whole life," he says, "and if it had not been for an almost equally strong passion for Shakespeare which spurred me to work, I should simply have wasted several years in blank despair." As it was, however, he went on composing and competing for the Prix de Rome at the Institute. He wrote, at this time, his fantasia on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which was produced at the opera, as mischance would have it, during such a violent storm of rain that the performance was heard by an audience of only about two hundred people. It was literally a *coup d'épée dans l'eau*. Meanwhile, Miss Smithson had gone on a tour in Holland, and in 1830 Berlioz, having at last won the Prix de Rome, went to

Italy to spend three years, according to the regulations of the Institute.

In the description which he has given us of his studies at the French Academy in the Villa Medici at Rome, the name of Shakespeare constantly recurs. Now he is writing the overture to *Le Roi Léar*; now he is wandering amongst the monuments of Florence, "dreaming," as he says, "of Dante and Michael Angelo, or reading Shakespeare in the delicious woods that fringe the left bank of the Arno, and whose profound solitude permitted me to shout with admiration at my ease." Often, as they are roaming together in the ruins of the Colosseum, he shocks Mendelssohn, that polished gentleman, with his violent expressions of admiration of Shakespeare. Mendelssohn, by the way, in one of his letters written at that time, described Berlioz as "a veritable caricature, without a shadow of talent, feeling his way in the darkness, and believing himself the creator of the world; and, besides that, he writes the most detestable things, and talks and dreams only of Beethoven, Schiller, and Goethe. He is also a man of incommensurable vanity, and treats with superb disdain Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm seems to me very suspicious." Here let us state, in a parenthesis, that throughout his life the most ridiculous criticisms were attributed to Berlioz. His supposed disdain of Mozart, for instance, was continually thrown in his face by his enemies, and yet it was Berlioz who exclaimed, in one of his musical *feuilletons à propos* of Mozart's *Idoménée*, "What a miracle of beauty is such music! How pure! What a perfume of antiquity!" Once for all be it said that Berlioz never had the pretension that certain composers have since had. He did not boast that he was *alone* of his kind, nor did he believe that before he came into the world music was an unknown, dark, and uncultivated science; far from denying the ancients, he

prostrated himself with veneration before the gods of the symphony. However, in spite of the wide difference of their national character and temperament, the relations of Mendelssohn and Berlioz at Rome appear to have continued intimate, though they did not appreciate each other so thoroughly then as they did later. But they always had many points of sympathy in common, and both professed an ardent admiration of Shakespeare, whose ideas they were both destined to translate into music: the one in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the other in his *Roméo et Juliette*. Moreover, when Mendelssohn wrote the letter above referred to he was only in his twenty-first year, and he did not know Berlioz's work. Twelve years later, when Berlioz visited Leipzig, he treated him like a brother.

During his residence in Italy Berlioz composed his *Retour à la Vie*, the *Balade du Pêcheur*, *Rob Roy*, the ghost scene in *Hamlet*, and the overture of his *Roi Léar*. By special authorization he was permitted to return to Paris in 1832, at the same time that Miss Smithson returned to become manager of an English theatrical company. The two came very near taking lodgings in the same house. Berlioz, however, resisted the temptation to go and see her. He had come to Paris to give a concert, and he would do that first of all, at any rate, and then run the risk of catching another attack of love-fever. The programme of the concert was composed of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, followed by the *Retour à la Vie*, a monodrama which forms the complement of that work. The subject of this musical drama is no other than the history of Berlioz's passion for Henrietta Smithson. Through the intermediary of a common friend this lady was induced to go to the concert. The poor woman had built her hopes on the constancy of Parisian enthusiasm and on the support of the Romantic school of literature. She

had soon been undeceived. Shakespeare was no longer a novelty, the Romantic revolution was an accomplished fact, and the public which two years previously had flocked eagerly to see the English actors now remained indifferent to their efforts. In a few months Miss Smithson was ruined, the theatre was closed, and, to crown all, the unlucky actress fell one day as she was getting out of a cab and broke her leg. In these circumstances Hector Berlioz was formally introduced to her; his old love-fever returned more violent than ever, and, in the summer of 1833, Henrietta Smithson became Madame Hector Berlioz. "On our wedding-day," he writes, "she had nothing in the world but debts and the fear of never being able to appear again on the stage in consequence of her accident. For my part, I possessed three hundred francs that my friend Gounet had lent me, and I had the advantage of having once more quarreled with my parents. . . . But she was mine, and I defied everything."

This marriage turned out unhappily. Fortune did not smile upon the young couple, and the only regular source of income which Berlioz had, his musical *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*, brought him in only about fourteen hundred francs a year. In 1838 came a godsend. Paganini, enchanted with the symphony of Harold, which had been composed at his instigation, made Berlioz a present of twenty thousand francs. This sum enabled the composer to pay his debts and to have a fair amount of money in hand. He resolved to employ this money *musicalement* by writing a grand masterpiece, and after seven months' work he produced *Roméo et Juliette*. Shakespeare had once more inspired him. "What an ardent life I lived at that time!" he exclaims. "With what vigor I swam in that mighty sea of poetry, caressed by the wild breeze of fancy, under the warm rays of that sun of love which Shake-

speare lighted; thinking that I was strong enough to reach the marvelous island where stands the temple of pure art!"

After a few years of married life a friendly separation took place between Berlioz and his wife. The lady, it appears, was of a very jealous disposition, a fact which led to disagreeable complications, as may well be imagined when we remember that, professionally, Hector Berlioz was necessarily thrown into contact with theatrical people. Madame Berlioz went to live in retirement at Montmartre, where she died on March 3, 1854. During the last four years of her life she had been paralyzed, and deprived of speech and movement.

Berlioz, who happened to be in Paris at the time of her death, was wild with grief. In the midst of his regret of a love whose flames had been extinguished prosaically enough, he felt, and always had felt, immense pity when he thought of the misfortunes of his wife: her ruin before their marriage; her accident; the disastrous failure of her last dramatic enterprise at Paris; her departed glory; their domestic differences; her vanished beauty; her constantly increasing physical sufferings; the long perspective of death and oblivion. . . . These reflections filled him with infinite compassion and sorrow, as he looked upon the portrait of his wife made in the days of her splendor, when she was the idol of the public, and when her glory eclipsed even that of Mademoiselle Mars, — a portrait that represented her dazzling with beauty and genius. He compared this lovely vision with the corpse that lay below it on the bed, disfigured by long sickness, and in an ecstasy of woe he cried, —

"Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Where is he? Where art thou? It seems to me that he alone amongst intelligent beings can understand me, and must have understood us both; he alone can have had pity on us, poor artists, who loved

each other and were torn asunder. Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Thou must have been humane and kind; if thou existest still, thou must receive the wretched! Thou art our father; thou art in heaven, if heaven there be. God is stupid and atrocious in his indifference; thou alone art the God good for the souls of artists. Receive us into thy bosom, father, embrace us! *De profundis at te clami.* Death, annihilation, what is it? The immortality of genius! . . . What? . . . O fool! fool! fool! . . . Shakespeare! Shakespeare! I feel the flood returning, I am being overwhelmed by grief, and I seek thee still. . . . Father! Father! Where are you?"

There is something terrible in this grief, the more so if one has studied the life of Hector Berlioz, and felt what a great mind his was, and what a great man he was. Never had art a more devoted and honest servant; never was there a more ardent admirer of what is truly great in music and poetry.

Henrietta Smithson lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, with her head turned northwards towards England. On the tombstone was graven this inscription: "Henriette Constance Smithson-Berlioz: born at Ennis, in Ireland; died at Montmartre, March 3, 1854." The newspapers announced her death coldly. Jules Janin alone had the heart and the gratitude to write in the *Journal des Débats* a few words of farewell to the woman who "unconsciously was an unknown poem, a new passion, and a whole revolution. She gave the signal to Madame Dorval, to Frédéric Lemaître, to Victor Hugo, to Berlioz! She was Juliet, she was Ophelia. It was she who inspired Eugène Delacroix when he drew that sweet image of Ophelia." The Abbé Liszt wrote to Berlioz from Weimar, soon after his bereavement, a cordial letter, in which he said, "Elle t'inspira, tu l'as aimée, tu l'as chantée; sa tâche était accomplie."

Hector Berlioz lived on, struggling,

writing, composing, admiring, and despairing, until 1869, when he died, a martyr to his musical faith. In the later years of his life he revived a youthful passion for a lady who never knew that she had been the object of his boyish love until she had lived long enough to see her own children married. The two old people — Berlioz was more than sixty years of age, though he was still young in heart and in intellect — cor-

responded affectionately, and on the last page of his strange memoirs Berlioz congratulates himself on the happiness that he derives from the mere fact of this lady knowing that he adores her. "I must console myself for having known her too late as I console myself for not having known Virgil, whom I should have loved so much, or Glück, or Beethoven, . . . or Shakespeare, . . . who might perhaps have loved me."

Theodore Child.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

LIII.

It was not with surprise, it was with a feeling which in other circumstances would have had much of the effect of joy, that as Isabel descended from the Paris mail at Charing Cross she stepped into the arms, as it were, or at any rate into the hands, of Henrietta Stackpole. She had telegraphed to her friend from Turin, and although she had not definitely said to herself that Henrietta would meet her, she had felt that her telegram would produce some helpful result. On her long journey from Rome her mind had been given up to vagueness; she was unable to question the future. She performed this journey with sightless eyes, and took little pleasure in the countries she traversed, decked out though they were in the richest freshness of spring. Her thoughts followed their course through other countries, — strange-looking, dimly-lighted, pathless lands, in which there was no change of seasons, but only, as it seemed, a perpetual dreariness of winter. She had plenty to think about; but it was not reflection, nor conscious purpose, that filled her mind. Disconnected visions passed through it, and dull sudden gleams of memory, of expectation. The past

and the future alternated at their will, but she saw them only in fitful images, which came and went by a logic of their own. It was extraordinary, the things she remembered. Now that she was in the secret, now that she knew something that so much concerned her, and the eclipse of which had made life resemble an attempt to play whist with an imperfect pack of cards, the truth of things, their mutual relations, their meaning, and, for the most part, their horror rose before her with a kind of architectural vastness. She remembered a thousand trifles; they started to life with the spontaneity of a shiver. That is, she had thought them trifles at the time; now she saw that they were leaden-weighted. Yet even now they were trifles, after all; for of what use was it to her to understand them? Nothing seemed of use to her to-day. All purpose, all intention, was suspended; all desire, too, except the single desire to reach her richly constituted refuge. Gardencourt had been her starting-point, and to those muffled chambers it was at least a temporary seclusion to return. She had gone forth in her strength; she would come back in her weakness; and if the place had been a rest to her before, it would be a positive sanctuary

now. She envied Ralph his dying; for if one were thinking of rest, that was the most perfect of all. To cease utterly, to give it all up, and not know anything more, — this idea was as sweet as the vision of a cool bath, in a marble tank, in a darkened chamber, in a hot land. She had moments, indeed, in her journey from Rome, which were almost as good as being dead. She sat in her corner, so motionless, so passive, simply with the sense of being carried, so detached from hope and regret, that if her spirit was haunted with sudden pictures it might have been the spirit disembarrassed of the flesh. There was nothing to regret now, — that was all over. Not only the time of her folly, but the time of her repentance, seemed far away. The only thing to regret was that Madame Merle had been so — so strange. Just here Isabel's imagination paused, from literal inability to say what it was that Madame Merle had been. Whatever it was, it was for Madame Merle herself to regret it; and doubtless she would do so in America, where she was going. It concerned Isabel no more; she only had an impression that she should never again see Madame Merle. This impression carried her into the future, of which from time to time she had a mutilated glimpse. She saw herself in the distant years, still in the attitude of a woman who had her life to live, and these intimations contradicted the spirit of the present hour. It might be desirable to die; but this privilege was evidently to be denied her. Deep in her soul — deeper than any appetite for renunciation — was the sense that life would be her business for a long time to come. And at moments there was something inspiring, almost exhilarating, in the conviction. It was a proof of strength, — it was a proof that she should some day be happy again. It could n't be that she was to live only to suffer; she was still young, after all, and a great many things might

happen to her yet. To live only to suffer, only to feel the injury of life repeated and enlarged, — it seemed to her that she was too valuable, too capable, for that. Then she wondered whether it were vain and stupid to think so well of herself. When had it ever been a guarantee to be valuable? Was not all history full of the destruction of precious things? Was it not much more probable that if one were delicate one would suffer? It involved, then, perhaps, an admission that one had a certain grossness; but Isabel recognized, as it passed before her eyes, the quick, vague shadow of a long future. She should not escape; she should last. Then the middle years wrapped her about again, and the gray curtain of her indifference closed her in.

Henrietta kissed her, as Henrietta usually kissed, as if she were afraid she should be caught doing it; and then Isabel stood there in the crowd looking about her, looking for her servant. She asked nothing; she wished to wait. She had a sudden perception that she should be helped. She was so glad Henrietta was there; there was something terrible in an arrival in London. The dusky, smoky, far-arching vault of the station, the strange, livid light, the dense, dark, pushing crowd, filled her with a nervous fear, and made her put her arm into her friend's. She remembered that she had once liked these things. They seemed part of a mighty spectacle, in which there was something that touched her. She remembered how she walked away from Euston, in the winter dusk, in the crowded streets, five years before. She could not have done that to-day, and the incident came before her as the deed of another person.

"It's too beautiful that you should have come," said Henrietta, looking at her as if she thought Isabel might be prepared to challenge the proposition. "If you had n't — if you had n't — well, I don't know," remarked Miss Stack-

pole, hinting ominously at her powers of disapproval.

Isabel looked about, without seeing her maid. Her eyes rested on another figure, however, which she felt that she had seen before; and in a moment she recognized the genial countenance of Mr. Bantling. He stood a little apart, and it was not in the power of the multitude that pressed about him to make him yield an inch of the ground he had taken, — that of abstracting himself, discreetly, while the two ladies performed their embraces.

"There's Mr. Bantling," said Isabel, gently, irrelevantly, scarcely caring much now whether she should find her maid or not.

"Oh yes, he goes everywhere with me. Come here, Mr. Bantling!" Henrietta exclaimed. Whereupon the gallant bachelor advanced with a smile, — a smile tempered, however, by the gravity of the occasion. "Is n't it lovely that she has come?" Henrietta asked. "He knows all about it," she added. "We had quite a discussion: he said you would n't; I said you would."

"I thought you always agreed," Isabel answered, smiling. She found she could smile now; she had seen in an instant, in Mr. Bantling's excellent eye, that he had good news for her. It seemed to say that he wished her to remember that he was an old friend of her cousin, — that he understood, — that it was all right. Isabel gave him her hand; she thought him so kind.

"Oh, I always agree," said Mr. Bantling. "But she does n't, you know."

"Did n't I tell you that a maid was a nuisance?" Henrietta inquired. "Your young lady has probably remained at Calais."

"I don't care," said Isabel, looking at Mr. Bantling, whom she had never thought so interesting.

"Stay with her while I go and see," Henrietta commanded, leaving the two for a moment together.

They stood there at first in silence, and then Mr. Bantling asked Isabel how it had been on the Channel.

"Very fine. No, I think it was rather rough," said Isabel, to her companion's obvious surprise. After which she added, "You have been to Gardencourt, I know."

"Now, how do you know that?"

"I can't tell you, except that you look like a person who has been there."

"Do you think I look sad? It's very sad there, you know."

"I don't believe you ever look sad. You look kind," said Isabel, with a frankness that cost her no effort. It seemed to her that she should never again feel a superficial embarrassment.

Poor Mr. Bantling, however, was still in this inferior stage. He blushed a good deal, and laughed, and assured her that he was often very blue, and that when he was blue he was awfully fierce.

"You can ask Miss Stackpole, you know," he said. "I was at Gardencourt two days ago."

"Did you see my cousin?"

"Only for a little. But he had been seeing people. Warburton was there the day before. Touchett was just the same as usual, except that he was in bed, and that he looked tremendously ill, and that he could n't speak," Mr. Bantling pursued. "He was immensely friendly, all the same. He was just as clever as ever. It's awfully sad."

Even in the crowded, noisy station this simple picture was vivid. "Was that late in the day?"

"Yes; I went on purpose; we thought you would like to know."

"I am very much obliged to you. Can I go down to-night?"

"Ah, I don't think *she* 'll let you go," said Mr. Bantling. "She wants you to stop with her. I made Touchett's man promise to telegraph me to-day, and I found the telegram an hour ago at my club. 'Quiet and easy,' — that's what

it says; and it's dated two o'clock. So you see you can wait till to-morrow. You must be very tired."

"Yes, I am very tired. And I thank you again."

"Oh," said Mr. Bantling, "we were certain you would like the last news;" while Isabel vaguely noted that after all he and Henrietta seemed to agree.

Miss Stackpole came back with Isabel's maid, whom she had caught in the act of proving her utility. This excellent person, instead of losing herself in the crowd, had simply attended to her mistress's luggage, so that now Isabel was at liberty to leave the station.

"You know you are not to think of going to the country to-night," Henrietta remarked to her. "It does n't matter whether there is a train or not. You are to come straight to me, in Wimpole Street. There is n't a corner to be had in London, but I have got you one all the same. It is n't a Roman palace, but it will do for a night."

"I will do whatever you wish," Isabel said.

"You will come and answer a few questions; that's what I wish."

"She does n't say anything about dinner, does she, Mrs. Osmond?" Mr. Bantling inquired jocosely.

Henrietta fixed him a moment with her speculative gaze. "I see you are in a great hurry to get to your own. You will be at the Paddington station to-morrow morning at ten."

"Don't come for my sake, Mr. Bantling," said Isabel.

"He will come for mine," Henrietta declared, as she ushered Isabel into a cab.

Later, in a large, dusky parlor in Wimpole Street, — to do her justice, there had been dinner enough, — she asked Isabel those questions to which she had alluded at the station.

"Did your husband make a scene about your coming?" That was Miss Stackpole's first inquiry.

"No; I can't say he made a scene."

"He did n't object, then?"

"Yes; he objected very much. But it was not what you would call a scene."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a very quiet conversation."

Henrietta for a moment contemplated her friend.

"It must have been awful," she then remarked. And Isabel did not deny that it had been awful. But she confined herself to answering Henrietta's questions, which was easy, as they were tolerably definite. For the present she offered her no new information. "Well," said Miss Stackpole at last, "I have only one criticism to make: I don't see why you promised little Miss Osmond to go back."

"I am not sure that I see myself, now," Isabel replied. "But I did then."

"If you have forgotten your reason, perhaps you won't return."

Isabel for a moment said nothing; then, "Perhaps I shall find another," she rejoined.

"You will certainly never find a good one."

"In default of a better, my having promised will do," Isabel suggested.

"Yes; that's why I hate it."

"Don't speak of it now. I have a little time. Coming away was hard; but going back will be harder still."

"You must remember, after all, that he won't make a scene!" said Henrietta, with much intention.

"He will, though," Isabel answered gravely. "It will not be the scene of a moment; it will be a scene that will last always."

For some minutes the two women sat gazing at this prospect; and then Miss Stackpole, to change the subject, as Isabel had requested, announced abruptly, "I have been to stay with Lady Pen-sil!"

"Ah, the letter came at last?"

"Yes; it took five years. But this time she wanted to see me."

"Naturally enough."

"It was more natural than I think you know," said Henrietta, fixing her eyes on a distant point. And then she added, turning suddenly, "Isabel Archer, I beg your pardon. You don't know why? Because I criticised you, and yet I have gone further than you. Mr. Osmond, at least, was born on the other side!"

It was a moment before Isabel perceived her meaning; it was so modestly, or at least so ingeniously, veiled. Isabel's mind was not possessed at present with the comicality of things; but she greeted with a quick laugh the image that her companion had raised. She immediately recovered herself, however, and with a gravity too pathetic to be real, "Henrietta Stackpole," she asked, "are you going to give up your country?"

"Yes, my poor Isabel, I am. I won't pretend to deny it; I look the fact in the face. I am going to marry Mr. Bantling, and I am going to reside in London."

"It seems very strange," said Isabel, smiling now.

"Well, yes, I suppose it does. I have come to it little by little. I think I know what I am doing; but I don't know that I can explain."

"One can't explain one's marriage," Isabel answered. "And yours does n't need to be explained. Mr. Bantling is very good."

Henrietta said nothing; she seemed lost in reflection.

"He has a beautiful nature," she remarked at last. "I have studied him for many years, and I see right through him. He's as clear as glass; there's no mystery about him. He is not intellectual, but he appreciates intellect. On the other hand, he does n't exaggerate its claims. I sometimes think we do in the United States."

"Ah," said Isabel, "you are changed indeed! It's the first time I have ever

heard you say anything against your native land."

"I only say that we are too intellectual: that, after all, is a glorious fault. But I *am* changed; a woman has to change a good deal to marry."

"I hope you will be very happy. You will at last, over here, see something of the inner life."

Henrietta gave a little significant sigh. "That's the key to the mystery, I believe. I could n't endure to be kept off. Now I have as good a right as any one!" she added, with artless elation.

Isabel was deeply diverted, but there was a certain melancholy in her view. Henrietta, after all, was human and feminine, — Henrietta, whom she had hitherto regarded as a light, keen flame, a disembodied voice. It was rather a disappointment to find that she had personal susceptibilities, that she was subject to common passions, and that her intimacy with Mr. Bantling had not been completely original. There was a want of originality in her marrying him, — there was even a kind of stupidity; and for a moment, to Isabel's sense, the dreariness of the world took on a deeper tinge. A little later, indeed, she reflected that Mr. Bantling, after all, was original. But she did n't see how Henrietta could give up her country. She herself had relaxed her hold of it, but it had never been her country as it had been Henrietta's. She presently asked her if she had enjoyed her visit to Lady Pensil.

"Oh yes," said Henrietta. "She did n't know what to make of me."

"And was that very enjoyable?"

"Very much so, because she is supposed to be very talented. She thinks she knows everything; but she does n't understand a lady correspondent! It would be so much easier for her if I were only a little better or a little worse. She's so puzzled. I believe she thinks it's my duty to go and do something immoral. She thinks it's

immoral that I should marry her brother; but, after all, that is n't immoral enough. And she will never understand, — never!"

"She is not so intelligent as her brother, then," said Isabel. "He appears to have understood."

"Oh no, he has n't!" cried Miss Stackpole, with decision. "I really believe that's what he wants to marry me for, — just to find out. It's a fixed idea, a kind of fascination."

"It's very good in you to humor it."

"Oh well," said Henrietta, "I have something to find out, too!" And Isabel saw that she had not renounced an allegiance, but planned an attack. She was at last about to grapple in earnest with England.

Isabel also perceived, however, on the morrow, at the Paddington station, where she found herself, at two o'clock, in the company both of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling, that the gentleman bore his perplexities lightly. If he had not found out everything, he had found out at least the great point, — that Miss Stackpole would not be wanting in initiative. It was evident that in the selection of a wife he had been on his guard against this deficiency.

"Henrietta has told me, and I am very glad," Isabel said, as she gave him her hand.

"I dare say you think it's very odd," Mr. Bantling replied, resting on his neat umbrella.

"Yes, I think it's very odd."

"You can't think it's so odd as I do. But I have always rather liked striking out a line," said Mr. Bantling, serenely.

LIV.

Isabel's arrival at Gardencourt on this second occasion was even quieter than it had been on the first. Ralph Touchett kept but a small household, and to the new servants Mrs. Osmond

was a stranger; so that Isabel, instead of being conducted to her own apartment, was coldly shown into the drawing-room, and left to wait while her name was carried up to her aunt. She waited a long time; Mrs. Touchett appeared to be in no hurry to come to her. She grew impatient at last; she grew nervous and even frightened. The day was dark and cold; the dusk was thick in the corners of the low brown rooms. The house was perfectly still, — a stillness that Isabel remembered; it had filled all the place for days before the death of her uncle. She left the drawing-room and wandered about; strolled into the library and along the gallery of pictures, where, in the deep silence, her footstep made an echo. Nothing was changed; she recognized everything that she had seen years before; it might have been only yesterday that she stood there. She reflected that things change but little, while people change so much, and she became aware that she was walking about as her aunt had done on the day that she came to see her in Albany. She was changed enough since then; that had been the beginning. It suddenly struck her that if her aunt Lydia had not come that day, in just that way, and found her alone, everything might have been different. She might have had another life, and to-day she might have been a happier woman. She stopped in the gallery in front of a small picture, a beautiful and valuable Bonington, upon which her eyes rested for a long time. But she was not looking at the picture; she was wondering whether, if her aunt had not come that day in Albany, she would have married Caspar Goodwood.

Mrs. Touchett appeared at last, just after Isabel had returned to the big, uninhabited drawing-room. She looked a good deal older, but her eye was as bright as ever and her head as erect; her thin lips seemed a repository of latent meanings. She wore a little gray

dress, of the most undecorated fashion ; and Isabel wondered, as she had wondered the first time, whether her remarkable kinswoman resembled more a queen regent or the matron of a jail. Her lips felt very thin indeed as Isabel kissed her.

"I have kept you waiting because I have been sitting with Ralph," Mrs. Touchett said. "The nurse had gone to her lunch, and I had taken her place. He has a man who is supposed to look after him, but the man is good for nothing ; he is always looking out of the window, — as if there were anything to see ! I did n't wish to move, because Ralph seemed to be sleeping, and I was afraid the sound would disturb him. I waited till the nurse came back ; I remembered that you know the house."

"I find I know it better even than I thought ; I have been walking about," Isabel answered. And then she asked whether Ralph slept much.

"He lies with his eyes closed ; he does n't move. But I am not sure that it's always sleep."

"Will he see me ? Can he speak to me ?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a moment. "You can try him," she said. And then she offered to conduct Isabel to her room. "I thought they had taken you there ; but it's not my house, it's Ralph's, and I don't know what they do. They must at least have taken your luggage ; I don't suppose you have brought much. Not that I care, however. I believe they have given you the same room you had before ; when Ralph heard you were coming, he said you must have that one."

"Did he say anything else ?"

"Ah, my dear, he does n't chatter as he used !" cried Mrs. Touchett, as she preceded her niece up the staircase.

It was the same room, and something told Isabel that it had not been slept in since she occupied it. Her luggage was there, and it was not voluminous ; Mrs.

Touchett sat down a moment, with her eyes upon it.

"Is there really no hope ?" Isabel asked, standing before her aunt.

"None whatever. There never has been. It has not been a successful life."

"No ; it has only been a beautiful one." Isabel found herself already contradicting her aunt ; she was irritated by her dryness.

"I don't know what you mean by that ; there is no beauty without health. That is a very odd dress to travel in."

Isabel glanced at her garment. "I left Rome at an hour's notice ; I took the first that came."

"Your sisters, in America, wished to know how you dress. That seemed to be their principal interest. I was n't able to tell them ; but they seemed to have the right idea, — that you never wear anything less than black brocade."

"They think I am more brilliant than I am ; I am afraid to tell them the truth," said Isabel. "Lily wrote me that you had dined with her."

"She invited me four times, and I went once. After the second time she should have let me alone. The dinner was very good ; it must have been expensive. Her husband has a very bad manner. Did I enjoy my visit to America ? Why should I have enjoyed it ? I did n't go for my pleasure."

These were interesting items, but Mrs. Touchett soon left her niece, whom she was to meet in half an hour at the midday meal. At this repast the two ladies faced each other at an abbreviated table in the melancholy dining-room. Here, after a little, Isabel saw that her aunt was not so dry as she appeared, and her old pity for the poor woman's inexpressiveness, her want of regret, of disappointment, came back to her. It seemed to her she would find it a blessing to-day to be able to indulge a regret. She wondered whether Mrs. Touchett were not trying, whether she had not a desire for the recreation of

grief. On the other hand, perhaps she was afraid; if she began to regret, it might take her too far. Isabel could perceive, however, that it had come over her that she had missed something; that she saw herself in the future as an old woman without memories. Her little sharp face looked tragical. She told her niece that Ralph as yet had not moved, but that he probably would be able to see her before dinner. And then in a moment she added that he had seen Lord Warburton the day before; an announcement which startled Isabel a little, as it seemed an intimation that this personage was in the neighborhood, and that an accident might bring them together. Such an accident would not be happy; she had not come to England to converse with Lord Warburton. She presently said to her aunt that he had been very kind to Ralph; she had seen something of that in Rome.

"He has something else to think of now," Mrs. Touchett rejoined. And she paused, with a gaze like a gimlet.

Isabel saw that she meant something, and instantly guessed what she meant. But her reply concealed her guess; her heart beat faster, and she wished to gain a moment. "Ah, yes, — the House of Lords, and all that."

"He is not thinking of the lords; he is thinking of the ladies. At least he is thinking of one of them. He told Ralph he was engaged to be married."

"Ah, to be married!" Isabel gently exclaimed.

"Unless he breaks it off. He seemed to think Ralph would like to know. Poor Ralph can't go to the wedding, though I believe it is to take place very soon."

"And who is the young lady?"

"A member of the aristocracy; Lady Flora, Lady Felicia, — something of that sort."

"I am very glad," Isabel said. "It must be a sudden decision."

"Sudden enough, I believe; a court-

ship of three weeks. It has only just been made public."

"I am very glad," Isabel repeated, with a larger emphasis. She knew her aunt was watching her, — looking for the signs of some curious emotion; and the desire to prevent her companion from seeing anything of this kind enabled her to speak in the tone of quick satisfaction, — the tone, almost, of relief. Mrs. Touchett of course followed the tradition that ladies, even married ones, regard the marriage of their old lovers as an offense to themselves. Isabel's first care, therefore, was to show that, however that might be in general, she was not offended now. But meanwhile, as I say, her heart beat faster; and if she sat for some moments thoughtful — she presently forgot Mrs. Touchett's observation — it was not because she had lost an admirer. Her imagination had traversed half Europe; it halted panting, and even trembling a little, in the city of Rome. She figured herself announcing to her husband that Lord Warburton was to lead a bride to the altar, and she was of course not aware how extremely sad she looked while she made this intellectual effort. But at last she collected herself, and said to her aunt, "He was sure to do it some time or other."

Mrs. Touchett was silent; then she gave a sharp little shake of the head. "Ah, my dear, you're beyond me!" she cried, suddenly. They went on with their luncheon in silence; Isabel felt as if she had heard of Lord Warburton's death. She had known him only as a suitor, and now that was all over. He was dead for poor Pansy; by Pansy he might have lived. A servant had been hovering about; at last Mrs. Touchett requested him to leave them alone. She had finished her lunch; she sat with her hands folded on the edge of the table. "I should like to ask you three questions," she said to Isabel, when the servant had gone.

"Three are a great many."

"I can't do with less; I have been thinking. They are all very good ones."

"That's what I am afraid of. The best questions are the worst," Isabel answered. Mrs. Touchett had pushed back her chair, and Isabel left the table and walked, rather consciously, to one of the deep windows, while her aunt followed her with her eyes.

"Have you ever been sorry you did n't marry Lord Warburton?" Mrs. Touchett inquired.

Isabel shook her head slowly, smiling. "No, dear aunt."

"Good. I ought to tell you that I propose to believe what you say."

"Your believing me is an immense temptation," Isabel replied, smiling still.

"A temptation to lie? I don't recommend you to do that, for when I'm misinformed I'm as dangerous as a poisoned rat. I don't mean to crow over you."

"It is my husband that does n't get on with me," said Isabel.

"I could have told him that. I don't call that crowing over *you*," Mrs. Touchett added. "Do you still like Serena Merle?" she went on.

"Not as I once did. But it does n't matter, for she is going to America."

"To America? She must have done something very bad."

"Yes, — very bad."

"May I ask what it is?"

"She made a convenience of me."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Touchett, "so she did of me! She does of every one."

"She will make a convenience of America," said Isabel, smiling again, and glad that her aunt's questions were over.

It was not till evening that she was able to see Ralph. He had been dozing all day; at least he had been lying unconscious. The doctor was there, but after a while he went away, — the local doctor, who had attended his father, and whom Ralph liked. He came three or four times a day; he was deeply in-

terested in his patient. Ralph had had Sir Matthew Hope, but he had got tired of this celebrated man, to whom he had asked his mother to send word that he was now dead, and was therefore without further need of medical advice. Mrs. Touchett had simply written to Sir Matthew that her son disliked him. On the day of Isabel's arrival, Ralph gave no sign, as I have related, for many hours; but towards evening he raised himself, and said he knew that she had come. How he knew it was not apparent, inasmuch as, for fear of exciting him, no one had offered the information. Isabel came in and sat by his bed in the dim light; there was only a shaded candle in a corner of the room. She told the nurse that she might go; that she herself would sit with him for the rest of the evening. He had opened his eyes and recognized her, and had moved his hand, which lay very helpless beside him, so that she might take it. But he was unable to speak; he closed his eyes again, and remained perfectly still, only keeping her hand in his own. She sat with him a long time, — till the nurse came back; but he gave no further sign. He might have passed away while she looked at him; he was already the figure and pattern of death. She had thought him far gone in Rome, but this was worse; there was only one change possible now. There was a strange tranquillity in his face; it was as still as the lid of a box. With this, he was a mere lattice of bones; when he opened his eyes to greet her, it was as if she were looking into immeasurable space. It was not till midnight that the nurse came back; but the hours, to Isabel, had not seemed long; it was exactly what she had come for. If she had come simply to wait, she found ample occasion, for he lay for three days in a kind of grateful silence. He recognized her, and at moments he seemed to wish to speak; but he found no voice. Then he closed his eyes again, as if he

too were waiting for something, — for something that certainly would come. He was so absolutely quiet that it seemed to her what was coming had already arrived; and yet she never lost the sense that they were still together. But they were not always together; there were other hours that she passed in wandering through the empty house, and listening for a voice that was not poor Ralph's. She had a constant fear; she thought it possible her husband would write to her. But he remained silent, and she only got a letter, from Florence, from the Countess Gemini. Ralph, however, spoke at last, on the evening of the third day.

"I feel better to-night," he murmured, abruptly, in the soundless dimness of her vigil. "I think I can say something."

She sank upon her knees beside his pillow; took his thin hand in her own; begged him not to make an effort, — not to tire himself.

His face was of necessity serious, — it was incapable of the muscular play of a smile; but its owner apparently had not lost a perception of incongruities. "What does it matter if I am tired, when I have all eternity to rest?" he asked. "There is no harm in making an effort when it is the very last. Don't people always feel better just before the end? I have often heard of that; it's what I was waiting for. Ever since you have been here, I thought it would come. I tried two or three times; I was afraid you would get tired of sitting there." He spoke slowly, with painful breaks and long pauses; his voice seemed to come from a distance. When he ceased, he lay with his face turned to Isabel, and his large unwinking eyes open into her own. "It was very good of you to come," he went on. "I thought you would; but I was n't sure."

"I was not sure, either, till I came," said Isabel.

"You have been like an angel beside my bed. You know they talk of the angel of death. It's the most beautiful of all. You have been like that, — as if you were waiting for me."

"I was not waiting for your death; I was waiting for — for this. This is not death, dear Ralph."

"Not for you, — no. There is nothing makes us feel so much alive as to see others die. That's the sensation of life, — the sense that we remain. I have had it, — even I. But now I am of no use but to give it to others. With me it's all over." And then he paused. Isabel bowed her head further, till it rested on the two hands that were clasped upon his own. She could not see him now; but his far-away voice was close to her ear. "Isabel," he went on, suddenly, "I wish it were over for you." She answered nothing; she had burst into sobs; she remained so, with her buried face. He lay silent, listening to her sobs; at last he gave a long groan. "Ah, what is it you have done for me?"

"What is it you did for me?" she cried, her now extreme agitation half smothered by her attitude. She had lost all her shame, all wish to hide things. Now he might know. She wished him to know, for it brought them supremely together, and he was beyond the reach of pain. "You did something once, — you know it. Oh, Ralph, you have been everything! What have I done for you, — what can I do to-day? I would die if you could live. But I don't wish you to live; I would die myself, not to lose you." Her voice was as broken as his own, and full of tears and anguish.

"You won't lose me, — you will keep me. Keep me in your heart; I shall be nearer to you than I have ever been. Dear Isabel, life is better; for in life there is love. Death is good, but there is no love."

"I never thanked you; I never

spoke ; I never was what I should be ! ” Isabel went on. She felt a passionate need to cry out and accuse herself, to let her sorrow possess her. All her troubles, for the moment, became single and melted together into this present pain. “ What must you have thought of me ? Yet how could I know ? I never knew, and I only know to-day because there are people less stupid than I.”

“ Don’t mind people,” said Ralph. “ I think I am glad to leave people.”

She raised her head and her clasped hands ; she seemed for a moment to pray to him.

“ Is it true, — is it true ? ” she asked.

“ True that you have been stupid ? Oh, no,” said Ralph, with a sensible intention of wit.

“ That you made me rich, — that all I have is yours ? ”

He turned away his head, and for some time said nothing. Then, at last, —

“ Ah, don’t speak of that ; that was not happy.” Slowly he moved his face toward her again, and they once more saw each other. “ But for that — but for that ” — And he paused. “ I believe I ruined you,” he added softly.

She was full of the sense that he was beyond the reach of pain ; he seemed already so little of this world. But even if she had not had it she would still have spoken, for nothing mattered now but the only knowledge that was not pure anguish, — the knowledge that they were looking at the truth together.

“ He married me for my money,” she said.

She wished to say everything ; she was afraid he might die before she had done so.

He gazed at her a little, and for the first time his fixed eyes lowered their lids. But he raised them in a moment, and then, —

“ He was greatly in love with you,” he answered.

“ Yes, he was in love with me. But he would not have married me if I had

been poor. I don’t hurt you in saying that. How can I ? I only want you to understand. I always tried to keep you from understanding ; but that’s all over.”

“ I always understood,” said Ralph.

“ I thought you did, and I did n’t like it. But now I like it.”

“ You don’t hurt me ; you make me very happy.” And as Ralph said this there was an extraordinary gladness in his voice. She bent her head again, and pressed her lips to the back of his hand. “ I always understood,” he continued, “ though it was so strange, so pitiful. You wanted to look at life for yourself, but you were not allowed ; you were punished for your wish. You were ground in the very mill of the conventional ! ”

“ Oh, yes, I have been punished ! ” Isabel sobbed.

He listened to her a little, and then continued, —

“ Was he very bad about your coming ? ”

“ He made it very hard for me. But I don’t care.”

“ It is all over, then, between you ? ”

“ Oh, no ; I don’t think anything is over.”

“ Are you going back to him ? ” Ralph stammered.

“ I don’t know, — I can’t tell. I shall stay here as long as I may. I don’t want to think, — I need n’t think. I don’t care for anything but you, and that is enough for the present. It will last a little yet. Here on my knees, with you dying in my arms, I am happier than I have been for a long time. And I want you to be happy, — not to think of anything sad ; only to feel that I am near you and I love you. Why should there be pain ? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain ? That is not the deepest thing ; there is something deeper.”

Ralph evidently found, from moment to moment, greater difficulty in speaking ; he had to wait longer to collect

himself. At first he appeared to make no response to these last words; he let a long time elapse. Then he murmured simply, —

“You must stay here.”

“I should like to stay, as long as seems right.”

“As seems right, — as seems right?” He repeated her words. “Yes, you think a great deal about that.”

“Of course one must. You are very tired,” said Isabel.

“I am very tired. You said just now that pain is not the deepest thing. No, — no. But it is very deep. If I could stay” —

“For me you will always be here,” she softly interrupted. It was easy to interrupt him.

But he went on, after a moment: —

“It passes, after all; it’s passing now. But love remains. I don’t know why we should suffer so much. Perhaps I shall find out. There are many things in life; you are very young.”

“I feel very old,” said Isabel.

“You will grow young again. That’s how I see you. I don’t believe — I don’t believe” — And he stopped again; his strength failed him.

She begged him to be quiet now. “We needn’t speak, to understand each other,” she said.

“I don’t believe that such a generous mistake as yours — can hurt you for more than a little.”

“Oh, Ralph, I am very happy now!” she cried, through her tears.

“And remember this,” he continued: “that if you have been hated, you have also been loved.”

“Ah, my brother!” she cried, with a movement of still deeper prostration.

LV.

He had told her, the first evening she ever spent at Gardencourt, that if she should live to suffer enough she might

some day see the ghost with which the old house was duly provided. She apparently had fulfilled the necessary condition; for the next morning, in the cold, faint dawn, she knew that a spirit was standing by her bed. She had lain down without undressing, for it was her belief that Ralph would not outlast the night. She had no inclination to sleep; she was waiting, and such waiting was wakeful. But she closed her eyes; she believed that as the night wore on she should hear a knock at her door. She heard no knock, but at the time the darkness began vaguely to grow gray she started up from her pillow as abruptly as if she had received a summons. It seemed to her for an instant that Ralph was standing there, — a dim, hovering figure in the dimness of the room. She stared a moment: she saw his white face, his kind eyes; then she saw there was nothing. She was not afraid; she was only sure. She went out of her room, and in her certainty passed along dark corridors and down a flight of oaken steps that shone in the vague light of a hall window. Outside of Ralph’s door she stopped a moment, listening; but she seemed to hear only the hush that filled it. She opened the door with a hand as gentle as if she were lifting a veil from the face of the dead, and saw Mrs. Touchett sitting motionless and upright beside the couch of her son, with one of his hands in her own. The doctor was on the other side, with poor Ralph’s further wrist resting in his professional fingers. The nurse was at the foot, between them. Mrs. Touchett took no notice of Isabel, but the doctor looked at her very hard; then he gently placed Ralph’s hand in a proper position, close beside him. The nurse looked at her very hard, too, and no one said a word; but Isabel only looked at what she had come to see. It was fairer than Ralph had ever been in life, and there was a strange resemblance to the face of his father, which, six years before,

she had seen lying on the same pillow. She went to her aunt and put her arm round her ; and Mrs. Touchett, who as a general thing neither invited nor enjoyed caresses, submitted for a moment to this one, rising, as it were, to take it. But she was stiff and dry-eyed ; her acute white face was terrible.

"Poor aunt Lydia !" Isabel murmured.

"Go and thank God you have no child," said Mrs. Touchett, disengaging herself.

Three days after this a considerable number of people found time, in the height of the London "season," to take a morning train down to a quiet station in Berkshire, and spend half an hour in a small gray church, which stood within an easy walk. It was in the green burial-place of this edifice that Mrs. Touchett consigned her son to earth. She stood herself at the edge of the grave, and Isabel stood beside her ; the sexton himself had not a more practical interest in the scene than Mrs. Touchett. It was a solemn occasion, but it was not a disagreeable one ; there was a certain geniality in the appearance of things. The weather had changed to fair ; the day, one of the last of the treacherous May-time, was warm and windless, and the air had the brightness of the hawthorn and the blackbird. If it was sad to think of poor Touchett, it was not too sad, since death, for him, had had no violence. He had been dying so long ; he was so ready ; everything had been so expected and prepared. There were tears in Isabel's eyes, but they were not tears that blinded. She looked through them at the beauty of the day, the splendor of nature, the sweetness of the old English church-yard, the bowed heads of good friends. Lord Warburton was there, and a group of gentlemen unknown to Isabel, several of whom, as she afterwards learned, were connected with the bank ; and there were others whom she knew. Miss Stackpole was

among the first, with honest Mr. Bantling beside her ; and Caspar Goodwood, lifting his head higher than the rest, bowing it rather less. During much of the time Isabel was conscious of Mr. Goodwood's gaze ; he looked at her somewhat harder than he usually looked in public, while the others had fixed their eyes upon the church-yard turf. But she never let him see that she saw him ; she thought of him only to wonder that he was still in England. She found that she had taken for granted that, after accompanying Ralph to Gardencourt, he had gone away ; she remembered that it was not a country that pleased him. He was there, however, — very distinctly there ; and something in his attitude seemed to say that he was there with a complex intention. She would not meet his eyes, though there was doubtless sympathy in them ; he made her rather uneasy. With the dispersal of the little group he disappeared, and the only person who came to speak to her — though several spoke to Mrs. Touchett — was Henrietta Stackpole. Henrietta had been crying.

Ralph had said to Isabel that he hoped she would remain at Gardencourt, and she made no immediate motion to leave the place. She said to herself that it was but common charity to stay a little with her aunt. It was fortunate she had so good a formula ; otherwise she might have been greatly in want of one. Her errand was over ; she had done what she left her husband for. She had a husband in a foreign city, counting the hours of her absence ; in such a case one needed an excellent motive. He was not one of the best husbands ; but that did n't alter the case. Certain obligations were involved in the very fact of marriage, and were quite independent of the quantity of enjoyment extracted from it. Isabel thought of her husband as little as might be ; but now that she was at a distance, beyond its spell, she thought with a kind

of spiritual shudder of Rome. There was a deadly sadness in the thought, and she drew back into the deepest shade of Gardencourt. She lived from day to day, postponing, closing her eyes, trying not to think. She knew she must decide, but she decided nothing; her coming itself had not been a decision. On that occasion she had simply started. Osmond gave no sound, and now, evidently, he would give none; he would leave it all to her. From Pansy she heard nothing, but that was very simple: her father had told her not to write.

Mrs. Touchett accepted Isabel's company, but offered her no assistance; she appeared to be absorbed in considering, without enthusiasm, but with perfect lucidity, the new conveniences of her own situation. Mrs. Touchett was not an optimist, but even from painful occurrences she managed to extract a certain satisfaction. This consisted in the reflection that, after all, such things happened to other people, and not to herself. Death was disagreeable, but in this case it was her son's death, not her own; she had never flattered herself that her own would be disagreeable to any one but Mrs. Touchett. She was better off than poor Ralph, who had left all the commodities of life behind him, and indeed all the security; for the worst of dying was, to Mrs. Touchett's mind, that it exposed one to be taken advantage of. For herself, she was on the spot; there was nothing so good as that. She made known to Isabel very punctually — it was the evening her son was buried — several of Ralph's testamentary arrangements. He had told her everything, had consulted her about everything. He left her no money; of course she had no need of money. He left her the furniture of Gardencourt, exclusive of the pictures and books, and the use of the place for a year; after which it was to be sold. The money produced by the sale was to constitute an endowment for a hospital for poor persons

suffering from the malady of which he died; and of this portion of the will Lord Warburton was appointed executor. The rest of his property, which was to be withdrawn from the bank, was disposed of in various bequests, several of them to those cousins in Vermont to whom his father had already been so bountiful. Then there were a number of small legacies.

"Some of them are extremely peculiar," said Mrs. Touchett; "he has left considerable sums to persons I never heard of. He gave me a list, and I asked then who some of them were; and he told me they were people who at various times had seemed to like him. Apparently, he thought you did n't like him, for he has not left you a penny. It was his opinion that you were handsomely treated by his father, which I am bound to say I think you were, — though I don't mean that I ever heard him complain of it. The pictures are to be dispersed; he has distributed them about, one by one, as little keepsakes. The most valuable of the collection goes to Lord Warburton. And what do you think he has done with his library? It sounds like a practical joke. He has left it to your friend, Miss Stackpole, 'in recognition of her services to literature.' Does he mean her following him up from Rome? Was that a service to literature? It contains a great many rare and valuable books, and, as she can't carry it about the world in her trunk, he recommends her to sell it at auction. She will sell it, of course, at Christie's, and with the proceeds she will set up a newspaper. Will that be a service to literature?"

This question Isabel forbore to answer, as it exceeded the little interrogatory to which she had deemed it necessary to submit on her arrival. Besides, she had never been less interested in literature than to-day, as she found when she occasionally took down from the shelf one of the rare and valuable

volumes of which Mrs. Touchett had spoken. She was quite unable to read; her attention had never been so little at her command. One afternoon, in the library, about a week after the ceremony in the church-yard, she was trying to fix it a little; but often wandered from the book she had in her hand to the open window, which looked down the long avenue. It was in this way that she saw a modest vehicle approach the door, and perceived Lord Warburton sitting, in rather an uncomfortable attitude, in a corner of it. He had always had a high standard of courtesy, and it was therefore not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he should have taken the trouble to come down from London to call upon Mrs. Touchett. It was of course Mrs. Touchett that he had come to see, and not Mrs. Osmond; and to prove to herself the validity of this theory, Isabel presently stepped out of the house and wandered away into the park. Since her arrival at Gardencourt she had been but little out-of-doors, the weather being unfavorable for visiting the grounds. This afternoon, however, was fine, and at first it struck her as a happy thought to have come out. The theory I have just mentioned was plausible enough, but it brought her little rest; and if you had seen her pacing about you would have said she had a bad conscience. She was not pacified when, at the end of a quarter of an hour, finding herself in view of the house, she saw Mrs. Touchett emerge from the portico, accompanied by her visitor. Her aunt had evidently proposed to Lord Warburton that they should come in search of her. She was in no humor for visitors, and if she had had time she would have drawn back behind one of the great trees. But she saw that she had been seen, and that nothing was left her but to advance. As the lawn at Gardencourt was a vast expanse, this took some time; during which she observed that, as he walked beside

his hostess, Lord Warburton kept his hands rather stiffly behind him and his eyes upon the ground. Both persons, apparently, were silent; but Mrs. Touchett's thin little glance, as she directed it toward Isabel, had even at a distance an expression. It seemed to say with cutting sharpness, "Here is the eminently amenable nobleman whom you might have married." When Lord Warburton lifted his own eyes, however, that was not what they said. They only said, "This is rather awkward, you know, and I depend upon you to help me." He was very grave, very proper, and for the first time since Isabel had known him he greeted her without a smile. Even in his days of distress he had always begun with a smile. He looked extremely self-conscious.

"Lord Warburton has been so good as to come out to see me," said Mrs. Touchett. "He tells me he did n't know you were still here. I know he's an old friend of yours, and as I was told you were not in the house I brought him out to see for himself."

"Oh, I saw there was a good train at 6.40, that would get me back in time for dinner," Mrs. Touchett's companion explained, rather irrelevantly. "I am so glad to find you have not gone."

"I am not here for long, you know," Isabel said, with a certain eagerness.

"I suppose not; but I hope it's for some weeks. You came to England sooner than — a — than you thought?"

"Yes, I came very suddenly."

Mrs. Touchett turned away, as if she were looking at the condition of the grounds, which indeed was not what it should be, while Lord Warburton hesitated a little. Isabel fancied he had been on the point of asking about her husband, rather confusedly, and then had checked himself. He continued immitigably grave, either because he thought it becoming in a place over which death had just passed, or for more personal reasons. If he was con-

scious of personal reasons, it was very fortunate that he had the cover of the former motive; he could make the most of that. Isabel thought of all this. It was not that his face was sad, for that was another matter; but it was strangely inexpressive.

"My sisters would have been so glad to come if they had known you were still here,—if they had thought you would see them," Lord Warburton went on. "Do kindly let them see you before you leave England."

"It would give me great pleasure; I have such a friendly recollection of them."

"I don't know whether you would come to Lockleigh for a day or two? You know there is always that old promise." And his lordship blushed a little as he made this suggestion, which gave his face a somewhat more familiar air. "Perhaps I'm not right in saying that just now; of course you are not thinking of visiting. But I meant what would hardly be a visit. My sisters are to be at Lockleigh at Whitsuntide for three days; and if you could come then—as you say you are not to be very long in England—I would see that there should be literally no one else."

Isabel wondered whether not even the young lady he was to marry would be there, with her mamma; but she did not express this idea. "Thank you extremely," she contented herself with saying; "I'm afraid I hardly know about Whitsuntide."

"But I have your promise, have n't I, for some other time?"

There was an interrogation in this; but Isabel let it pass. She looked at her interlocutor a moment, and the result of her observation was that, as had happened before, she felt sorry for him. "Take care you don't miss your train," she said. And then she added, "I wish you every happiness."

He blushed again, more than before, and he looked at his watch.

"Ah, yes, 6.40; I have n't much time, but I have a fly at the door. Thank you very much." It was not apparent whether the thanks applied to her having reminded him of his train, or to the more sentimental remark. "Good-by, Mrs. Osmond; good-by." He shook hands with her, without meeting her eye; and then he turned to Mrs. Touchett, who had wandered back to them. With her his parting was equally brief; and in a moment the two ladies saw him move with long steps across the lawn.

"Are you very sure he is to be married?" Isabel asked of her aunt.

"I can't be surer than he; but he seems sure. I congratulated him, and he accepted it."

"Ah," said Isabel, "I give it up!" while her aunt returned to the house, and to those avocations which the visitor had interrupted.

She gave it up, but she still thought of it,—thought of it while she strolled again under the great oaks whose shadows were long upon the acres of turf. At the end of a few minutes she found herself near a rustic bench, which, a moment after she had looked at it, struck her as an object recognized. It was not simply that she had seen it before, nor even that she had sat upon it; it was that in this spot something important had happened to her,—that the place had an air of association. Then she remembered that she had been sitting there six years before, when a servant brought her from the house the letter in which Caspar Goodwood informed her that he had followed her to Europe; and that, when she had read that letter, she looked up to hear Lord Warburton announcing that he should like to marry her. It was indeed an historical, an interesting bench; she stood and looked at it, as if it might have something to say to her. She would not sit down on it now; she felt rather afraid of it. She only stood before it, and while she

stood the past came back to her in one of those rushing waves of emotion by which people of sensibility are visited at odd hours. The effect of this agitation was a sudden sense of being very tired, under the influence of which she overcame her scruples and sank into the rustic seat. I have said that she was restless and unable to occupy herself; and whether or no, if you had seen her there, you would have admitted the justice of the former epithet, you would at least have allowed that at this moment she was the image of a victim of idleness. Her attitude had a singular absence of purpose; her hands, hanging at her sides, lost themselves in the folds of her black dress. Her eyes gazed vaguely before her. There was nothing to recall her to the house; the two ladies, in their seclusion, dined early, and had tea at an indefinite hour. How long she had sat in this position she could not have told you; but the twilight had grown thick when she became aware that she was not alone. She quickly straightened herself, glancing about, and then saw what had become of her solitude. She was sharing it with Caspar Goodwood, who stood looking at her, a few feet off, and whose footfall, on the unresonant turf, as he came near, she had not heard. It occurred to her, in the midst of this, that it was just so Lord Warburton had surprised her of old.

She instantly rose, and as soon as Goodwood saw that he was seen he started forward. She had had time only to rise, when, with a motion that looked like violence, but felt like she knew not what, he grasped her by the wrist, and made her sink again into the seat. She closed her eyes; he had not hurt her; it was only a touch that she had obeyed. But there was something in his face that she wished not to see. That was the way he had looked at her the other day in the church-yard; only to-day it was worse. He said nothing

at first; she only felt him close to her. It almost seemed to her that no one had ever been so close to her as that. All this, however, took but a moment, at the end of which she had disengaged her wrist, turning her eyes upon her visitant.

"You have frightened me," she said.

"I did n't mean to," he answered; "but if I did, a little, no matter. I came from London a while ago by the train, but I could n't come here directly. There was a man at the station who got ahead of me. He took a fly that was there, and I heard him give the order to drive here. I don't know who he was, but I did n't want to come with him; I wanted to see you alone. So I have been waiting and walking about. I have walked all over, and I was just coming to the house, when I saw you here. There was a keeper, or some one, who met me; but that was all right, because I had made his acquaintance when I came here with your cousin. Is that gentleman gone? Are you really alone? I want to speak to you." Goodwood spoke very fast; he was as excited as when they parted in Rome. Isabel had hoped that condition would subside; and she shrank into herself as she perceived that, on the contrary, he had only let out sail. She had a new sensation; he had never produced it before; it was a feeling of danger. There was indeed something awful in his persistency. Isabel gazed straight before her; he, with a hand on each knee, leaned forward, looking deeply into her face. The twilight seemed to darken around them. "I want to speak to you," he repeated; "I have something particular to say. I don't want to trouble you, as I did the other day, in Rome. That was no use; it only distressed you. I could n't help it; I knew I was wrong. But I am not wrong now; please don't think I am," he went on, with his hard, deep voice melting a moment into entreaty. "I came here to-

day for a purpose; it's very different. It was no use for me to speak to you then; but now I can help you."

She could not have told you whether it was because she was afraid, or because such a voice in the darkness seemed of necessity a boon, but she listened to him as she had never listened before; his words dropped deep into her soul. They produced a sort of stillness in all her being; and it was with an effort, in a moment, that she answered him.

"How can you help me?" she asked, in a low tone, as if she were taking what he had said seriously enough to make the inquiry in confidence.

"By inducing you to trust me. Now I know, — to-day I know. Do you remember what I asked you in Rome? Then I was quite in the dark. But to-day I know on good authority; everything is clear to me to-day. It was a good thing when you made me come away with your cousin. He was a good fellow, — he was a noble fellow; he told me how the case stands. He explained everything; he guessed what I thought of you. He was a member of your family, and he left you, so long as you should be in England, to my care," said Goodwood, as if he were making a great point. "Do you know what he said to me the last time I saw him, as he lay there where he died? He said, 'Do everything you can for her; do everything she will let you.'"

Isabel suddenly got up.

"You had no business to talk about me!"

"Why not, — why not, when we talked in that way?" he demanded, following her fast. "And he was dying; when a man's dying it's different." She checked the movement she had made to leave him; she was listening more than ever; it was true that he was not the same as that last time. That had been aimless, fruitless passion; but at present he had an idea. Isabel scented his

idea in all her being. "But it does n't matter!" he exclaimed, pressing her close, though now without touching a hem of her garment. "If Touchett had never opened his mouth, I should have known, all the same. I had only to look at you at your cousin's funeral to see what's the matter with you. You can't deceive me any more; for God's sake, be honest with a man who is so honest with you! You are the most unhappy of women, and your husband's a devil!"

She turned on him as if he had struck her.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

"I have never been so sane; I see the whole thing. Don't think it's necessary to defend him. But I won't say another word against him; I will speak only of you," Goodwood added, quickly. "How can you pretend you are not heart-broken? You don't know what to do; you don't know where to turn. It's too late to play a part; did n't you leave all that behind you in Rome? Touchett knew all about it, and I knew it too, — what it would cost you to come here. It will cost you your life! When I know that, how can I keep myself from wishing to save you? What would you think of me if I should stand still and see you go back to your reward? 'It's awful, what she'll have to pay for it!' — that's what Touchett said to me. I may tell you that, may n't I? He was such a near relation!" cried Goodwood, making his point again. "I would sooner have been shot than let another man say those things to me; but he was different; he seemed to me to have the right. It was after he got home, when he saw he was dying, and when I saw it too. I understand all about it: you are afraid to go back. You are perfectly alone; you don't know where to turn. Now it is that I want you to think of me."

"To think of you?" Isabel said, standing before him in the dusk. The

idea of which she had caught a glimpse a few moments before now loomed large. She threw back her head a little; she stared at it as if it had been a comet in the sky.

"You don't know where to turn. Turn to me! I want to persuade you to trust me," Goodwood repeated. And then he paused a moment, with his shining eyes. "Why should you go back? Why should you go through that ghastly form?"

"To get away from you!" she answered. But this expressed only a little of what she felt. The rest was that she had never been loved before. It wrapped her about; it lifted her off her feet.

At first, in rejoinder to what she had said, it seemed to her that he would break out into greater violence. But after an instant he was perfectly quiet; he wished to prove that he was sane, that he had reasoned it all out. "I wish to prevent that, and I think I may, if you will only listen to me. It's too monstrous to think of sinking back into that misery. It's you that are out of your mind. Trust me as if I had the care of you. Why shouldn't we be happy, when it's here before us, when it's so easy? I am yours forever,—forever and ever. Here I stand; I'm as firm as a rock. What have you to care about? You have no children; that perhaps would be an obstacle. As it is, you have nothing to consider. You must save what you can of your life; you mustn't lose it all simply because you have lost a part. It would be an insult to you to assume that you care for the look of the thing, for what people will say, for the bottomless idiocy of the world! We have nothing to do with all that; we are quite out of it; we look at things as they are. You took the great step in coming away; the next is nothing; it's the natural one. I swear, as I stand here, that a woman deliberately made to suffer is

justified in anything in life,—in going down into the streets, if that will help her! I know how you suffer, and that's why I am here. We can do absolutely as we please; to whom under the sun do we owe anything? What is it that holds us? What is it that has the smallest right to interfere in such a question as this? Such a question is between ourselves,—and to say that is to settle it! Were we born to rot in our misery? Were we born to be afraid? I never knew *you* afraid! If you only trust me, how little you will be disappointed! The world is all before us, and the world is very large. I know something about that."

Isabel gave a long murmur, like a creature in pain; it was as if he were pressing something that hurt her. "The world is very small," she said, at random; she had an immense desire to appear to resist. She said it at random, to hear herself say something; but it was not what she meant. The world, in truth, had never seemed so large; it seemed to open out, all round her,—to take the form of a mighty sea, where she floated in fathomless waters. She had wanted help, and here was help; it had come in a rushing torrent. I know not whether she believed everything that he said; but she believed that to let him take her in his arms would be the next best thing to dying. This belief, for a moment, was a kind of rapture, in which she felt herself sinking and sinking. In the movement she seemed to beat with her feet, in order to catch herself, to feel something to rest on.

"Ah, be mine, as I am yours!" she heard her companion cry. He had suddenly given up argument, and his voice seemed to come through a confusion of sound.

This, however, of course, was but a subjective fact, as the metaphysicians say; the confusion, the noise of waters, and all the rest of it were in her own

head. In an instant she became aware of this. "Do me the greatest kindness of all," she said. "I beseech you to go away!"

"Ah, don't say that! Don't kill me!" he cried.

She clasped her hands; her eyes were streaming with tears.

"As you love me, as you pity me, leave me alone!"

He glared at her a moment through the dusk, and the next instant she felt his arms about her, and his lips on her own lips. His kiss was like a flash of lightning; when it was dark again she was free. She never looked about her; she only darted away from the spot. There were lights in the windows of the house; they shone far across the lawn. In an extraordinarily short time — for the distance was considerable — she had moved through the darkness (for she saw nothing) and reached the door. Here only she paused. She looked all about her; she listened a little; then she put her hand on the latch. She had not known where to turn; but she knew now. There was a very straight path.

Two days afterwards, Caspar Goodwood knocked at the door of the house in Wimpole Street in which Henrietta Stackpole occupied furnished lodgings. He had hardly removed his hand from the knocker when the door was opened,

and Miss Stackpole herself stood before him. She had on her bonnet and jacket; she was on the point of going out.

"Oh, good morning," he said. "I was in hope I should find Mrs. Osmond."

Henrietta kept him waiting a moment for her reply; but there was a good deal of expression about Miss Stackpole even when she was silent.

"Pray, what led you to suppose she was here?"

"I went down to Gardencourt this morning, and the servant told me she had come to London. He believed she was to come to you."

Again Miss Stackpole held him, with an intention of perfect kindness, in suspense.

"She came here yesterday, and spent the night. But this morning she started for Rome."

Caspar Goodwood was not looking at her; his eyes were fastened on the door-step.

"Oh, she started" — he stammered. And, without finishing his phrase, or looking up, he turned away.

Henrietta had come out, closing the door behind her, and now she put out her hand and grasped his arm.

"Look here, Mr. Goodwood," she said; "just you wait!"

On which he looked up at her.

Henry James, Jr.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

SAY not the eaglet never loved the nest,
Because, full-fledged, he cannot choose but know
True life is aspiration, and not rest.
With haunting eyes reproachful, to and fro
In my soul's sight forever come and go
The forms of those who loved me first and best.
Reproach me not! I could not love you so,
Were life not spent in Truth's eternal quest.

Though she roll back the curtain of the skies,
And show the mirrored face of baffled man
Where I had pictured heaven with childish eyes,
Truth is my guide alone. O friends of youth,
Old friends, old faiths, old ways where life began,
Farewell! I love you all, — I follow Truth!

W. C. L.

THE HABITANT OF LOWER CANADA.

At the conquest in 1760, Lower Canada contained seventy-two thousand French Canadians, the descendants of less than ten thousand emigrants from France. This was a marvelous increase, considering that the little colony had twice recruited the army of Montcalm, waged unceasing war for a century and a half against the Indians, and sent out settlers and traders to the uttermost confines of New France. After the conquest, seven thousand colonists, mostly seigneurs and their families, returned to France. The English statesmen of that period confidently expected that the French language would soon die out and the habitant be absorbed in the British settlements, and the province was divided up, to that end. But the stone, in this instance, is breaking the hammer. The French Canadian population in Quebec now numbers twelve hundred thousand souls. There are one hundred thousand people of Acadian descent in the Maritime Provinces. Manitoba is nearly half French. French Canadian settlements are found in the valley of the Saskatchewan and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is more French than English. The habitant has crossed the line dividing Upper and Lower Canada, and is marching westward through the counties of Glengarry, Dundas, and Prescott, and northward by the valley of the Ottawa. The French language, which is univer-

sal in Quebec, has the same legal status as English in the Dominion Parliament and the Supreme Court of Canada. Even the comparatively new English settlements in the Eastern Townships are being overrun. Somerset becomes Saint-Morisette, Stamford Sainte-Folle, Boulton Bouton, as parish after parish is invaded by the race which England thought she had effaced on the Plains of Abraham. The habitant has also swarmed over the boundary into New England and the Western States, and the sixty-five thousand peasants left to shift for themselves in the abandoned colony which Voltaire described as "a few arpents of snow" have increased, until their number in North America is not short of two million souls.

The French Canadian is an admirable colonist. He may lack enterprise, but his staying qualities are not surpassed by those of the Scotchman. He is a living monument to the truth of the old saw that "blood will tell." New France, unlike many colonies founded by European nations, was not a penal settlement. The earliest emigrants were honest and intrepid pioneers, like Cartier and Champlain, who led them. The seigneurs came of the best stock in France, being chiefly young nobles whose purses were not long enough to enable them to bask at Versailles, and retired officers. From 1621 to 1641 the settlers came mostly from Normandy, Beauce, Poitou, Perche, Ile de France, and Le Pays d'Aunis.

In 1665, the Prince de Carignan regiment, the first European corps sent to America, arrived in the colony, and was disbanded. The officers, nearly all of whom belonged to the *haute noblesse*, received land grants and founded family dynasties, some of which exist to this day. The common soldiers were also put upon the land, and this crack regiment, fresh from fighting the Crescent on the plains of Hungary, was speedily absorbed in the population. Laval, the first bishop of Quebec, whose see extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, was a high-born Montmorency. Ladies of rank and fortune, headed by Madame de la Peltrie, a handsome young widow of Alençon, founded the first religious houses, of which the Hôtel Dieu was endowed by Richelieu's niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. The governors, the intendants, and the minor officers of the king were of the bluest blood in France, and their influence upon the manners of the people is visible to this day.

The habitant was the French peasant transported to a better world. He was a devoted royalist, believing with Permetty that when kings are good they are a present from Heaven; when they are bad, they are a chastisement. The French peasant of that period was crushed beneath the noble and the tax-gatherer. At the close of the seventeenth century La Bruyère wrote: "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country; black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and when they stand erect they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots." On the banks of the St. Lawrence the serf breathed the air of freedom. He was still a serf, under the Custom of Paris; but the Canadian seign-

eur was a kind master, and the king's assessor no longer reaped where the husbandman sowed. The Récollets, who were the first missionaries, attended to his spiritual wants; and when they gave place to the Jesuits, churches soon dotted the clearings. If the church bled the habitant freely for tithes, its numerous saints' days lightened his drudgery. Moreover, he paid the tithes cheerfully; for, unlike the Irish peasant under the Protestant garrison, he was not maintaining an alien creed. *Cælum, non animus, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*: the habitant, in the loneliness and isolation of the forest, cherished with deeper affection the faith as well as the superstitions of his native land. The king's was a paternal government. The minister Colbert provided the settler with a wife, and encouraged large families by royal premiums. The first batch of girls sent from the parent country to meet the keen demand in the matrimonial market arrived October 7, 1665; and the Mother of the Incarnation, superior of the Ursuline Convent, relates in her diary that they were all, to the number of one hundred, happily married by October 29th. La Hontan has made a cruel charge against these state brides. They were peasant girls, chosen for their robustness and virtue, and orphans of good character, taken from the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. Boucher, writing in 1663, declares that when a black sheep was found among them she was at once sent back to France; and this is corroborated by Father C. Leclercq, 1673-90. La Fontaine writes to his friend, Saint-Evremond, in 1687:—

"Le mieux est de me taire,
Et surtout n'être plus chroniqueur de Cythère,
Logeant dans mes vers les Chloris,
Quand on les chasse de Paris.
On va faire embarquer ces belles :
Elles s'en vont peupler l'Amerique d'Amours.
Que maint auteur puisse avec elles,
Passer la ligne pour toujours!"

This may or may not have been true of the girls sent to New Orleans and St.

Christopher in the West Indies; upon those sent to New France it is a libel. The registers of the church of Notre Dame at Quebec bear testimony to the singular purity of the people. In the first seventy years of its settlement, when the population of Quebec was composed of a motley crowd of soldiers, sailors, and peasants, there were only two illegitimate births. Charlevoix, in 1720, testified that at that day the French Canadian women preserved their reputation unsullied. A royal gratuity of twenty francs was given to lads who married at twenty years of age or under, and to girls who found husbands before they were sixteen. It was no uncommon thing for the united ages of the bride and bridegroom to fall short of thirty years. A premium of three hundred francs was awarded to parents with ten living children, and of four hundred francs to those with twelve. Men of family were preferred to bachelors for the petty public offices. Young widows, obeying his most Christian majesty's edict, soon dried their tears. Doller de Casson, in his history of Montreal, tells of one who married her second husband whilst number one lay dead in the house. Large families are the rule to this day. M. Ouimet, the excellent superintendent of education in Quebec, is the twenty-sixth child in his family. At a funeral at Beauport, not long ago, twenty-seven children followed the remains of the twenty-eighth to the grave. Fourteen golden weddings have been celebrated at one time in a single parish in L'Assomption. The seigneurs married the daughters of seigneurs, and Talon, the intendant, occasionally wrote to Colbert for a consignment of "young ladies of good birth and breeding," for the subalterns of the Carignan regiment and the young civil officers whose taste could not be suited in the colony. Feudalism and religion walked hand in hand in those days, and the colony waxed strong with a pious, thrifty, and prolific

people. The Norman colonist was a veritable Aberdonian in acquisitiveness. His Breton neighbors said he prayed not for wealth, but only to be placed near somebody who had it. Emigration from France practically ceased in 1700. Since then the French Canadians, in spite of the conquest, the burdens imposed upon them by the early British governors, the stream of British emigration that has been steadily running into Canada since the union of the two provinces in 1841, and the overflow from Quebec into New England and the West, have increased to such a degree out of their own loins that now, like Israel in Egypt, "the land is filled with them."

The feudal tenure, which existed for two centuries and a half, has left an effaceable mark upon the character of the habitant. It was the feudal institution of France modified by local usages. The royal commission to La Roche, the king's governor and lieutenant-general in 1598, and the conveyance in 1626 of a certain tract of land to Louis Hébert, the first head of a family who settled at Quebec (1617), contain traces of the Custom of Paris. But in 1627-28 the colony was vested by royal charter in the Hundred Associates, who were to enjoy it *à perpétuité, en toute propriété, justice et seigneurie*, together with a monopoly of the fur trade, on payment of tribute in the shape of a crown of gold, four pounds in weight, to each new king of France. This charter established the feudal tenure throughout the country, and in 1663 the company made the first *concession en fief* to Robert Giffard, seigneur of Beauport, a doctor who settled there with a party of Percherons. The title of the Hundred Associates was extinguished in 1663, and the government was wielded by the king, acting through the Sovereign Council at Quebec; but the colony was ceded in the following year to the West India Company, which was abolished by royal

edict in 1674, and from that time until the conquest the royal administration held entire sway. The feudal tenure, however, was continued after the conquest, until 1854, when it was quietly abolished, at a direct cost to the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada of six million dollars. But as Upper Canada had to be compensated for this purely Lower Canadian expenditure, the act of extinguishment, accomplished after fifty years of bloodless agitation, may be said to have cost the country ten million dollars, — an enormous outlay for that poor and straggling population. France introduced the seigniorial system into the colony solely as a means of peopling it. The seigneurs rendered homage to the king's representative at Quebec once a year, and the custom was continued under British rule. The seigneur knelt before the governor, delivered up his sword, placed his hand between the hands of the governor, and repeated the oath of allegiance. The seigneur also paid to the king the right of *quint*; that is to say, the fifth part of the price received for the property whenever it changed hands. He was bound also, by the right of *banalité*, to build grist-mills on his estate for the benefit of the *censitaires*, or tenants; to use all due diligence in inducing emigration and colonization; to perform military service when called upon; to see that the clergy were well treated; and under certain fiefs to administer justice, *haute, moyenne, et basse*. In France the *banalité* was conventional, and had no existence at common law. In Canada it was also conventional until 1686, when it was recognized and enforced by statute; the seigneurs being bound, as has been said, to build grist-mills, and the *censitaires* being compelled to carry their grist there, and nowhere else, paying the seigneur a fourteenth part for the grinding. Again, the seigneur in France was absolute master over his estate, in that he might rent it or not

as he saw fit; but in Canada the seigneur could not lock up his lands, nor refuse to cede them to *censitaires* for a fair price, fixed according to the average rent paid in the neighborhood. This law prevented the holding of land for speculative purposes; indeed, so keenly alive were the king's ministers to the danger of "holding for speculation and monopoly" that by the *arrêt* of 1732 it was provided that lands lying fallow, or remaining uncleared, should after a certain time lapse to the crown. The seigneur could not exact anything from the *censitaire* when the latter entered on possession, nor demand a rent of more than two sous per superficial acre; but the *lods et ventes*, an impost by which the seigneur secured a twelfth part of the value of the farm whenever it changed hands, and the *banalité* were a source of large profit. It must not be supposed, however, that the seigneur ate the bread of idleness. "At St. Ours," writes one of the king's agents, "I saw two young ladies at the plow-tail." The dowry of Mademoiselle Magdelaine Boucher, daughter of a Three Rivers seigneur, who married Urbain Baudry *dit* Lamarche in 1647, was as follows: Two hundred francs cash, four sheets, two tablecloths, six linen pieces, a mattress and coverlet, two dishes, six spoons and six pewter plates, a saucepan and a copper kettle, a table and two benches, a kneading-trough, a trunk with a key, a cow, and two mated pigs. The seigneur's daughters helped their mother to do the household work, and the seigneur himself "bossed" his laborers, and looked after his roads and rents. Little by little, however, the seigneur increased the weight of his feudal exactions. In a lawsuit he had a great advantage over the *censitaire*, for the judges of course belonged to the seigneur class. The *cens et rentes*, from being two sous an acre, with a forty-sou capon thrown in were increased to six and eight sous. The right of *retrait*, by which the seign-

eur forced a purchaser within forty days after the sale of a farm to transfer it back again, enabled him to protect himself against fraudulent sales; but in later times it was abused, and tended greatly to hamper the transfer of land. The *corvée*, or forced labor upon the roads, was not burdensome (it exists at this day under the name of statute labor); but the same could not be said for the practice which crept in of forcing the purchaser of a farm to compound the lods et rentes by a cash payment. The seigneur might compel the censitaire to supply gratis all the wood and stone required for the estate, and by virtue of the right attached to the *domaine privé* in unnavigable streams he collected rent for water-power for driving mills, and seized a tenth part of all the fish the censitaire caught.

The feudal system was admirably adapted for the creation of a peasant proprietary; and it kept the colony from falling into the hands of a few rich landlords. In 1850, four years before the seigneurial title was extinguished, there were two hundred and twenty-seven seigneuries; but as the seigneur was compelled to lease and sell, his own private estate never became unmanageably large. The degrading badges of vassalage which the *villein* in Europe wore were never fastened upon the French Canadian. The infamous *droit de jambage* is said to have been inserted in the patent of one Canadian seigneur, but no trace of it can be found; nor were any of the fanciful *droits* of the class of *droits honorifiques* in force. The system, rude as it was, taught the people the virtue of obedience to constituted authority. From the seigneur, who had to render *foi et hommage* to the king, down to the poorest censitaire, whose disobedience would either consign him to the dungeon, or bring down upon him the torture of the *cheval de bois*, all were "subject unto the higher powers." And so the habitant of to-day, whether in

his native parish, or as an alien in New England, is loyal and respectful to his superiors, — a great conservative force on a continent which has always been the refuge of the uneasy spirits of the world.

Before Jacques Cartier and his comrades sailed from the roadstead of St. Malo in the good ships *Grande Hermine*, *Petite Hermine*, and *Emerillon*, on May 19, 1535, they went reverently to the old cathedral of the town, and received the holy sacrament and the blessing of Bishop Bohier. Their first act, upon touching at Ile aux Coudres, below Quebec, on September 7th, the eve of the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, was to celebrate the holy sacrifice. It was a mellow day in the beautiful Canadian fall. The *coudriers* (hazel bushes) and the odororous pine were tinged with the fierce scarlet which the Indians say is the breath of summer. Dom Antoine and Dom Guillaume le Breton, the almoners of the expedition, carried the sacred vessels ashore, and the company, planting the *fleur de lys* in the name of Francis I., joined in the first mass said on Canadian soil. Religion has entered largely into the history of the country so consecrated. The Jesuit missionaries raised a cross to mark the metes and bounds of their explorations. The old *coureurs des bois* "blazed" crosses upon the trees for guide-posts. The habitant in the new settlements erects a cross near his shanty, and at noon, when he knows by the course of the shadows that it is Angelus time in his native village far away, makes the forest resound with his litanies. A French Canadian settlement is founded on religion and democracy. When the young habitant goes abroad into a new district, his kit consists of little more than his axe and rosary. He works all winter clearing the land, and in the spring puts in his first crop. If the land is good, he returns after seed-time to his friends and neighbors, and tells them the news; the

next fall two or three of them join him, and the process of hewing homes out of the virgin forest begins in earnest. It is hard work, but the habitant is a woodman born. In the course of three or four years the settlement feels big enough for parish and municipal honors, and efforts are made to secure a priest. Religious duties have not been wholly neglected in the mean time. On Sundays the most book-learned man in the party reads aloud out of L'Imitation de Jésus Christ, and the forest reverberates with the peasant's hymn to the Virgin: —

“Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours:
Servez-moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours!”

At Eastertide they return without fail to their native parishes. Those who neglect the church at this season are known as *renards*, and the young habitant will walk many a weary mile to the nearest church to escape that branding. At last some good priest offers to visit them once a month. A rude log-house is hurriedly built as a temporary chapel, and the women garnish it with wild flowers. A few pine boards serve as the altar, and the priest brings the sacred vessels with him in his knapsack. Before mass, confessions are heard. Then the little community ask for God's blessing upon their enterprise, and pray for their absent friends. By and by, when the parish has been duly set apart by the bishop, a *corvée*, or “bee,” is summoned; a chapel is soon built by willing hands, and a levy is made for a clock, — a clock with a sonorous bell that makes itself heard when the forest is ringing with the din of the axeman and the cries of the teamster to his stubborn oxen. Then the three *marguilliers*, the trustees or churchwardens of the parish, are elected. The *marguilliers* hold office for three years, the members retiring in rotation. The *marguillier* whose turn it will be to retire next presides at the meetings in the priest's absence, and on

special occasions the ex-*marguilliers* are convened, and occasionally all the members of the congregation. The *marguilliers* compose the *fabrique*, or vestry, of which the priest is *ex officio* president. All the temporalities of the parish ecclesiastical are vested in the *fabrique* for the time being. The *marguilliers* have seats opposite the pulpit and facing the congregation, and a crucifix and two candles burning before them are the symbols of their authority. It is the duty of the *marguilliers* to aid the priest in the general management of the parish, and they accompany him at Christmas when he visits the parishioners *pour la quête de l'Enfant Jésus*, soliciting alms for the poor. The habitant is not crushed by clerical imposts. Newly cleared land is exempt from tithes for five years. On other land, the tithes are payable in kind, being one twenty-sixth part of all the grain grown. If the owner of the farm is a Catholic and the tenant a Protestant, the land pays no tithes; the liability depends upon the religion of the actual occupier. The tithe system was established in 1663, when one thirteenth of the harvest was exacted; subsequently, the proportion was reduced to one twenty-sixth, and the system was legalized on the cession of the colony to Great Britain. If a habitant abjures the Catholic faith, his tithe liability *ipso facto* ceases. Besides tithes, the church levies the *supplément*, a tax of from one eighth to one fourth per cent. of the annual assessment of tradesmen and others not subject to tithes.

As a class, the French Canadian priests are men of much merit. Their parishes in very many cases are as large as an English county, and their work, especially in the winter time, involves not only arduous toil, but no small peril. The history of the priesthood is the history of the country. They were the discoverers in the heroic age of the colony; they are the colonization agents now.

They are men of dauntless courage. Fathers Brebœuf and Lalemant, who went to the stake and defied Indian torture on the shores of Lake Simcoe in 1649, have won, if they have not yet received, the martyr's crown; but they were no braver than the priest who risks his life in canoeing rivers during the frosts of November and the thaws of April, or in forcing his way through the bush in the dead of an arctic night to answer a sick call.

The habitant is a model of thrift. He grows his own tobacco, makes his own "beef" moccasins, and manufactures his own whisky. His wife spins the wool out of which is made *l'étoffe du pays*, a kind of frieze, in which he clothes himself. His house is a picture of neatness. The outside is whitewashed at least twice a year; the inside is swept and garnished until it is as bright as a new pin. The floor of pine boards is scrubbed and sanded every day. The walls are hung with pictures, somewhat gaudy as to color, of the Pope, St. Cecilia, St. Joseph, and St. Anne, and photographs of the parish priest and of the children who are away in New England or Minnesota. Over the broad fire-place, in which huge logs blaze in winter-time, hangs the family *fusil*, the old flint-lock a sire carried under Montcalm, and now used to kill an occasional bear, and to fire a *feu de joie* on St. Jean Baptiste day and other great occasions. Near it are medals brought from Rome by the priest or the bishop, and the rosary that has come down as an heir-loom in the family. The house is decorated with sampler work of saints and angels, for which the women are famed. A crucifix hangs above the *fusil*, and in settlements near a church the house is always supplied with holy water. The patriarch of the family sits in the *ingle-neuk*, puffing blasts of smoke from his long pipe up the bellowing chimney, and sporting the *toque*, an old-fashioned red night-cap with a brilliant tassel, which his fathers

before him wore under the *ancien régime*. The goodwife, in *mantelet* of calico, skirt of homespun blue, and neat Norman cap, is at the spinning-wheel; the eldest daughter, soon to marry the honest husbandman in the next clearing, is weaving her linen outfit at a handloom. The pot in which the pea-soup, the staple dish, is made is gurgling on the fire; a smaller pot contains the pork; and in the Gulf parishes the *tiaude*, composed of alternate layers of pork and codfish, is still the *pièce de résistance*. The bedrooms are furnished with old-fashioned bedsteads, covered with patchwork quilts of cunning and patient workmanship. Here too are pictures of the Madonna and St. Ignatius, and a small plaster figure of the great Napoleon, meditating with folded arms on the cliffs of St. Helena; a bough of palm blessed at Eastertide; holy water, a specific against lightning; and the snow-shoes on which the habitant visits his little kingdom of eighty or one hundred arpents in the long winter season. The housewife bottles an infinite variety of preserves in the fall, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and other wild fruits which the bush and the swamps yield in abundance; and in the spring the maples furnish a sweet harvest of sugar. When the *défricheur* comes in from the woods on a cold evening, he fortifies himself with a draught of the mordant whisky; the blessing of God is asked on the more substantial repast, and he falls to, a valiant trencherman, with an appetite as keen as his axe. The *bon homme* gets out his rosin and his bow, the lads and lasses come in from the neighboring farm-houses, and as Longfellow has it of the Acadians in Evangeline, —

"Gayly the old man sings to the vibrant sound of
his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and Le Carillon
de Dunkerque."

The dances of the olden time still hold their own in the country districts. The

cotillons, the *gigues*, the *galopades*, the *menuets*, the *danses rondes*, and the ancient ballads, the *Claire Fontaine* and *En Roulant*, are ever new. At ten o'clock the grandfather puts away his fiddle, and reverently gives his blessing to the company, which now disperses, to be up and at work by the first peep of morning.

The parish municipal is organized and governed on a system similar to that which is in vogue in the American and Upper Canadian townships, the people having paramount control of affairs and enjoying absolute home rule. In a French Canadian parish, the habitants, having shared in common the hardships of pioneer life, are divided by no caste distinctions when the sun of prosperity rises upon their horizon. They are one family, and in this unity lies the secret of their strength as colonists. The priest, the notary, the doctor, and the village postmaster are the leaders of public opinion. It was the fashion not long ago, especially among Parisian writers who occasionally paid a flying visit to the province, to describe the habitant as steeped in ignorance and superstition. Oscar Commettant, who published a book of travels in 1860, told how the habitants had asked him affectionately after Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and were much put out to hear of their death! The absurdest stories always find the readiest credence. As a matter of fact, the system of education in use in Lower Canada is equal to the best on the American continent. The better class of people speak pure French, and nearly all can speak fair English. The church has encouraged education since the earliest times. Pacifique Duplessis, the Franciscan, founded the first school in Quebec in 1616. The College of the Jesuits was opened in 1636. At the time of the British conquest primary education was conducted by the Jesuits, or with the help of the Jesuit endowments, aid-

ed by a few Ursuline and Récollet teachers. But in 1800, on the death of Père Cazot, the last of the fathers (the company having been suppressed by Clement XIV. in 1773), the British government seized the property of the order, thus despoiling and closing the parish schools. Some of the early British officials were not distinguished for fair dealing. Governor Murray, writing six years after the conquest, pronounced them the "most immoral collection of men" he ever knew. Monseigneur Plessis, one of Laval's most illustrious successors, struggled for years to save the colony from being made a close Protestant preserve in spite of the liberality of the Articles of Capitulation and the Treaty of Paris of 1763. It was not until 1841 that the church regained control of the primary education of the people. Great progress has been made of late in native literature. Garneau and L'Abbé Ferland, the historians, are dead, but their works will endure forever. De Gaspé, who began authorship at seventy, left behind him a standard work on the manners and customs of the old régime. Among living writers, Benjamin Sulte, L'Abbé Casgrain, Lemoine, Tassé, Dr. Taché, Fabre, Marmette, Ernest Gagnon, Faucher de St. Maurice, and others are creditably sustaining the reputation of the province. M. Frechette, editor of *La Patrie* of Montreal, and a poet of no mean order, was recently crowned by the French Academy.

Through all these years the habitant has clung to the language of his forefathers with extraordinary tenacity. It is often said by transient visitors, and commonly accepted as true by those who have never set foot in the province, that the habitant speaks a rank *patois*. This is not the case. The Norman accent prevails in some of the rural districts, and the educated classes have almost lost the French intonation; but the French spoken is the pure French, the classic French of the golden age of

French literature, — blurred, however, by anglicisms, and slurred in the pronunciation. It is true that there are hundreds of words in use which are not found in the Dictionary of the Academy. But it must be remembered that the habitant has had to coin words during his life in the bush. There are, for instance, many appliances used in making maple-sugar, in logging, in making potash and pearl ash, of which the Academy never heard; but such words are not barbarisms. In other cases, old words still cherished by the habitant have become debased currency in France. Thus, if you ask after the crops, the habitant will tell you that he has had *de l'avoine à plein*. The phrase *à plein* is not used in France nowadays, but it is sterling coin for all that, being found in Pascal and other writers of his day. If you request the habitant to go for a walk round his farm, he will ask you politely to *espérer*, for *attendre*, a while; but *espérer* is good old French. Other expressions which jar upon French ears are phrases used by the old Norman seadogs which the habitant has preserved. Thus, the peasants *embark on* and *disembark from* their wagons. They do not *dress* but *rig* themselves; they *refit* a broken vehicle, and so on. The words which the habitant has coined are those which most offend the Parisian. But what does Paris know of the forest *sucrierie*, of the *brassin*, *goudrelle*, *toque*, *tire*, *trempe*, and other technical terms of the backwoods refinery? The Forty Immortals never saw the inside of a shanty, and their French is incapable of describing the technicalities of lumbering; yet when they hear the words and phrases of this industry they accuse the habitant of speaking an unintelligible jargon! Nor are the Immortals learned on the subject of a Canadian winter. *Baliser un chemin* is an expression which a recent French writer quotes in support of his charge that the peasant speaks a *patois*, and he translates it “to

ballast a road.” *Baliser* is a nautical term, meaning to mark out by beacons or buoys, and *baliser un chemin* is to plant trees on the roadside, so that when the road itself is obliterated by snow-drifts the teamster may know how to steer and take his bearings. So, also, the habitant, when storm-driven, says, *Je me suis trouvé dégradé par la tempête*, a phrase derived from his seafaring ancestor, whose ship was often *dégradé*; that is to say, *abandonné* or *jeté hors de sa route par la violence des vents*. Littré knew what a *raquette* (snow-shoe) was, but a French journalist not long since gravely informed his readers that the Canadians traveled in winter *en jaquette*! The anglicisms used by the habitant are indeed barbarous. Thus he calls a light-house *litousse*; speaks of his *boss* in the shanty or the shop, of *marchandises sèches* for dry goods, and so forth. But when it is considered that he has been surrounded and governed by English-speaking people since the conquest, the wonder is not that anglicisms should have crept in, but that any French should have survived.

In his instructions to the committee appointed in 1852 to search for French ballads, M. Ampère noted these marks of the ancient ballad: “The use of assonance in place of rhyme; the brusque character of the recital, the textual repetition, as in Homer, of the speeches of the persons; the constant use of certain numbers, as three and seven; and the representation of the commonest objects of every-day life as being made of gold and silver.” Judged by this standard, the French Canadian ballads are the pure and unadulterated article of the Middle Ages. Indeed, the French collectors have actually been indebted to their transatlantic kinsmen for some of the best specimens of the ballad of Normandy and Brittany. The first three verses of *En Roulant ma Boule* will give the reader a good idea of the subject matter and style of these ballads: —

"Derrière chez-nous ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

"Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

"Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant," etc.

The king's son is a leading personage in many of the ballads, and his weapons and accoutrements are always of gold and silver. In some ballads, the Claire Fontaine for example, a love-sick youth discourses with a nightingale on the merits of his mistress; others deal with seafaring incidents, and others, again, with field sports and military adventures. The ballad of St. Malo is a very popular one. It begins:—

"A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer (bis)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés,
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

"Trois gros navir's sont arrivés (bis)
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled," etc.

Cutting out the repetitions, the following translation expresses the sense of the ballad:—

"At St. Malo, good port of the sea,
Three big ships in the harbor be,
Laden with grain right heavily;
To purchase it go goodwives three!
'Merchant, what may thy figures be?'
'Six francs the wheat, the oats for three.'
'Too dear by half for us goodwives three.'
'But, goodwives, come on board with me.'
'Dealer, none of thy truck take we.'
'Well, if sell it I can't, here, take it free.'
'Ah, well, at that price we may agree!'"

The habitant holds fast to the ballads of his forefathers, as to their language, religion, and legends. In all things he is a strict conservative. To the church he renders faithful obedience. Every island and rock in the St. Lawrence marks the scene of a miracle, or of the exploit of some sainted missionary; and wherever he goes he carries with him a primitive belief in the Christian mysteries which rarely succumbs to the materialism of these latter days. The church has taught him to "fear God," and the church and the feudal tenure to "honor the king."

Edward Farrer.

BRITISH STATE ASSASSINS AND THE DEFENSE OF INSANITY.

THE tragedy of the 2d of July last suddenly revived public interest in an old topic,—the defense of insanity in capital cases. It is a well-worn theme, much discussed, and always with an unsatisfactory result. What is moral insanity? What is legal insanity? Conclusive answers to both these questions have often been attempted, but never given with such definiteness and decisiveness as to shut off debate. Every day the controversy is resumed in our courts, and apparently will go on to the end of time. It is settled one day, and the day

after we find it is not settled at all. "What," said the late Dr. Forbes Winslow, "is my test of insanity? I have none. I know of no unerring, infallible, and safe rule or standard applicable to all cases." So, too, the British judges, whose effort to define the undefinable we shall presently examine at length, after all their elaboration of statement touching what does and what does not constitute legal insanity, finally confessed that "the facts of each particular case must of necessity present themselves with endless diversity, and with

every shade of difference in each case." But if it be difficult to define what is legal insanity, which is a mere matter of human law, how much more difficult is it to determine and define what is moral insanity? Dr. Sam Johnson declares that "all power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity," and Montaigne asserts that between genius and madness there is but "a half turn of the toe." M. Taine concurs in this dictum, and philosophically avers that "insanity is not a distinct and separate empire; our ordinary life borders upon it, and we cross the frontier in some part of our nature."

It has been the periodic mission of the assassin to revive this moot question. One day the world stands and shudders with an unanimous horror, and the next divides upon the old issue, — Was he insane? It is oppressively monotonous, in looking back over these historical tragedies, to find how invariably the modern imitator of Brutus comes down to the footlights with a pistol in one hand and a plea of insanity in the other. In American history, so far, we have had only two creatures corresponding to what, in the vocabulary of Europe, would be called regicides. In the first case there was no opportunity offered to the assassin to plead insanity. A vast amount of legal lore and medical metaphysics was forestalled by the summary shooting of Wilkes Booth in the barn where he was brought to bay.

The mother country has had a far greater familiarity with such criminals within the current century, and a glance at her records in this regard would seem to have a timely interest.

The initial year of the century witnessed the first of a series of attempted and successful assassinations of British sovereigns and statesmen. It was the evening of the 15th of May, 1800. Fashionable London was in the height of the season, and Drury Lane Theatre was packed from pit to gallery for a per-

formance at which the king was expected to be present. Sheridan was the manager of Drury Lane at that time. The house was brilliantly lighted, and there was not a suggestion of tragedy in the air. The royal box at the side of the stage was eagerly watched for the appearance of the king. Suddenly there was a quick movement among the audience, and as one man it sprang to its feet, in accordance with the custom that obtained whenever royalty appeared. The portly form of King George the Third was seen advancing to the front of the box, bowing in recognition of the popular salute. As the king bowed the second time the house was startled by the report of a pistol, and as a puff of smoke curled upwards from the pit, directly in front of the royal box, the cry went up, "Secure the villain!"

The aim of the would-be assassin was bad; the king was unhurt; and a few minutes later, the villain having been meantime secured, Mrs. Jordan came down to the footlights, and amid frantic cheering sung the national anthem with this impromptu addition, composed on the spur of the moment by the brilliant Sheridan: —

"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God shield the king!
O'er him thine arm extend;
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince, and friend!
God save the king!"

Such was the abortive attempt of James Hadfield (or Hatfield, as some authorities have it) upon the life of George the Third. As soon as he had fired he dropped his pistol on the floor of the pit. A score of stout arms assisted to drag him over the orchestra railing and into the music-room, under the stage. Sheridan and the Duke of York, who was one of the royal party that evening, came in to see him immediately afterwards. The duke instantly recognized in the king's assailant one of his old orderlies, who had served him in the French

war with great fidelity and gallantry. Turning to the duke, Hadfield said, "God bless your royal highness, I like you very well; you are a good fellow!" It turned out that the pistol was loaded with two slugs, one of which was found in Lady Milner's box, directly under the king's, and the other in the orchestra. Hadfield affected to have no malice against the king. "I was tired of life," he said, "and my plan was to get rid of it by other means. I did not mean anything against the life of the king; I knew the attempt alone would answer my purpose."

He was soon after put on his trial, and Mr. Erskine undertook his defense. Insanity was the plea which he elected to put in. Nor can it be denied that he made out a plausible case. The evidence submitted in Hadfield's behalf may be summarized thus: that at twenty-two years of age he had enlisted as a soldier, and was at once sent into active service in France; that in an action near Lisle, in 1794, he had exhibited rare bravery, receiving several sabre wounds in the head, and being left for dead upon the field; that these wounds had permanently injured the texture of his brain, and deranged his mind; that he had acted insanely, at intervals, ever since; that he had, shortly before making his attempt on the king's life, tried to destroy the life of his own infant child, aged eight months, under the delusion that his time was come, and that he must not leave it behind him; that he had long held the hallucination that his death would somehow benefit mankind, and had gone to the Drury Lane Theatre with the absurd notion that he must immolate himself in imitation of the Saviour; that he had some time prior to this entertained the idea of firing over the king's coach, but that he abandoned this project on reflecting that a mob might tear him to pieces. In this last-mentioned whim he vividly reminds us of Guiteau's nervous anxiety at the Bal-

timore and Potomac depot, and after his arrest, lest a mob should seize and rend him.

Mr. Erskine proceeded to call witnesses to prove these facts. Major Ryan testified that the prisoner, in a paroxysm of madness, came near stabbing him with a bayonet at the Croydon barracks in 1796. John Laine, a private, deposed that Hadfield, in the hospital at Brussels, imagined himself to be King George, and, calling for a looking-glass, felt about his head for his crown of gold. Three doctors testified to the fearful nature of his wounds, and that the resulting injuries had, in their opinion, affected his brain. Several of Hadfield's relatives deposed that he had, at different times, fancied himself to be Jesus Christ and God. On the morning of the day on which he attempted the king's life, as they testified, he said he had seen God in the night, and that he (Hadfield) had been dining with the king.

The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict of "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity," and he was thereupon committed to Bedlam "during his majesty's pleasure." This escape of Hadfield through the loop-hole of insanity was strongly resented by the public opinion of the day, and the resentment found voice in Parliament. Some changes in the law followed, of which more hereafter.

Eleven years later came an assassin for whom the plea of insanity was raised in vain; indeed, it was scarcely permitted to be raised at all. This was John Bellingham, between whose crime and that of Guiteau not a few American writers have drawn a somewhat fanciful parallel. It was on the evening of Monday, the 11th of May, 1811, that Bellingham suddenly threw London into a state of consternation and horror by the assassination of Mr. Spencer Perceval, the prime minister of the day, on the very threshold of the House of Commons. The shadows were deepening

around Palace Yard, and, the hour for the assembling of Parliament having arrived, honorable members were hurrying, singly and in groups, through the lobby to their several places. Leaning on the arm of Lord Osborne, the prime minister reached the entrance to the lobby, and was in the act of passing in, when a tall, raw-boned man, with a thin, long visage, aquiline nose, and short brown hair, who had been observed loitering in the vicinity for an hour past, drew a pistol and fired upon him at nearly point-blank range. Mr. Perceval staggered, and exclaiming, "Oh, I am murdered!" fell to the ground, and expired before the gentlemen who rushed to his assistance could carry him into the speaker's private room. As the body was being lifted from the floor of the lobby the cry was raised, "Where is the rascal who fired?" "I am the unfortunate man," said Bellingham, coolly stepping forward, and quietly submitting to arrest. He was hurried into one of the antechambers of the House of Commons, and a magistrate was sent for. Meantime, the news spread rapidly. On the floor of the House the report passed from mouth to mouth, "Mr. Perceval has been killed!" and, upon the hasty conclusion that it was the work of a secret political conspiracy, it was suggested that the doors of Parliament be closed and locked. Bellingham, however, had no accomplices. General Gascoyne, the member for Liverpool, went into the apartment where the assassin was detained, and at once recognized him as a man who had long and persistently pestered him with petitions and memorials respecting some alleged claims which he had upon the government for compensation for services rendered to it in Russia,—a fact which doubtless suggested the parallel instituted between his act and that which has so recently horrified the people of the United States. The parallel is continued by Bellingham's confession that for a fortnight he had been watching

for an opportunity to kill his victim. When asked his motive for the act he replied, "My name is Bellingham; it is a private injury; I know what I have done; it was a denial of justice on the part of the government." The fatal ball was of an unusually large size, and the post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that it had penetrated the very centre of the heart, passing completely through it. On the person of the murderer was found a steel pistol, about seven inches in length, the fellow of the one he had used upon Mr. Perceval, and loaded in like manner. It appeared that, to make sure of his work, he had, before going to the lobby entrance, practiced with both pistols. He had repeatedly applied at different department offices to have his alleged claims allowed. "They ordered me to go and do my worst," he said, "and now I have done my worst, and I rejoice in my deed." He was committed to the Old Bailey, and escorted thither by a strong military guard; a necessary precaution, seeing that Palace Yard and all the approaches thereto were blocked by an angry multitude of people, who would otherwise have dealt with him more swiftly than the courts. He had no reason to complain, however, of needless delay. Justice was fleet of foot in this instance. There is much ground for believing that the plea of insanity was as plausible in his case as in any. His crime was indeed premeditated, and apparently "of malice aforethought," but there were not a few circumstances attending its commission that pointed to the probability that he was a victim of mental unsoundness. His bravado, and the stolid self-satisfaction with which he spoke of the deed on his arrest; the utter indifference to the consequences which he exhibited throughout; his conduct after arrest, and finally upon the scaffold, all favor the presumption that he was the most irresponsible of the group of criminals reviewed in this ar-

ticle. On the Tuesday morning following his arrest he wrote a letter to Mrs. Roberts, the woman at whose house he had lodged, at No. 9 New Milman Street, which ran as follows :—

Tuesday Morning, Old Bailey.

DEAR MADAM : Yesterday midnight I was escorted to this neighborhood by a noble troop of light-horse, and delivered into the care of Mr. Newman (by Mr. Taylor, magistrate and M. P.) as a state prisoner of the first class. For eight years I have never found my mind so tranquil as since this melancholy but necessary catastrophe, as the merits or demerits of my peculiar case must be regularly unfolded in a criminal court of justice, to ascertain the guilty party, by a jury of my country. I have to request the favor of you to send me three or four shirts, some cravats, handkerchiefs, night-caps, stockings, etc., out of my drawers, together with comb, soap, tooth-brush, with any other trifle that presents itself which you think I may have occasion for, and inclose them in my leather trunk, and the key please to send sealed by bearer; also my great-coat, flannel gown, and black waistcoat, which will much oblige, dear madam,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN BELLINGHAM.

To the above please to add the Prayer-Book.

To MRS. ROBERTS.

Two days later, on Thursday, the grand jury found a true bill against him; on Friday he was tried; and on the Monday following, within less than a week from the time of the assassination, his dead body was on the surgeon's dissecting-table. At his trial he conducted himself in an incoherent fashion. On being asked what he had to say in his own defense, he began by complaining that the papers necessary to his defense were taken out of his pocket when he was arrested, and had not been re-

turned to him. He then expressed his "great obligation to the attorney-general for the objection which he has made to the plea of insanity," and made a rambling speech, of which the following extract is a fair specimen :—

"I think it is far more fortunate that such a plea as that should have been unfounded than it should have existed in fact. That I am or have been insane is a circumstance of which I have not been apprised, except in the single instance of my having been confined in Russia; how far that may be considered as affecting my present situation it is not for me to determine. I beg to assure you that the crime which I have committed has arisen from compulsion rather than from any hatred of the man whom it has been my fate to destroy. Considering the amiable character and the universally admitted virtues of Mr. Perceval, I feel if I could murder him in a cool and unjustifiable manner I should not deserve to live another moment in this world. Conscious, however, that I shall be able to justify everything which I have done, I feel some degree of confidence in meeting the storm which assails me, and shall now proceed to unfold a catalogue of circumstances which, while they harrow up my own soul, will, I am sure, tend to the extenuation of my conduct in this honorable court."

He then proceeded to read a long petition about his visit to Russia: what he had done there for the government; how he had left his wife there in great distress; and how, since his return, he had applied to the departments in vain for relief. At no point in his statement did he connect Mr. Perceval with his grievances, or appear to recognize any logical necessity for so doing. He sat down at last, and his doom was speedily fixed. His counsel rose, read a number of affidavits, and asked for a brief postponement of the trial, in order to bring witnesses from various parts of the country to prove that the prisoner had

long been of unsound mind. This application was refused peremptorily, and the trial was, in fact, an entirely one-sided affair. Committed, tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed all within one week, it could not be otherwise. It was simply mob law judicially administered. Bellingham's conduct at the scaffold, where certainly he no longer had any motive to play the madman, strongly savored of insanity. Standing on the drop, with a vacant stare, he put out one of his hands, as if to feel if it were raining, and calmly remarked to the chaplain, "I think we shall have rain to-day." There was nothing relevant in this remark to the fate with which he was face to face, nor was it pertinent to the state of the weather.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, in conducting his defense of McNaughten, whose case is hereafter reviewed, remarked that "few will read the report of Bellingham's trial without being forced to the conclusion that he was either really mad, or, at the very least, the little evidence which alone he was permitted to adduce relative to the state of his mind was strong enough to have entitled him to a deliberate and thorough investigation of his case," — which he never had.

The case of Edward Oxford, aged nineteen, who, on the 10th of June, 1840, fired two pistols at Queen Victoria, without wounding her, is the next of the series. The facts of the shooting are briefly these: The queen and the late prince consort were driving up Constitution Hill in a low open carriage, when Oxford, who had been awaiting its approach, pacing to and fro with his arms folded, suddenly turned, nodded, drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, and discharged it, at short range, at the carriage. Looking quickly around to see if he were observed, he then drew a second pistol, and leveled it across the first at the queen, who stooped to avoid the fire, which was delivered this time

at only six or seven yards' distance. The fellow at once surrendered himself, and on being taken to the police office eagerly inquired, "Is the queen hurt?" — a question which he repeatedly put afterwards to those who visited him in his cell.

Oxford was placed on trial at the Old Bailey on the 9th of July following. The trial lasted three days; Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Justice Maule on the bench, and the array of counsel including the attorney-general and solicitor-general (Sir John Campbell and Sir Thomas Wilde), Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Wightman, Mr. Adolphus, and Mr. Gurney for the Crown, and Mr. Sydney Taylor and Mr. Bodkin for the prisoner. Again, as in the case of Hadfield, the defense set up was that of insanity. Oxford's counsel called witnesses to prove that his grandfather and father had both been insane. His mother was a principal witness, and testified that she had married the would-be regicide's father because he had threatened self-destruction if she should refuse; that while she was *enceinte* her husband was in the habit of terrifying her with hideous grimaces and horrible gesticulations, so that one of her children was born, and after three years died, an idiot. As to the prisoner, she deposed that he had always been an erratic, vicious youth, extravagantly vain and ambitious; begging as a boy to be sent to sea, where he believed he would have nothing to do but strut along the deck, give orders, and become Admiral Sir Edward Oxford. A short time previous to her confinement with the prisoner, as she further made oath, her husband had pointed a gun at her head. This was the main substance of the evidence in support of the theory of insanity.

On the other hand, the Crown established the facts that the prisoner had purchased the pistols some days before the shooting, and had practiced with

them upon a target; that he had never at any time, by any one, been treated as insane; and that the attempt was made with all possible method and deliberation. Five doctors, however, who had examined Oxford in his cell, testified their belief that he was insane. The bench instructed the jury with a heavy leaning against this medical testimony, but, after an hour's deliberation, they, following the example of their predecessors who tried Hadfield, brought in a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity. Oxford was thereupon committed to Bedlam for life.

The next attempt on the life of Queen Victoria was made on the 30th of May, 1842, by John Francis, aged twenty. Francis discharged at the queen a pistol loaded with powder and, to quote the language of the indictment, "certain other destructive materials and substances unknown." He did not plead insanity, but was convicted, and sentence of death was passed upon him in the ancient form prescribed for prisoners condemned for high treason. This form is curious in its antique barbarity, and runs as follows: "The court now declares the last sentence of the law, which is that you, John Francis, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution; and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead; and that afterwards your head shall be severed from your body, and your body, divided into four quarters, shall be disposed of as her majesty shall think fit. And may God Almighty have mercy on your soul." It is perhaps needless to say that no such revolting outrage was enacted upon the body of Francis. In deference to the humane wish of the queen herself, his sentence was, in fact, commuted to transportation for life.

Within five weeks from the date of this act of royal clemency, the queen was once more assailed by one John William Bean, a deformed stripling, aged

seventeen. On Sunday, the 3d of July, 1842, as her majesty was going to the chapel royal, Bean presented a pistol at her, and snapped the trigger, but failed to discharge the weapon. He was promptly seized, and on the pistol being examined it was found to be loaded only with powder, wadding, and minute fragments of a clay pipe. Bean was tried for simple misdemeanor; the defense of insanity was not offered; and he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labor. In spite of the burlesque character of this assault, the national feeling was by this time excited to a high pitch of indignation by these repeated outrages, and the result was the passing of the Act of Parliament (5 and 6 Vict., chap. 51) entitled "An act for providing for the further security and protection of her majesty's person." This is the statute to which the late British minister at Washington, Sir Edward Thornton, referred in his comments upon Guiteau's crime, intimating his opinion that a like provision of law would have a salutary effect in this country. It provides that whoever "shall discharge or attempt to discharge, or point, aim, or present, at or near to the person of the queen," any fire-arm, whether the same shall be loaded or not, or shall "strike or attempt to strike, or strike at, the queen's person with any offensive weapon," shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and be "liable, at the discretion of the court, to be transported for seven years, or imprisoned, with or without hard labor, for any period not exceeding three years; and during such imprisonment to be publicly or privately whipped as often and in such manner and form as the court shall direct, not exceeding thrice."

It was the whipping clause upon which Sir Edward Thornton laid stress. It seems to have had a deterrent influence upon British Guiteaus, as for seven years after its enactment the queen was not again molested. Then, on the 19th

of May, 1849, as she was enjoying an afternoon drive in an open carriage with three of her children, a pistol was discharged at her by William Hamilton, an Irish bricklayer. The shot was fired point-blank at the person of General Wemyss, one of her majesty's attendant equerries, who happened to be in the line of her person. Hamilton was tried on the 14th of June following, pleading guilty, and receiving a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

We now come to the most remarkable trial in the series under review, that of Daniel McNaughten, who was tried on the 3d and 4th of March, 1843, for the murder of Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of the late Sir Robert Peel. Again the defense offered was that of insanity. The facts of the tragedy may be briefly narrated: Secretary Drummond was returning alone, on foot, to his residence in Downing Street, on the afternoon of Friday the 20th of January, 1843, when McNaughten came close behind him and deliberately shot him in the back with a pistol. While Mr. Drummond was staggering from the effect of the ball, which inflicted a mortal wound, McNaughten drew a second pistol, and was about to fire upon his victim a second time, when he was seized by a police officer, who tripped him up, and, after a desperate struggle upon the ground, secured him. Mr. Drummond died five days later, after great suffering.

McNaughten was the natural son of a Glasgow turner, and had come from that city to London a few months before, bringing with him a considerable sum of money, and leading a life of leisure. He had cultivated a strong dislike of Sir Robert Peel, and had determined to kill him. His killing of Mr. Drummond instead was an accident, due to his mistaken identity. McNaughten undoubtedly fired the fatal shot in the belief that his victim was Sir Robert Peel himself, to whom Mr. Drummond

bore a strong personal resemblance. On the morning after the shooting, when it was demanded of him if he knew whom he had shot, he answered, "It is Sir Robert Peel, is it not?" In view of the plea of insanity afterwards set up for him, it is curious to note that this admission was followed by the shrewd remark, "But you won't use this against me." The animus of the fellow against Peel was found in a wild, political antipathy against the Tories generally. They had, he alleged, persecuted him bitterly and persistently. In the month of November preceding the tragedy, he had exclaimed with fury to a companion, on passing Sir Robert's house in Whitehall, "D——n him! Sink him!" and used other violent language of like purport. Otherwise his conduct had not attracted attention, and no one who knew him had ever regarded him as anything more than an eccentric character. His habits were temperate and exceedingly economical. The landlady of the house in which he boarded testified to these facts, and also that she had never supposed him to be a man of disordered mind.

On his trial, McNaughten was defended by Mr. Cockburn, Q. C., afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, and well-remembered in this country as the arbitrator representing Great Britain upon the tribunal, at Geneva, which settled the Alabama claims. The acquittal of McNaughten was certainly one of his greatest achievements. The theory which he urged upon the jury was "that the prisoner was laboring, at the time of committing the act, under a morbid insanity, which took away from him all power of self-control, so that he was not responsible for his acts." Mr. Cockburn was careful to mention that he "did not put this case forward as one of total insanity, but as a case of delusion." In support of this theory, the statement signed by the prisoner at his preliminary examination at the

Bow Street Police Court was put in evidence. This statement ran as follows: "The Tories in my native city have compelled me to do this. They follow and persecute me wherever I go, and have entirely destroyed my peace of mind. They followed me into France, into Scotland, and all over England; in fact, they follow me wherever I go. I cannot get no rest for them night nor day. I cannot sleep at night, in consequence of the course they pursue towards me. I believe they have driven me into a consumption. I am sure I shall never be the man I formerly was. I used to have good health and strength, but I have not now. They have accused me of crimes of which I am not guilty. They do everything in their power to harass and persecute me; in fact, they wish to murder me. It can be proved by evidence. That's all I have to say." When formally arraigned at the Old Bailey for trial, and called upon to plead, he repeated this rambling statement in condensed form, saying, "I was driven to desperation by persecution." A number of witnesses from his native town, Glasgow, were put upon the stand to show that he had for a long time past held the delusion that he was being vindictively pursued by the Tories. A landlord of whom he had hired lodgings some seven years prior to the assassination testified that he had got rid of him because of the infidel doctrines he maintained. Other witnesses had heard him say that he was "haunted by a parcel of devils," and that "the police, the Jesuits, the Catholic priests, and Tories, were all leagued against him." A cloud of medical experts then took the stand, and testified their belief in the insanity and irresponsibility of the prisoner. At the close of their testimony Chief-Justice Tindal asked the counsel for the Crown (Sir William Follett) whether he was prepared to offer medical evidence in rebuttal, and on receiving a reply in the

negative announced the determination of the court to stop the case. The jury, thus guided by the bench, promptly found a verdict of "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity." McNaughten was thereupon committed to Bedlam "during her majesty's pleasure."

Public feeling was deeply aroused by this verdict, and the general disappointment and dissatisfaction over the escape of the assassin from the scaffold found expression within, as well as without, the walls of Parliament.

Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, in his standard work on Medical Jurisprudence, held as an authority on both sides of the Atlantic, comments upon the failure to convict in this case as follows: "When we find a man, not showing any previous intellectual disturbance, lurking for many days in a particular locality; having about him a loaded weapon; watching a particular person who frequents that locality; not facing the individual and shooting him, but coolly waiting until he has an opportunity of discharging the weapon unobserved by his victim or others, the circumstances appear to show such a perfect adaptation of means to ends, and such a power of controlling actions, that it is difficult to understand on what principle an acquittal on the ground of insanity could have been allowed. *I refer here to the case of McNaughten, tried for the murder of Mr. Drummond, January, 1843.* The acquittal in this case was the more remarkable because there was no proof of general insanity, and the crime was committed for a supposed injury. According to the rules laid down by the fifteen judges, from questions submitted to them in connection with this case, *this man should certainly have been convicted.*"

In the House of Commons Sir Valentine Blake moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish the plea of insanity in cases of murder, except where it could be proven that the person accused was

publicly known and reputed to be a maniac. The motion had no seconder, doubtless because it was seen to be an impracticable proposition. On the same day, however, the House of Lords took up the subject, and a debate of much interest followed, in which law lords of the eminence of Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Cottenham, and Denman took part. "It is monstrous," said Lord Campbell, "to think that society should be exposed to the dreadful dangers to which it is at present liable from persons in that state of mind going at large." This but feebly expressed the indignation of the country at large. The debate had the practical result, however, of drawing from the fifteen judges of England an authoritative and explicit exposition of the criminal law touching this grave question.

It was agreed by the Lords to submit to the British justices a series of five questions, to which the latter, after careful deliberation, replied. The answers have ever since been accepted and quoted as the standard enunciation of English law upon the subject of insanity as a defense in cases of murder. They are therefore of opportune interest to American readers. These memorable questions and answers read as follows:—

Question I.: "What is the law respecting alleged crimes committed by persons afflicted with insane delusion in respect of one or more particular subjects or persons?—as, for instance, where, at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, the accused knew he was acting contrary to law, but did the act complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit."

Answer: "Assuming that your lordships' inquiries are confined to those persons who labor under such partial delusions only, and are not in other re-

spects insane, we are of opinion that, notwithstanding the party did the act complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit, he is nevertheless punishable according to the nature of the crime committed, if he knew, at the time of committing such crime, that he was acting contrary to law; by which expression we understand your lordships to mean the law of the land."

Questions II. and III.: (1.) "What are the proper questions to be submitted to the jury when a person alleged to be afflicted with insane delusion respecting one or more particular subjects or persons is charged with the commission of a crime (murder, for example), and insanity is set up as a defense?"

(2.) "In what terms ought the question to be left to the jury as to the prisoner's state of mind at the time when the act was committed?"

Answers: "The jury ought to be told, in all cases, that every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and that, to establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong. The mode of putting the latter part of the question to the jury, on these occasions, has generally been whether the accused, at the time of doing the act, knew the difference between right and wrong,—which mode, though rarely, if ever, leading to any mistake with the jury, is not, as we conceive, so accurate when put generally and in the abstract as when put to the party's knowledge of

right and wrong with respect to the very act with which he is charged. If the question were to be put as to the knowledge of the accused, solely and exclusively with reference to the law of the land, it might tend to confound the jury, by inducing them to believe that an actual knowledge of the law of the land was essential in order to lead to a conviction; whereas the law is administered upon the principle that every one must be taken conclusively to know it, without proof that he does know it. If the accused was conscious that the act was one which he ought not to do, and if that act was at the same time contrary to the law of the land, he is punishable; and the usual course, therefore, has been to leave the question to the jury, whether the party accused had a sufficient degree of reason to know that he was doing an act that was wrong; and this course, we think, is correct, accompanied with such observations and explanations as the circumstances of each particular case may require."

Question IV.: "If a person, under an insane delusion as to the existing facts, commits an offense in consequence thereof, is he thereby excused?"

Answer: "The answer must of course depend on the nature of the delusion; but making the same assumption as we did before, — that he labors under such partial delusion only, and is not in other respects insane, — we think he must be considered in the same situation, as to responsibility, as if the facts with respect to which the delusion exists were real. For example, if, under the influence of his delusion, he supposes another man to be in the act of attempting to take away his life, and he kills that man, as he supposes, in self-defense, he would be exempt from punishment. If his delusion were that the deceased had inflicted a serious injury to his character and fortune, and he killed him in revenge for such supposed injury, he would be liable to punishment."

Question V.: "Can a medical man, conversant with the disease of insanity, who never saw the prisoner previously to the trial, but who was present during the whole trial and the examination of all the witnesses, be asked his opinion as to the state of the prisoner's mind at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, or his opinion whether the prisoner was conscious, at the time of doing the act, that he was acting contrary to law, or whether he was laboring under any and what delusion at the time?"

Answer: "We think the medical man, under the circumstances supposed, cannot in strictness be asked his opinion in the terms above stated; because each of those questions involves the determination of the truth of the facts deposited to, which it is for the jury to decide, and the questions are not mere questions upon a matter of science, in which case such evidence is admissible. But where the facts are admitted, or not disputed, and the question becomes substantially one of science only, it may be convenient to allow the question to be put in that general form, though the same cannot be insisted on as a matter of right."

These are the governing principles of English law in such cases, as declared by the highest judicial authority. Under these rules the case of one Robert Pate, who on the 27th of June, 1850, continued the series of assaults upon Queen Victoria, was tried. He had been an officer in the Tenth Hussars, and had retired from the service to live upon his fortune in London. It can scarcely be said that he attempted the life of the queen. The story of his assault is soon told. The old Duke of Cambridge lay dying in Cambridge House, and the queen, accompanied by her children, had made a call upon him. It was about six o'clock in the evening when the queen's carriage turned out from the great gates of the ducal residence into

the public road. As it slowly rounded the corner, Pate, who was well dressed and had been loitering some time in the vicinity of Cambridge House without exciting any suspicion, sprang forward to the side of the carriage, and struck the queen a smart blow across the face with a small cane which he carried. The skin of her forehead was broken, and blood flowed. Instantly the ruffian was seized by the bystanders, and the cane wrenched from his hand. The queen proceeded to Buckingham Palace, and her injuries were so trifling that she appeared at the opera the same evening, where she received a patriotic ovation.

Pate was put upon his trial, at the Central Criminal Court, on July 11th following. He was defended by Mr. Cockburn, whose success in obtaining McNaughten's acquittal we have already seen. Insanity was again the plea relied upon. It was proved that, as an officer in the army, his behavior had been eccentric; that on one occasion he had deserted, but had been allowed to rejoin the service without punishment, because his superior officers regarded him as in an unbalanced state of mind; that in 1842, the loss of three fine horses and a favorite Newfoundland dog had thrown him into a morbid and hysterical condition, and that ever since he had acted strangely. A cab-driver was called to the witness-stand, who deposed that every day, at exactly a quarter past three o'clock in the afternoon, for many years, he had been hired by the prisoner to drive him over Putney Bridge to Putney Heath; always taking the same route, and stopping at the same spot. This and a few other strange habits were shown, and upon

them Mr. Cockburn built the theory of "uncontrollable impulse." In summing up the case to the jury, Baron Alderson, addressing himself to this plea of uncontrollable impulse said: "The law does not recognize such an impulse. If a person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit, he was answerable for the consequences. A man might say that he picked a pocket from some uncontrollable impulse; and in that case the law would have an uncontrollable impulse to punish him for it." Pate was convicted, and sentenced to a term of seven years' penal servitude.

Since that time, with the exception of the leveling at her of an unloaded pistol by the boy Arthur O'Connor on February 29, 1872, the queen has enjoyed immunity from assault. The case of O'Connor stands in the same minor category with those of Francis, Hamilton, and Bean, and extended notice of it is not to our purpose.

It is, perhaps, worthy of note that not one of the men who have of late murdered, or attempted to murder, czars or emperors, have offered the plea of insanity. In Great Britain and the United States it seems to be the assassin's invariable defense. And in both countries counsel for the accused start with the advantage of being able to ask the jury, as Mr. Cockburn did in the cases both of Pate and McNaughten, — Could they believe that any sane man could have committed such an act? And that is the question which the tragic event that has recently shocked and saddened both hemispheres once more invests with melancholy importance, and presents for decision to an American jury.

James W. Clarke.

HESTER'S DOWER.

"HERE comes Jeremiah Razee. I'll just run an' ask him to take the yarn to the village, if you'll get it ready, Hester."

So saying, Mrs. Burrill rushed out bare-headed to the road, stopped the farmer as he came along in his market wagon, and explained to him that Mr. Burrill was busy with all the men, and if the yarn was not taken to the weavers soon, *Patience and Wait* would have no dresses ready for winter. As she chatted on, Hester Arnold came out of the house, and brought two large bundles, which she handed with an ungracious air to Mr. Razee, who said he would leave them with John Mowry, the weaver.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Burrill, "to weave one piece all blue, an' have the warp red an' the fillin' blue in the other."

"I guess I'll remember," said Mr. Razee, stowing away the bundles, and adding, as he leaned over the wagon seat, with his face turned from her, "How do ye do, Hester? Stayin' with Mis' Burrill?"

"Yes," answered Hester, shortly.

"Shubael's kinder poorly," pursued the farmer, with apparent irrelevancy. "It's dretful onconvenient, his bein' sick jest now; but, somehow, Shubael never was handy at choosin' the right time for doin' anything." Hester flushed angrily; the farmer smiled grimly, and went on: "'Tain't near so bad as havin' Jabez sick would ha' been; but then Jabez would n't ha' been sick afore the fall work was done."

"You and he are pretty smart," said Mrs. Burrill.

"Bear our years putty well? Yes, I'm more of a hand at work now than Shubael when he's well, for all he's twenty years younger'n me. I expec'

it was the pettin' mother gin Shubael, he bein' her baby, that kep' him from toughenin'. A good seasonin' to work an' worry don't hurt no boy, an' often makes the man. Wal, I guess I must be goin'!"

"I sent word," said Mrs. Burrill, "to Shubael, this mornin', to come here an' make us all some shoes, as soon as he could. Otis got in the leather last week."

"Oh, I guess he's well enough to do that now," said Mr. Razee, thoughtfully. "I'll see that he comes round to-morrow."

The farmer gathered up his reins, nodded, and drove off. Mrs. Burrill turned to Hester.

"Come in, now," she said, "an' we'll go to work in airnest to make the hog puddin', so we can dip candles to-morrow, an' get through before Saturday's bakin'."

Hester Arnold was the tailoress from the village. She was a straight, tall, dark, handsome woman of thirty-five. Just now an angry light glittered in her eyes. She knew what Farmer Razee meant by saying that Shubael had never chosen the right time to do anything. She remembered very well the day, fifteen years before, when Shubael had asked her to marry him, and she, furious from some quarrel with Jeremiah, who also courted her, had refused the man she had loved ever since she had fought childish battles for him. Shubael had no energy, and when Hester, his sole moral support, the only person, except his mother, who had ever believed in him, fell away from him angrily he was utterly downcast, and sank at once into the character he had ever since maintained of harmless ne'er-do-well. Hester long hoped he would come back to her, but he never had the courage. Jabez never married. Jeremiah, after

Hester had refused him, straightway took a wife, who toiled for him several years, and then died childless,—a desert life that left no trace! Shubael helped do the farm work, made shoes at odd times, and solaced his dreary days by writing doggerel verses, which, when written, he hid carefully from the scornful eyes of his brothers.

When Mrs. Burrill and Hester Arnold reëntered the kitchen, they found a brass kettle that would hold half a dozen gallons swinging over the fire. It was nearly full of milk, and a tall, gaunt woman stood busily stirring it. She looked up, and said, "It's all ready for the things to go in. Sech a beautiful kettle! I never seed nothin' so lovely. I can't keep my eyes off it. Wal, things does go in a curious, contrary way in this world. If I had married the man o' my ch'ice, I might ha' had a brass kettle; but now I'm nothin' but poor, forlorn, forsaken Mose Almy's wife,—nothin' to cook, an' nothin' to cook it in."

With this dismal lament, the woman who had come in to "help" turned back to her stirring.

"I should think it was more 'n brass kettles might be got by marryin' the man o' your choice," said Hester. When she had said it she flushed a little, and went rapidly to work, bringing molasses, chopped suet, raisins, allspice, and Indian meal, which were to be boiled in the milk.

"The children must go for oak leaves," said Mrs. Burrill, as the afternoon wore away; and Hester looked out of the window and said that a great many leaves had fallen the night before.

Rhode Island farmers used very little white flour at this time, and the great loaves of brown bread which they ate, made of rye and Indian meal, were baked in a brick oven on oak leaves. The leaves were laid on a wooden shovel, the dough was built up on them, and then the shovel was pushed into the

oven, and dexterously withdrawn, leaving the bread on the leaves, which marked the bottom of the loaves when baked.

"I'll go with the children," said Hester, suddenly.

"Are you het up?" asked Mrs. Burrill, who could imagine no other reason for wanting to take a walk in the cool autumnal afternoon.

Hester said "Yes," and went out with the little girls. "Mose Almy's wife" put on her faded hood and shawl, and walked with them down the road till they stopped under a wide-spreading oak-tree. Then she plodded on, hoping to get home in time to have her husband's supper ready, when he should come in from the tin-shop, where he tinkered the worn-out milk pails of the neighborhood. She carried some milk and eggs, the payment of her day's labor, and inwardly exulted at having something to cook.

Hester and the children had slender sticks, each sharpened at one end and having a crotch at the other. They turned over the fallen leaves, chose the largest and most perfect, and strung them on their sticks. When full, the sticks would be hung up in the Burrill garret, to be used as wanted, till the autumn came again. Hester loved the work, for she and Shubael Razee had, in their childhood, gathered leaves together, and gloated over the beauty of their treasures.

As the three were cheerfully busy, they heard the rumbling of a wagon, and Hester looked up to see Jeremiah Razee driving along the road. On the seat beside him sat Shubael. To her surprise, Jeremiah drew up his horse violently at sight of her, and descended to the ground, throwing the reins to Shubael, who took them without lifting his eyes.

As Jeremiah walked towards Hester, she started away, feeling defiant and alarmed, but he stopped her. "Hester,"

said he in a low tone, "you may tell Mis' Burrill I took her yarn an' gin her message all straight. We're on our way now to the village. I want to git my tire reset, an' Shubael has broke his best awl, an' must get another ef he's goin' to make shoes."

Hester perceived a slight embarrassment in the farmer's manner, and grew cool. She answered in loud, clear tones, which the shamefaced man in the wagon could not fail to hear:—

"I really have n't the least desire to know why you're goin' to the village, Mr. Razee. I never was particularly interested in *your* movements, you know; and I can't say that I am very much concerned about Shubael's awl neither, as he don't even take pains to speak to me."

Shubael raised his head at this, and something like a manly gleam came into his dull eyes.

"I don't speak to you now, Hester," he said, "but I will when Jeremiah has had his say."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Jeremiah, and poor Shubael cowered a little. Hester was certainly made of strange stuff that her heart did not grow cold to the timid man, but there are some women to whom love is like death. Once struck by it, nothing cures them.

"I don't see the need of anybody's saying anything," said she, inconsequently.

"But I do!" growled Jeremiah, coming closer to her. "I want a few things settled afore Shubael goes to Mis' Burrill's to make them shoes. Be you ready to listen to me, at last? You know as well as I do that I hain't been shif'less nor behindhand in my affairs, an' you could n't do better. An' so the long an' short of it is, will you marry me? I hain't nothiu' to say agin my wife,—she was a good woman an' a good worker; but you know that I never see the woman that I thought fit to hold a candle to you."

Hester wickedly let him go on with his declaration till he brought it to a full stop himself. She had a fierce delight in the moment. His agitation and the unseemly manner of his proposal showed her that he feared to have Shubael go to Mrs. Burrill's while she was there. Perhaps they had had words about her! Jeremiah's fear shot hope into Hester's heart.

She spoke again in a loud, clear tone: "No, Mr. Razee; you had my answer long ago."

Jeremiah started towards her, as if he would stop her scornful mouth, but she laughed bitterly in his face. He grew very white, and stood still looking at her. Shubael, at this moment, sprang from the wagon, and walked rapidly to the woman, and held out his hand.

"I'm only a broken-down man," he choked, "but—will you have me?" She silently laid her hand in his.

The elder brother jumped into his wagon, struck the horse heavy blows, and drove away. As the wagon rattled over the brow of the adjacent hill, Hester and Shubael turned to see the two little girls staring, wide-eyed, frightened and amazed.

"Never mind that old fellow," said Hester, with a trembling laugh. "And let's pick up the oak leaves for Patience and Wait, just as we used to, when we were no bigger 'n they, Shubael."

So these two were engaged, to the astonishment of the country folk, and Jeremiah's wrath waxed ever greater as the days went by. The Burrill children reported all they had comprehended of the strange scene they had witnessed, so that it came to be generally understood that Hester had refused Jeremiah in the very presence of his brother. Some jeering speeches about it were made to the old farmer, who swore that he would yet take his revenge on the woman. These threats were reported by Mose Almy's wife, but Hester only laughed

in downright contempt, — a laugh of which, in turn, old Razee was told, and his evil passion blazed yet higher.

The lovers were married five weeks after their engagement. They hired a house with Mose Almy, and set up their humble home. The winter wore happily away. The luckless Moses and the helpless Shubael took kindly to each other. Hester did her own work, and tried to infuse some order into the proceedings of the Almy half of the house. She still took in sewing, but also laid up stores of homely household wealth for herself, — linen and braided mats, and yarn ready to be woven. She was not a demonstrative woman, but the shoemaker whom she served in such a wifely way was nevertheless a living poem to her. His gentle manner, his pathetically feeble fancies, embodied for her all that was beautiful and lovable under heaven, while she seemed to him wholly adorable in her strength and potency.

When spring came, Hester withdrew her money from the village bank and gave it to Shubael, bidding him buy a lot of land and straightway begin to build a house. He stared blankly at her, as she put the savings of years into his hands. She laughed happily, and said, "That's the one thing that keeps me from bein' sorry I did n't marry you when you asked me first. If I had, I should never have had anything to give you."

At this tender speech, the Yankee shyness of the husband melted, and he kissed his wife. He had long before spent his paternal inheritance, and before his marriage had lived with his brothers, a mere day-laborer on their land. Now some homesick instinct prompted him, and he bought of them a corner of the old farm on which to erect his humble dwelling. It was a very little house, but in the fall Hester and her husband moved into it with un-mixed pride and satisfaction. There

they spent six contented months, and then the shoemaker fell ill. It was spring fever, the wife said, as she nursed him; but spring passed, June came, and he grew no better, till at last a bitter truth forced itself into her consciousness with that unrelenting persistency with which bitter truths will intrude.

When the July heat was fiercest, Shubael sank rapidly. "I guess," he said one day, gasping in the hot air that burned his throat, — "I guess heaven 'll be cooler than this 'ere world, and may be it 'll suit me better, somehow, — may be it will. I was allus a round peg in a square hole here, Hester, except for you;" and his faint, spiritualized smile conveyed his tender gratitude for the love that had "suited" his latter days so well. In a moment he spoke again, while the dark, handsome woman hung over him with yearning eyes. "I guess, Hester," he said, "I sha'n't find nothin' in heaven that I'll like better 'n I've liked you. So I hope you won't keep me waitin' long."

"I'd go with you, if I could," she whispered.

"Yes," he said, smiling feebly again. "You'd make it seem more home-like among all the angels an' the jewels an' the music."

When the cool of the evening came mercifully down, Hester sat alone by her husband's body.

Four days after the funeral Jeremiah Razee knocked loudly at the widow's door. Hester opened it herself, and turned her hard eyes on the farmer's face. Since her marriage, neither he nor Jabez had come near her. They had not even attended poor Shubael's funeral.

"Why do you come now?" asked she.

The farmer smiled with slow malice, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he stood on the little stone step, which Shubael and Hester had laid in place together.

"I come on business," said he, at last.

"I hain't no business with you, nor never mean to have!" retorted the widow.

"No?" said he, inquiringly. "Wal, I've business with you. Shall I step in?"

"No. Whatever you have to say, you may say here."

"Eh? Wal, I guess not. I guess I'd rather walk in."

"You sha'n't do no such thing."

"Wal, I kin wait a little about that. Shubael did n't leave no will, did he?"

"It's none o' your business!" cried Hester.

"Yes, it is some o' my business. Because, if he did n't, the biggest part of this house an' lot happens to belong to me 'n' Jabez. I hain't said nothing about it afore. Waited till now, thinkin', if there was a will, you'd be glad enough to perduce it. I s'pose you know you've only got your widder's dower, if there ain't no will."

"My widow's dower!" cried she. "Why, I gave Shubael every cent he had to buy this land, an' most of the money for the house; an' the rest of it we earned together, he makin' shoes an' I sewin', after we was married. He had n't but three dollars when he married me."

"No, I calk'lated not. He never was forehanded, an' never saved nothin'. I allus told him he was a fool not to lay up for a rainy day, but luck stood him in stead of thrift. He was lucky in marryin' you, — luckier 'n some other folks was, then. But now he's dead, an' it's my turn."

Dazed and furious, Hester cried in a low voice, "You wretch! Do you mean to talk of such things, and Shubael only four days in his grave?"

Then she turned away, and sobbed as she had never sobbed since her husband died.

"Wait till you're axed, ma'am, afore you think a man wants to marry you,"

said Jeremiah, slowly. "What I mean is that Jabez an' me owns two thirds of this house an' lot now, as Shubael's heirs, an' you have the use of one third for life, an' that's all. You can stay here if you want to, by payin' rent for the other two thirds. We won't turn you out, but if you choose to go I've got a tenant in my eye, an' you'll have your share of the rent he pays. As for the furniture, you own half, an' I'll send up the officer, this arternoon, to make an inventory, an' divide it square. I won't walk in now, as you don't seem hospitable in your feelin's; but p'raps you'll remember, arter I'm gone, how many times you've thought you'd got the best of me."

When he had finished, the farmer turned away, walked through the little yard out into the road, got into his wagon, which waited there, and with a grim smile drove on to the village.

When he was out of sight, Hester went into the house, and, though she knew that her husband had never made a will, searched in every possible and impossible place where one might be hid. After this fruitless task was done, she put on her bonnet and walked to the village. The day was sultry, the air was hot, but her heart was hotter. She stopped on her way, and told her story to Mose Almy's wife, asking her to go back to the house she had left and keep guard there, lest the man should come while it was empty to make an inventory of the mats she had braided, the linen she had stitched, and the furniture that she and her husband had gathered around them. Mrs. Almy, full of sympathy, willingly left her house in frightful disorder, and her seven small children gloriously happy in the dirt, and departed for Hester's cottage.

The widow went to Mr. Burgess, the village lawyer, and related her grievance.

"You can't help yourself," said he. "The law is on their side."

She twisted a fold of her gown in her hand a moment. "Will you come back with me," she said at last, "an' see that there ain't no cheating done this afternoon?"

They found Mose Almy's wife standing in the dooryard, gesticulating furiously, and screaming at the top of her voice. Jeremiah Razee and the officer were confronting her doggedly.

"You sha'n't come in here, neither on ye," shrieked Mrs. Almy, — "not till Hester gets here! You're nothin' but a couple of mean, sneakin' thieves, both on ye!"

Jeremiah turned to Mr. Burgess, as he entered the yard with Hester; but before he could speak she walked by them all, flung open the house door, and called to them to come in. She followed them round, as they went from room to room. She opened every chest and drawer. She verified every memorandum that the officer made, and finally dismissed him with bitter politeness.

"He's only hired," she said; then turning to Jeremiah, with blazing eyes, "but between you 'n' me the account ain't settled yet."

"No," said the farmer, "it ain't. John Bates is the man I spoke of to you this mornin', as wantin' to hire the place. He's concluded that two thirds of the house will do for him. His family ain't large, an' he'll move in next week, an' you kin live in the other part without payin' no rent. There's six rooms in the house. You kin have any two you like."

Mrs. Almy gasped with amazement, and Mr. Burgess said, "I think you're rather stretching your authority."

"We'll see," answered Jeremiah, putting his hands in his pocket. "You ain't the only lawyer in the county. Any way, she owes me 'n' Jabez rent for every day she stays here 'n' keeps the house empty."

"Where is Jabez?" asked Mr. Burgess.

Jeremiah looked a little embarrassed, and Hester said quietly, "I guess he was ashamed to come. It takes such as *him*!" and she pointed at Jeremiah, who fell back slightly cowed.

"The widow has a right to stay for a time without paying rent," said Mr. Burgess.

Jeremiah looked up, surprised, and the lawyer explained to him that he could not carry out his plans for some months yet. Mrs. Almy uttered a cry of triumph, but Hester stood in unmoved silence, till the farmer, somewhat discomfited, took his leave. When he had gone, Hester looked at Mr. Burgess and asked simply, "Will you tell me how it is? I want to understand all about it, and how it comes that I don't own the land I bought, nor the house I built."

The lawyer went over the legal details in a painstaking manner, and dwelt at length on the one mercy the law granted her, that she might stay in the house unquestioned for some time yet.

"But after that I owe him rent for every day?" she asked. He assented, and she said, "Thank you. That'll do. I understand now. I'll pay you, Mr. Burgess, when I've earned some money."

"It is no matter," he said. "I wish I could do more for you."

Then he too went away, and Mrs. Almy sought to console Hester, offering to stay all night, and let her spouse and offspring shift for themselves as best they might.

"I'd rather stay alone, please," was Hester's reply; and gently thanking her for all her kindness, she let the woman go. In the same quiet way she met and dismissed Mr. and Mrs. Burrill, when they came later on an errand of sympathy. When they too had gone, she sat down a little while in the kitchen. From that room she went into the tiny sitting-room, and thence to her own bedroom. In each she stayed a few minutes, sitting quite motionless, and all

the time she seemed to see Shubael moving about before her, as he had been wont to do. After a time she dragged out from her room an old chest that had been her husband's. She had difficulty in getting it through the doors, and she remembered how she and Shubael had tugged at it together to bring it in. She persevered, and pulled it out of the house, through the yard, and across the road. Then she went back, gathered together Shubael's clothing, a few books, some papers on which he had written his ill-spelt verses, and a few pieces of china. This incongruous collection, with some of her own clothes, she carried and put in the chest. She shut down the lid of the box, and nailed it fast. Next, she rolled and corded the mats, and dragged them and some of the lighter furniture out. She took the tall clock to pieces, and carefully conveyed that also across the road. When she had done this, she stood still, and sobbed once or twice. It was nearly morning now, and Hester's motions were a little hurried, as she went back into the house, and tied up a bundle of her linen and blankets. When she had done this, she went into the kitchen, and stood still an instant, looking round on the things she had left untouched.

"I guess," she said aloud, resting her hands on her hips, — "I guess I've left a full half in value here."

Then she brought from the woodshed a quantity of small wood, of which she made two great heaps, one on the kitchen floor, and the other in the sitting-room. She emptied round them a barrel of corn-cobs, and strewed about all the paper she could find. She next took a burning stick from the fire-place, where she had been careful to keep alive a fire, carried it to the sitting-room door, and flung it in upon the pile of light wood. With another brand, she deliberately lighted the kindlings on the kitchen floor. Then she drew her skirts close around her, went out of the door,

and closed it behind her. She crossed the road, and sat down on Shubael's chest. She saw a red glow shine through the kitchen window, and a fainter light from the sitting-room. She stared steadily till all the house was lighted. It was half an hour before a flame leaped from the roof, but till she saw it she never turned her eyes away. Then she covered her face, and waited, while the sun rose before her in the east, and sent his beams across the flames.

Ten minutes after sunrise Jeremiah and Jabez Razee came running up the road. Hester, in her black dress, sat quietly, with her household goods around her.

"How did it ketch?" screamed Jeremiah, while still afar off.

Hester was silent till the brothers were quite near, and then answered, "I set it on fire. Shall we settle up accounts now, Mr. Razee?"

"You set it on fire!" he cried. "But who saved these things?"

"I brought out my half before I lighted it," said Hester.

Jeremiah swore. Jabez, who was a church member, uttered a more pious ejaculation.

"I *will* settle with you!" said Jeremiah, shaking his fist in the woman's face. She answered with a disdainful look, and the two men turned to see if anything could be done to save the house. A moment's investigation convinced them that it was too late, and they sat down sullenly near Hester, and stared as she had done at the flames, till in a few minutes a troop of neighbors arrived on the scene; Mose Almy's wife in front, and the Burrills not far behind.

Jeremiah then rose, and started for the village. In an hour he came back with the constable. Hester was still there, surrounded by her friends. To the consternation of the crowd, she was formally arrested for arson. She had not foreseen this consequence of her act,

but instantly perceiving the situation, she rose calmly to follow the officer.

"Take care of them things," she said quietly to Mrs. Almy. "You can give 'em store-room while I'm gone, can't you? And don't you never let Jeremiah Razee lay his finger on 'em."

Some women began to cry, and Mr. Burrill stepped up to Jeremiah, and said fiercely, "You're the meanest critter I ever see!"

"That's my lookout," answered Jeremiah. "It's the law."

"May be it is the law," said Mr. Burrill, "that a woman's own property don't belong to her; but as men are all sinners, I s'pose it's nigh about as easy for 'em to sin makin' laws as any other way."

Hester was taken to the county jail in the city, twelve miles off, in due time was brought to trial, and was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. Some of her old neighbors wanted to get her pardoned; but they were simple country people, and hardly knew how to approach the state magnates, so nothing effectual was done, and she was allowed to serve out her dreary sentence.

Jeremiah Razee, thus left to taste the sweets of vengeance, found them less sweet than he had anticipated. His neighbors looked coldly on him. His unsocial heart could have borne that, but there was one thing that grew difficult for him to bear. Work as hard as he could, early and late, busy his mind as he would, calculating profits, he could not shut out from his eyes the sight of Hester as he had last seen her, in her widow's dress, a prisoner at the bar, under conviction. Her stern, pallid face rose with the dawn and looked at him; and the sun, sinking while the old man still toiled on his farm, left behind a trail of accusing light which showed that changed countenance to him. How changed! He remembered the dark-eyed child whose saucy ways had charmed even his morose nature. He drove back

and forth over the country roads, as business called him here and there, and memories started up at the top of every hill, in every valley, under the shade of the old trees: memories of a handsome, happy girl, who had walked in the sunshine till he had spoiled her life; memories, too, of a timid, shrinking lad with beseeching eyes, whose manhood had withered away under his contempt. Once the old farmer had occasion to go to the city, and was forced to pass the jail. He shuddered as he hurried by. In that jail, a disgraced outcast, labored Hester, whom he had known as a little child; a convict now, because she had resented the law which gave to her enemy the fruits of her life's toil and patience. Jeremiah drove hard all the way home. The next day he astonished Jabez by telling him that he was going over the line to visit the Massachusetts branch of the family.

He went, and in two weeks returned, to his brother's still greater astonishment, with one of their second cousins as his wife. She was a tall, bony, hard-featured woman of forty, who spoke her mind freely on any point, and, having thus relieved it, went her way untroubled. When she heard Hester's story, which she had not known till after she was married, she told her husband emphatically that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and then never gave the matter another serious thought. Jeremiah, however, found that marriage had not driven that haunting face from his mind, and he was still conscious of a force stirring within him that made him less satisfied than of yore in contemplating his cattle and his crops. After a time his wife gave birth to a child, and died in the struggle. Jeremiah was smitten with terror and grief. He had not had a particle of sentiment for his wife; he had married her hoping to distract his mind from thoughts of Hester, but he felt as though her death were a judgment upon him.

The months rolled on, and greatly to his own surprise the old man's heart, like ice broken by many storms, began to melt and flow tenderly forth around a tiny clinging baby.

When the time of her sentence was over, Hester came from her prison. Mr. and Mrs. Burrill went for her on the day of her release, and brought her home. They reached the jail early in the morning, so as to get her back before noon. They carried her garments in which to array herself, but were shocked to see how stony and white she looked in the black gown they had brought. At her request they took her to Mose Almy's.

Mrs. Almy bustled about hospitably, laughing and crying by turns. She told all the country gossip, and proudly showed her newest baby.

"Ellen," she said, "after Mose's sister that died, — jest two weeks younger 'n Jeremiah Razee's boy. They do say, Hester, that the old man thinks a sight of that baby. Queer, ain't it? 'Takes care on him nights, jest like an old woman. It seems as ef he was comin' to his nateral feelin's at last."

"Comin' out on 'em, I should say," said Hester. "All his nateral feelin's was hateful ones."

Towards night the widow wandered forth restlessly. She had not taken a walk for two years. It was autumn again, four years since she and Shubael had gathered the red oak leaves with hands that clasped among their spoils. The glory that she saw hurt her. The land was brimming full of sunshine, and its beauty mocked her. The garnered joy of the harvest basked on the hill slopes, — what had been the harvest of her life? She had reaped a crop she had not sown, and the hazy smile of the Indian summer was not for her.

On she went, till she came to a pasture of the Razee farm, close beside the little inclosure where her home had been. She leaned against the wall, and

with heart-sick eyes looked over. The blood rushed to her heart and stopped its beating. She saw a man running from an infuriated bull. She saw other men rising upon her sight from all quarters, rushing to the rescue. She saw the man fall; she saw the animal reach him; she heard sharp reports. The bull rolled over in wounded agony. The pursuers caught up the fallen man. They bore him through the field; Hester climbing the wall, following, reaching them, helping them, till they halted under an old apple-tree close to the wall that separated the pasture from the lot where the ashes of her old home still strewed the ground. Hester had no time to think. She was not conscious of herself at all, till she found that she was sitting under the apple-laden branches, the sunset light all about her, and Jeremiah Razee's head in her lap. They dared not move him further. He lay very quiet, groaning a little. They feared some internal injury. Some one went for a doctor. Hester sat still, mechanically smoothing his hair.

After a while he opened his eyes, and as he saw her a look of terror came into them, as though he had seen a ghost. He tried to move.

"Lay still, lay still," she said; "you mustn't stir. We're doin' all we can for you."

"Is it really you?" he asked, with that frightened look.

"Yes," she said. "Don't let nothin' worrit you; jest keep quiet."

"Be you — out?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm — glad," he said, with a long sigh, and closed his eyes. Sometimes he writhed with pain, but the greater part of the time he lay motionless, almost as if he were asleep. His attendants worked over him, trying to ascertain the extent of his injuries and relieve them somewhat before the doctor came.

At last he looked up again at Hester's face. It was flushed, and her emotions

gave it a softer aspect than he had seen it wear for long years. He spoke in a weak but determined voice, evidently meaning to have his say, in defiance of pain and ebbing strength; but he paused often, and shut back the groans with set lips.

"It ain't no use; I'm done for. Hester, it's jest the same as it allus was with me. I ain't no hand to ax anybody's pardon, but I never see the woman as I thought fit to stan' beside you. When you was a leetle red-cheeked gal, — cheeks like apples, — an' when you was a woman grown, as could n't abide me, jest the same; an' I hated you because I liked you, cur'us as it seems.

No, don't stop me, — I'm 'most done. Hester, there's that baby of mine. Somehow, a baby takes hold on ye tight with his leetle fists. I'd rather you'd bring him up, nor anybody else. Will ye?"

"Yes, yes, I will," she cried.

He smiled slowly. "You kin call him Shubael," he said; "then he won't never put ye in miud o' me."

She sobbed, "I'll love him as if he was Shubael's son."

A little later, Jeremiah Razee, there, in sight of those memorial ashes, died peacefully, his head on Hester's knees, his gray hair floating over her mourning dress.

S. A. L. E. M.

SOCIALISTS IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

To Leipsic University, in 1877, there had drifted a large part of the radical and socialistic element among the students of Northern Europe: here came German Socialists, Russian Nihilists, iconoclastic Jews, and poverty-stricken radicals from Poland, Roumania, Switzerland, and Greece. Sooner or later most of these bold but indigent spirits landed in the Convictorium, — an institution in the university where three hundred impecunious students received free but scanty board. I entered the university in the autumn of 1877; soon afterwards I conceived the idea of earning my living there for a year, and in consequence I found myself in a remarkably short time in the Convictorium, seated in the midst of the extreme socialistic and nihilistic section. At our table were those alone who had obtained scholarships in political economy; and as the Socialists took the greatest interest in that subject, our party embraced the leading Socialists of the hall. We were twelve: four Germans, two Rus-

sians, two Roumanians, and one representative each from Poland, Switzerland, Greece, and America. Our average age was twenty-seven; our dress was varied and nondescript. Daily, at noon, our three hundred hungry and expectant representatives of the studious poverty of all nations were seated on benches before the square tables, with a loaf of black bread for each man, a glass of water for every three, and salt in luxurious profusion. The aged attendants placed on each table a very large pan of very thin soup, which was most equitably distributed by the student whose turn it was to serve. So hungry were we, such quick work did our iron spoons make of the thin fluid, that in two minutes we had emptied our plates, and were waiting with restlessness for the second and grand course. At last came our twelve pieces of overdone meat, half hidden in a mass of potatoes. The server had the first choice: with exasperating deliberation he pronged the largest piece; the man on his right cap-

tured the next largest, and so on to the unhappy twelfth man. But fortune was not always with the server: sometimes he would rashly dive for what he thought a mammoth piece of meat, and in despair would land on his plate a barren waste of bone and gristle. Our Russian friends related a tradition that a twelfth man once hoisted, in wonder, from the *débris* of potatoes, a monster slice of meat, nearly half the size of a diminutive German lady's hand; but this, like other reported miracles, we received *cum grano*. If a man were absent, his portion belonged to the server; if two were absent, the server's right-hand neighbor had also a double portion. How we looked forward to the day when we should serve, and how often were our anticipations disappointed! Frequently the table was full, and, to crown all, there were peripatetic vagabonds prowling around the hall, — not regular members, — who were watching an opportunity of sliding into some vacant seat. If a member came late he lost his meal. The rules required that the full allowance for twelve should be placed on each table, however few were there; but I never knew any food to be left uneaten. I have been one of four who consumed at supper the portion that had been intended for twelve men: that evening will ever remain bright in the annals of our Convictorium life. For supper we had soup and sausage, and sometimes in place of the latter we even had butter. We had no breakfast in the Convictorium, and our food was barely half sufficient for the wants of a healthy Englishman or American; yet I knew many there who took no food in addition, save a cup of coffee and an occasional glass of beer. Sometimes a few brought in eggs, and ate them in their soup; but they were considered reckless Sybarites. One day, on entering the hall, we were astounded at seeing each table resplendent with four bottles of wine: the most gracious King of Saxony desired us on that, his birthday,

to drink his health, which we did most heartily, and wished that many such kings ruled over the land. On that day it was noticed that many of us, beguiled by our luxury, spent a full half hour at table. This was indeed remarkable, for usually, by twenty minutes past the hour, every plate had been emptied, and of all who had feasted not one remained.

After dinner some twenty of us, who formed a *quasi* club, commonly appropriated the back parlor of a small Russo-German restaurant, assuaged our pertinacious appetites with coffee and cheap cigars, and criticised the affairs of nations. All were deeply interested in politics, while many of us wrote for the press in Germany and our respective countries, and corresponded with leading politicians. Thus our club became a centre of political news, which was sent to us from Russia, Poland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France. Among us were long-bearded Russians, kind-hearted and patriotic Poles, sturdy and enthusiastic Germans, jovial Swiss, and keen, able Jews of different nationalities. We were all republicans, and older than the average student. Most of us were poor, and earned at least a part of our living by writing and teaching. Some gave weekly lectures on political economy, history, or literature to workingmen in the socialist workingmen's societies; others had private Sunday classes of workingmen in the same subjects; and nearly all were assisting, either by writing or teaching, the propagandism of liberal ideas. Once or twice a week one of the party lectured to us on some peculiarities in the political or social conditions of his country; and ten or a dozen were found at our resort every evening, reading, writing, and discussing. Most of the party were infidels. Some had suffered hardships, peculiar and severe, and all were good fellows. E. was one of the oldest among us: a man of middle age, with the blonde beard and sturdy frame of the North. A med-

ical student, he earned his bread by contributing scientific articles to Russian journals. As a teacher, a lay doctor, and a propagandist of liberal ideas, he had wandered for ten years among the country districts of Russia. On the confines of Siberia, he had seen the long lines of the condemned on their weary march of weeks to the mines. The prisoners were usually in bands of a hundred, clad in brown cloaks with yellow crosses on the backs, and fastened by pairs to a long chain running the length of the line. Picturesque indeed was E.'s description of the scene: the level waste, with its lonely road stretching to the distant town, whose gaudy church domes shone in bitter contrast to the poverty around; the lonely traveler, who bowed before the painted image at each wayside shrine, and gave his scanty alms to the weakest of the condemned; and that sombre band slowly wending its painful march, in which the sighs and murmurs of the many were drowned by the laughter of the reckless few, by the heavy clanking of the chains, and by the rough, guttural orders of the guards. He had seen these prisoners, sinking from fatigue in the miry road, struck by guns in the hands of their keepers, and among these his only brother,¹ whom he had followed until driven away by the guards. Rough and harsh in respect to trifling woes, he was most tender where real misery existed, and in assistance spared neither means nor labor. Soon he expected to take his degree, and

again to wander as a physician and propagandist among the peasants of his native land.

Another remarkable man was B., a Jew from the south of Russia, a laborer's son; tall, spare, muscular, and dark, controlling a fierce and restless energy with a calm, calculating prudence that seldom gave way. Apparently impervious to heat or cold, one of the hardest workers of our party, he subsisted on the food of the Convictorium, without even the assistance of beer. With most of us, prudence was in inverse ratio to our means, and extravagance forced us to devote much time to teaching; but strict economy enabled B. to give his whole attention to medicine and political economy. He lived on forty marks a month, yet was ever in perfect condition. While in the north of Russia, near the borders of Siberia, he had written and published a bitter attack against the government authorities in Siberia for their opposition, in 1875, to the establishing of a journal there.² For this he was arrested, placed in a country prison, and kept in a large room having only one window, and that heavily grated, with thirty other prisoners, for six months. Their beds were benches swarming with vermin; the floor was covered with a thick matting of filth; the water given them was impure; and their food, insufficient and wretched as it was, often could not be eaten in its putrid condition. As the jailer received a fixed sum for each prisoner, he cared

¹ His brother was among those "administratively banished;" that is, without trial. The October (1880) volume of the Russian Monthly Review, the *Russakaya Retsch*, gives the following statistics concerning those thus banished: From 1826 to 1846, 79,909 persons; from 1867 to 1876, 78,650; from 1877 to 1878, 17,955.

² As there was no newspaper in Siberia before 1875, an attempt was made in that year to start the *Siber*. The plan was considered a revolutionary plot by the local authorities in Siberia; criminal investigations opposed its originators; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the journal was finally started. It continued, however, to be under the ban, and in 1879 some of its ed-

itors and correspondents were arrested, confined a year, and only released at last by Louis Melikoff, who declared that there was "not a shadow of reason for the whole proceeding." In the spring of 1880, the property of the *Siber* was destroyed by fire. The publishers were imprisoned on the charge of revolutionary incendiarism, the correspondence was seized at the post-office, and the issue was suspended. When the matter came to the tribunal, the *juge d'instruction*, or the local city marshal, was alone found at fault, and his conduct is to be investigated. At present, however, as far as I am informed, there is again no journal in Siberia.

for them as cheaply as possible. B. described how these thirty men, half clad in the cast-off garments of previous prisoners, changed gradually from restless anxiety to apathetic recklessness and indifference, from health to sickness and disease, from an ineffectual attempt at cleanliness to utter neglect of bodily care or personal appearance, until at last their mental, physical, and moral condition seemed dragged down to and engulfed in the filth and vermin around them. A large number of the prisoners were peasants arrested on suspicion of arson.¹ B. was at last discharged by the revising *procureur* without a trial, and he deemed it useless to take any measures against the *juge d'instruction* who had wantonly imprisoned him.²

¹ Then, as now, it was not uncommon for peasants to take revenge on unpopular landlords by setting fire to buildings. In 1874 there were 26,326 fires in Russia, of which 3764 were ascribed to incendiarism, and 14,882 to causes unknown. It was thought, however, that most of these last were due to the peasants. In 1877 there were 28,024 fires, entailing a loss of over 60,000,000 rubles. From September 12, 1880, to October 12, 1880, there were 2714 fires, causing a loss of 8,000,000 rubles. Of these, 415 are admitted to be the incendiary work of peasants, 697 are set down to carelessness, 287 to lightning, and the remainder to "causes unknown." The Russian journal whence this information is obtained is of the opinion that not less than two thirds of these last were also caused by peasants.

² B. used to maintain that one half of those arrested and imprisoned by the *juges d'instruction* were never brought to trial, but were dismissed by the *procureurs*, when, after months of imprisonment, their cases were finally reached. I could never believe that he was even approximately near the truth, until the following extract from the *Tsowremenniga Twestija* (Contemporary News), a St. Petersburg journal, independent in politics, was brought to my notice: "In the year 1877, the number of actions before the revising *procureurs* exceeded 88,000, most of which had not been brought by them, but by the *juge d'instruction*. Of these, the *procureurs* dismissed, with the subsequent sanction of the tribunals, 35,508. Meanwhile this immense number of innocent persons had undergone not only the tribulations of criminal investigation, but the agonies of our prison *régime*; and all this, at the arbitrary bidding of a *juge d'instruction*! . . . But what wonder, if, in the eyes of our official mind, a simple policeman's denunciation weighs heavier than all judicial sentences put together."

The Russians in our party were agreed that the condition of the Russian peasant had been growing worse for years. E. claimed that in his ten years' wandering he had seen that condition sink gradually, but surely, lower; that peasants, who in the beginning ate little meat, ended by eating none; that their bread, year by year, grew even poorer and more scanty; that their hovels, which at first were unfit for men, became at last unfit for beasts; and that the peasants, ignorant, imprudent, and weighed down by taxes, were coming more and more into the power of Jewish usurers, against whom the general hatred was becoming more intense, and the outbreaks were growing more frequent and severe.³

³ That their observations were not at fault appears from the following facts: In February, 1861, a royal manifest made it possible for the former serfs to buy land. For every six rubles of net yearly produce of the land the peasants paid one hundred rubles, as the price of the land. The peasants were obliged to raise twenty per cent. of this sum, and the government loaned them the other eighty per cent. at six per cent. interest. The peasants were therefore obliged to pay the government 4.8 rubles out of every six rubles of net produce. They had also to pay a head tax, which rose from 28,500,000 rubles in 1862 to 94,500,000 in 1874, and 118,671,251 in 1877. The yearly products were determined by commissions. Where government lands were purchased, the products were placed rather high; but where lands of private parties were bought, influence and bribery induced the commission greatly to overestimate the yearly products, to the advantage of the landowners, and to the detriment of the peasants. The consequence was that the taxes on some lands were made greater than the products, while the peasants had to pay from twenty to twenty-four per cent. interest to private usurers on the twenty per cent. of price borrowed. So great was the distress of the peasants that in 1871 a commission was appointed to investigate their direct taxes. The report shows that the direct taxes of the former serfs of the crown, that is, those who purchased government lands, were 92.75 per cent. of the net return of their lands; that the direct taxes on the former serfs of private landlords were 198.25 per cent. of the net return of their lands; and that these peasants were obliged to work as day laborers for the large land-owners, in order to earn the remaining 98.25 per cent. In Saratoff District, in the Saratoff Government, there is a little town containing five hundred peasant farmers, every one of whom, it is said, is obliged at the

The year of my stay at Leipzig was an exciting period for Russia. In September, 1877, some Russian students at Berlin, suspected of being Nihilists, were arrested by the German authorities, at the request of the Russian government, and sent to Russia. Trouble between the students and the government soon after broke out in the universities of Khar-dow, Kief, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and five hundred students were expelled, imprisoned, or banished to Siberia. Some of our Russian members had friends and relatives among those imprisoned and banished; but all of us deplored these absurd outbreaks, and there was nothing said in favor of assassination. All were agreed that time and education could alone help Russia; that the status of the people even more than the government was the cause of Russia's misery. A few, like E., were soon to set out for some Russian village: there they would start a school, and after they had trained or found a younger man, both able and willing to carry on the work, they would start afresh in another village, and so on for their lives. Few foreigners are aware of the general ignorance of the Russian people. In 1873, of 12,213,558 children between the years of seven and

fourteen, only 839,565 were receiving educational instruction; of the army recruits in 1872, eighty-eight per cent. could neither read nor write. It is the unknown heroes like E., now toiling as teachers in the villages of Russia, who in coming years will raise the Russian people to a worthy place among civilized nations. Two years later, in London, I met some leading Nihilists, and among them H——n, who had become widely known by his attempt on the life of the Czar, and by the refusal of the French government to deliver him to Russia. There I heard many accounts of the imprisonment and banishment of relatives and friends: such, for example, as the story of the three Soubotina sisters, who, at the ages of twenty, nineteen, and seventeen, were arrested in 1875 on the charge of disseminating socialistic ideas, and dragged from prison to prison until 1877, when they were tried and banished to Siberia. The eldest, Marie, died on the way, at Novosonok, from the privations of the march; the others at the last accounts were in the mines. H——n was arrested for a trifling press offense, was placed in a cell so small that walking was impossible, and, clad only in shirt and trousers,

end of harvest to start forth to beg, in order to obtain the full amount of his taxes. Jansen, Professor of Engineering in St. Petersburg University, states, in his work on Russian Statistics, that the *net* return of the soil of the Narva District, in the St. Petersburg Government, is 250,000 rubles, while the tax on the peasants is 400,000 rubles. The same result can be seen in another form. The reports of the Russian Ministry of Public Domains show that the production of grains of all kinds was stationary in Russia during the years 1869–1878; that is, the amount raised during the first five years was only slightly in excess of that raised during the last five years. During this period, the export of grain gradually increased, so that the amount exported in 1878 exceeded that exported in 1869 by 110,884,494 bushels. Up to 1878 there was no increase in the imports of grain. During each of these ten years there was an average increase of population of 1.1 per cent. The result is, more Russians and less grain. The question is, What classes have suffered from this decrease? The nobles have not; while the mercantile class has grown in an unprecedented man-

ner in Russia during the last ten years, and has consumed a larger share of grain than before. The peasants alone remain, — eighty-two per cent. of the population: these have been the losers, and have complained that their present condition is more burdensome than before their emancipation. Thrown upon their own resources, ignorant, intemperate, and imprudent, they have become the easy prey of usurers and middle-men. According to official statements, the peasant is now forced to sell his harvest immediately after it is gathered, in order to pay his taxes and his debt to the usurer; and in the following spring he is forced to repurchase his own grain, on credit, for food and seed, at twice or three times the price at which he sold it. His land, his cows and sheep, are passing into the hands of the Jews. This may explain the frequent attacks upon the Jews in Russia. The government is well disposed towards the peasants, and has remitted some of their taxes; but it is unable to protect them from being ground finer and finer by their fast-accumulating indebtedness. What has been written here refers mainly to the emancipated peasants.

was kept there five months in winter time, while the snow and rain came in through the broken window and froze upon the floor.

The Nihilists have, with all Russians, much to complain of in the tyranny of government officials. Their ultimate aims — the attainment of liberty and representative government — are most worthy; but in attempting assassination they have made a fatal mistake. While we respect the utter self-abnegation, the entire devotion to the welfare of Russia, of a man like H——n, we must censure his deeds none the less severely. The Nihilists claim that if they expound liberal ideas they are banished to Siberia; but that is no reason for attempting assassination, a means which must lose them not only the sympathy and assistance of the civilized world, but also the coöperation of the well-to-do classes in Russia, — a coöperation which seems essential there to a successful revolution. The assassination of the late Czar ought naturally to endear to the throne the Russian masses and all friends of order. Every cruel act of the Russian government, every unjust banishment, will increase the ranks of the opposition; and in time the overthrow of the government will be possible. If the Nihilists have a majority, let them make a revolution; otherwise they will best serve their country and their cause by suffering and waiting. Patience and long-suffering are the indispensable prerequisites of political revolution. Against revolution which has a just cause and reasonable prospects of success there is nothing to say; it is the ultimate resort of an oppressed people; but against political assassination by a party which, without it, would have the aid and sympathy of the lovers of freedom of the civilized world there is everything that can be said against a policy unwise and suicidal.

In our party at Leipsic, all were republicans, although some, including my-

self, were not Socialists. But regarding immediate practical reforms, all were agreed. The Socialists, for the time being, were simply Liberals. In Germany they demanded a ministry responsible to the Reichstag, the separation of church and state, a reduction in the standing army, and government supervision of workmen's dwellings and factories. Our members generally followed Karl Marx, the "master Socialist," in desiring that industrial development should proceed unchecked by government. They claimed that capital and land were gradually coming into fewer hands: whenever, in the future, all industries should be controlled by a few persons, then, and then only, the state should confiscate industrial capital, and become the great producer. The concentration of capital in fewer hands, the centralization by Bismarck of the telegraph and railways in the control of the state, were hailed with delight by most of our number as steps towards Socialism. We had great faith in the people, in a democratic form of government; and fondly believed that if the masses were left to themselves experience would lead them ultimately to the best political courses. "The people will do no wrong," was a favorite remark; and no such rank heresy was tolerated as that the masses, if elevated to power, would commit political suicide by the gradual and experimental process of legislation. Poverty had preserved in our number the distinctive features of nationality in dress and taste; while radical opinions had made us, on general questions, quite free from local prejudice. So antipodal were many of our opinions that we ceased to regard any social or political customs as natural, and looked on all by the sole light of expediency. The hard circumstances in which the lives of many of us had been placed tinged our party with melancholy and pessimism: men there possessing great ability had often no ambition; with the keen-

est interest in the advance of their opinions, they were indifferent to personal advancement. The iron customs of Europe, which present so many obstacles against the rise of the *novus homo* in politics, caused most of our party, radicals though they were, to think only of remaining in the ranks. Still, we had a few bold, ambitious spirits, who had already made a more than local reputation as speakers and writers, and who hoped in time to figure in the political arena of Europe.

The Germans and Russians of our party were our ablest men; the Roumanians the most genial and popular. Midway in both respects came the plodding Swiss and the sentimental Poles. The Roumanians and the Hungarians were the most cheerful and generous of impecunious beings; hard workers only from necessity; without ambition; theologues, but often immoral and profane; Socialists in a measure, but caring more for our company than for our ideas. Their end in life was the ease of a country parsonage, where they would have plenty to drink and little to do. We were glad to have their company; for they brought among us a kind and mellow influence, softened our harsh pessimism, and gave to the party its fraternal and convivial cast. The most careless and singular specimen among them was C. A theological student, sent there by a friendly and pious widow, he had never attended a lecture, and cared no more about theology than an Esquimaux about the integral calculus. Gaunt, uncouth, slovenly in dress and careless in manner, he could become at will the centre of conversation. I have seen young German nobles, when thrown into his company, begin by disdaining, and end

by humbly admiring him. He was a Bohemian *par excellence*, and had traveled over Europe as a vagabond for four years. Though well educated, he cared more for the life of a farmer than that of a student, and much of his wandering had been among the peasants of Germany. He had worked as a laborer on the large farms of the Rhine, from five in the morning until eight at night; had received his thirty cents per day; and had slept, with the other laborers, in the same stable with the cattle. In Silesia and Mecklenburg, he had lived with the tamed and dispirited "free laborers;" had earned his twenty cents per day in summer; and had slept in a room where fifteen persons, of different sexes and of three different families, were huddled together upon the filthy straw.¹

C. cared not whether mankind in general rose or fell; but he sympathized warmly with the peasants, among whom he had labored and suffered. He hated only one class, — the village Jews of Germany. In many German villages, where the common land has been gradually parceled in small bits, the farms of the peasants are composed of minute strips of land, scattered over the whole parish. I have seen farms which contained two hundred such strips. Baring-Gould, in his *Germany, Past and Present*, writes: "In some places the owner of twenty hectares (about fifty acres) will have some one thousand bits of land distributed over the whole surface of the parish. Such is the case on the Main and the Middle Rhine." The lots of land are too small for pasturage; universal tillage drives the price of grain so low that farming is not profitable; while the extra labor necessitated by having land in so many small lots places pay more than 2½d. a day in the winter time. . . . Dwellings are found for the laborers, but they pay for the use of them a day's pay weekly. The houses consist mostly of two rooms and a stall for a cow. Generally two or more families occupy a house." C.'s portrayal of the state of morality in these crowded rooms must be left to the imagination of the reader.

¹ Mr. James Howard, M. P., in a paper before the Farmers Club in 1870, quoted the following statements, which were made to him by Baron Elsner von Gronow, a large landed proprietor in Silesia: "Wages of farm laborers in Silesia are 4d. a day in winter, 5d. in spring and autumn, and 7½d. to 10d. in harvest, without victuals. . . . Wages are rising: twenty years ago we did not

the peasants at a great disadvantage. Legal difficulties and conservatism prevent the exchange of lots and the concentration of farms. A poor year commonly forces the peasants into the hands of the Jews. In each village there are Jews who are continually watching the distresses of the farmer; they induce him in every way to borrow money; and when they once have a hold upon him he seldom escapes. Two successive hard years, combined with ruinous rates of interest, are often sufficient to overwhelm him. The Jews seize his land, and sell it out in small parcels at high prices, as contiguous owners are anxious to enlarge their plots. Some of the meanest specimens of mankind are found among these village Jews, and their severity often causes outbreaks against them. The landed classes sympathize with the peasants in their difficulties; and this explains in a measure the present agitation against the Jews in Germany. Even Bismarck is said to be bitterly opposed to the Jews; his sympathies are with the landed aristocracy, and he dislikes the rise to power of the mercantile and money-lending classes, of which the Jews are the most conspicuous examples. C. was once so

deeply involved in a serious outrage committed on the property of an obnoxious Jew that he was forced to leave the village. He confessed that his acts were foolish, but pleaded in excuse the loss of land and home by the peasant with whom he was staying. The Jew had induced the peasant to enlarge his farm by buying lands on loans at excessive interest. A bad year followed, and the peasant was obliged to borrow more money. The Jew, in lending, forced the peasant to take one third of the loan in spirits. The natural consequences followed; the peasant drank too much; his crops were poor; his interest was not paid; and his land was seized by the Jew. The Jews are a harsh but effectual instrument for destroying the system of "small-lot farming:" they bring the owners of "lot farms" into their power, and then sell the lands to those whose farms are in larger lots, and who are therefore prosperous. Historical reasons have caused the small-lot system to exist only among the rich lands of Germany; and it has consequently never been in vogue in Northern Germany. Nevertheless, the poverty of the soil has made the condition of the peasants in the north worse than that of those in the south of Germany.¹

¹ In considering the condition of the German peasants, five facts should be borne in mind. (1.) The soil of Germany as a whole is poor; and in the south, where the soil is richest, the ruinous system of small-lot farming exists. For example, the average crop of wheat per acre is in Germany fourteen bushels, and in England thirty bushels. (2.) Farming in Germany as a rule is conducted on too small a scale to be remunerative. In Prussia alone there are over four million land-owners. (3.) German farming is backward and unscientific: labor-saving machinery is seldom used; and the farming utensils are ridiculously heavy and clumsy. (4.) The German peasant, even in times of peace, must spend three years of his life as a soldier; and his direct taxes are heavy. (5.) There is greater disparity in keenness and tact between the upper and lower classes in Germany than in most countries; and as the German is harsh and selfish, this disparity lowers the wages of the peasant. He is stupid, long-suffering, and obedient, and is inclined to accept whatever wages his superiors offer him. These observations will prepare us for the following statistics. Dr. Engle has shown,

by official reports, that in Prussia, in 1875, out of a population of 24,525,778, 11,572,413 had independent incomes; of the latter, 10,166,166 had less than \$225 a year; and of these last, 6,582,100 had less than \$105 a year. Of the whole population of Prussia, only 1,402,274 had an annual income of over \$225 a year, and only 134,556 had over \$750 a year.

Von Goltz and Block have recently published in Berlin some statistics concerning the wages of agricultural laborers in Germany. The wages in some two hundred districts are given: the average price per day is thirty-six cents; the lowest, in the district of Appelm, is 17.5 cents; the highest, in the district of Bremen, is 59.5 cents.

In 1875, a commission, appointed by the congress of German land-owners to investigate the wages of agricultural laborers in the empire, reported for some one hundred districts, and among others the following:—

The average price paid during winter and summer per day, and the quantity of rye it would purchase at the average price for the last ten years, was, —

E., B., and myself by turns ran a Sunday lecture course in a village near Leipsic, with the important assistance of C. Some of the laborers whom we met there read Buckle, Mill, Proudhon, and Marx with great interest. The German laborers are not practical, but many of them possess a rugged mental strength capable of dealing with abstruse subjects far above the grasp of the English and American laborer. Not that the intelligence of the German laborer is above that of his English and American brother; the contrary is true. Compulsory education has diffused school knowledge more widely in Germany than in England, or even America; but millions of stupid and docile Germans have exerted

In Prussia,	26.75 cents.	16.76 lbs.
In Silesia (the lowest price),	20.50 cents.	11.91 lbs.
In Rhine Province,	38.50 cents.	19.85 lbs.
In Oldenburg (highest price),	45.00 cents.	24.26 lbs.
In Mecklenburg,	40.00 cents.	22.50 lbs.

If we call the wages of the American agricultural laborer \$1.00 per day, he receives the equivalent of fifty-two pounds of rye.

So much for the free laborers. In regard to the contract laborers, Dr. Von Goltz, who made extensive inquiries into their condition while he was Domain Administrator of Prussia, has published, with the assistance of Block, most elaborate data. The contract laborers are found in Northern Germany on the large estates of nobles. These laborers make, each year, a contract with their lords; practically they are semi-serfs, and cannot marry without consent of their masters. They are paid mainly in products of the soil, but receive also a little money. They work usually in threes: a man, his wife, and an assistant. The entire pay of these three, according to Von Goltz and Block, amounts, when estimated in money, to \$217.50 per year in Mecklenburg, \$227 in West Prussia, and \$252.80 in Brandenburg. If the assistant is not of the family he takes some \$60 from its income. Von Goltz writes that the highest of these sums cannot furnish the proper wants of a healthy family. C. told me that he had seen numbers of peasants die, whose death could be traced to insufficient nourishment: many of these were mothers, immediately after childbirth, and among them the mother of C.'s supposed child. It is fair to hear both sides of the question. A former pupil of mine in Leipsic, a noble, with large estates in Klein Plasten, Mecklenburg, Herr Friedrich Von Michael, has written to me as follows concerning the peasants on his estate: "The contract laborer has a cottage given him for a very moderate rent, and

their entire intellectual strength in the effort to learn what they have been commanded. While in school learning the German laborer is in advance of his English, French, and American contemporaries, he is behind them in tact, originality, and self-reliance.

Our lecture was an informal talk on history, and the customs and institutions of foreign countries. C. was the principal attraction; he had always at hand some concrete illustration of our principles, taken often from his personal experience and travels, and it was mainly due to him that we roused an intellectual *fuore* in the village. In the afternoon and evening came the regular village dance, in which all, both old and young,

a small plot of ground annexed, on which he can raise potatoes, fruit, etc. A larger piece of ground on the master's land is also allotted to the laborer, on which he can cultivate flax and potatoes. The laborer owns a cow, pigs, geese, and hens; all of which are fed by the master. The salary consists of money and corn. Potatoes constitute the principal food of the laborer. The master pays for the physician and medicines, takes care of the laborer, and supports the old and infirm workmen until their death. In return for these benefits the laborer must work for his master, and for no one else, every day in the year, except Sundays and holidays. If either the master or the laborer desire to break the contract, notice is given at Easter, and the laborer leaves on the 24th of October. Such changes are, however, rare: for instance, at my home the same families have remained from generation to generation. It is true that large numbers of laborers have emigrated to America during the last few years; but this was caused not by their hardships, but by their inability to become owners of land. Although their property is sometimes quite considerable, it is insufficient to enable them to buy land. Marriage is not contracted without some difficulty, as the permission of the master is necessary. If marriages were free, the population of villages would increase so fast that there would soon be more laborers than could well work on, or be supported by, the land. If the father becomes old or ill, the son usually takes a wife and shares the residence of his parents. The real peasants, that is, the owners of a freehold, are very few in Mecklenburg. As they are independent and never work for others, they have great self-esteem. The condition of the contract laborer is not so miserable as is often represented by the foreign press. As long as he remains on the place he must be supported by the master; so, if he is laborious, orderly, and obedient, he can never fall into any real poverty or difficulty, and can lead a life quite free from care."

joined with a solid delight, purely German. The blunted sensibilities of the German laborer enable him to endure his hard condition with composure; while his deep fund of feeling enables him to derive the highest enjoyment out of the simplest pleasures. In the dance, C. was monarch of all; and, what was peculiar, his gallantries, carried ever so far, seemed never to rouse the jealousy of the village swains. Late at night we walked home, escorted by several of our village friends. Often, on Sundays, we dined with some professor, judge, or politician; sometimes we attended a huge people's meeting, where Liebknecht or Bebel would speak, and which would end, as usual, in beer and dance. Liebknecht, with whom I became well acquainted, was the leader of the Socialists in the German Reichstag, and the head and strength of the Socialist organization. A noble by birth, in 1848 he gave up the editorship of the leading Berlin journal, the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, refused high official positions, and joined himself with the radical party. His frequent imprisonments gave him time to write his principal works. But in Prussia he was once imprisoned for six months, and on every day of his confinement he was promised, for the next day, writing materials; which were given to him, for the first time, on the day of his release. Meanwhile, he was planning a work. The continual delay was too much for his fiery and nervous disposition; his mind became overcharged with material; and he escaped insanity only by writing, for months, with his fingernails on the walls. He spent some time in London as the pupil of Marx, and on the death of Lassalle drew the latter's followers over to the Marxites. To Liebknecht is mainly due the superb organization of the German Socialists. Since 1879 the Socialist candidates have been unable, except in secret, to address their constituents; their journals have been suppressed, and their correspondence

has been intercepted; but their organization, despite these obstacles, has increased the Socialist vote at every election. A good example was given at the election to the Saxon Landtag, at Pläntz, in 1879. So sure were the Conservatives of returning their candidate that up to the day of voting their journals congratulated their readers on the prospect of an uncontested election in their favor. But to the surprise of nearly all Saxony, Herr Puttrich, a Socialist, was elected by a large majority. Liebknecht is a man of blows. His hard life and the loss of his wife from anxiety and want while he was in prison have embittered his nature; he hates, and is hated; strife has become second nature to him, and he must battle to the end.

Later, in London, I knew Karl Marx, the founder of Socialism of to-day. He gave to Lassalle, Liebknecht, and Bebel their tenets; and were it not for him, those who are now termed Socialists in Germany would be called advanced Liberals. Marx is a Jew. In 1843, at the age of twenty-five, he edited the *Vorwärts* in Paris, with the assistance of the poet Heine. The career of the paper was brilliant, but short, as Marx was expelled from France in 1844. For the next five years he was driven from country to country on the Continent. Since 1849 he has lived in London; whence he has directed the movements of the Internationals, and inspired the Socialists. His chief work, *Capital*, is considered, even by his enemies, as one of the remarkable productions of this generation. Strong yet tender, broad and learned yet keen and logical, Marx has the originality of genius and the qualities of greatness. His personality and career make him an extraordinary man. His life is the study of the industrial and social condition of the world; and with him one seems to enter into the inner circle of events.

Despite the assistance of the Convic-

torium, many of our party spent for extra food more than was paid for board by the average student. This and other extravagances caused us at times to work hard for a living: when we ran behind financially, we gave our whole attention to teaching and writing, until we were again in a solvent condition. E. and myself once tutored eight hours a day for six weeks in Russian and English respectively, and each in Latin and mathematics.

In the beginning of spring came that state of despondency into which most hard-working strangers in Leipsic fall. During the wintry months there is little inclination to walk more than is absolutely necessary in that city, whose sun, a dull, lurid ball of fire, is seen but a few hours daily. Lack of exercise, poor food, excess of stimulants and work, brought us by spring into a spiritless, stagnant state. I knew an able, ambitious Englishman in this condition, who was with difficulty deterred from his purpose of marrying a simple German girl in an obscure village; of vegetating there, and living and dying in peace. E., B., and myself, in our struggle against this stagnation, determined to work together twelve hours a day: as a consequence, B. broke down. He had long been overworked and ill, and the climax caused him to abhor labor. In his worst state he happened to read of the life among the Hill Tribes in India: "where 't is better to walk than run, to sit than walk, to sleep than sit; and where eternal sleep is best of all." B. became almost a monomaniac in his admiration for this Indian life; C. needed little persuasion to become a convert, and both be-

sieged E. and myself to go to that happy abode. We knew that in a few days some diversion would end the journey; and as B. was quite sick, and needed a change, we consented to start. We departed in secret and with the intention of walking the first hundred miles towards Hamburg. On the second day, as we were passing a pleasant cottage on the outskirts of a village beyond Markrandstädt, we stopped at the sight of a young girl of fourteen, who had the tall, graceful figure, the long, free, finely shaped limbs, which are seldom seen in Northern Germany, but which are sometimes possessed by the maids of Southern Germany, near Switzerland, and often by the fair daughters of the Isle of Jersey. The child, whose face equaled her form, was in bitter woe at the loss of "her baby brother." When we saw the new-born babe we were surprised to find that it appeared to have been suffocated, — surprised, because Prussia was not the place for systematic child murder. But our feelings changed when we found that the parents, who had already two children, had recently moved from the borders of Upper Bavaria and Swabia, — the locality where infanticide is most prevalent. In the rich countries of Upper Bavaria, Swabia, and Central Franconia, the land, on the death of the parents, is divided among all the children. To prevent the division of their farms, which are too small to support more than one family, the peasants seldom have more than two children. On the other hand, the laborers who possess no land have large families; as is also the case among the peasants of Northern Germany, where the land goes to the eldest son.¹ Peasants in Southern

¹ Below are given, for all Germany and for several of her districts, the number of children under fifteen years of age for every ten thousand inhabitants: —

Germany.....	3449
Province of Bromberg.....	4006
Province of Koslin.....	3914
Province of Oppeln.....	3945
Province of Upper Bavaria.....	2761

Province of Bavarian Swabia.....	2896
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Province of Lorraine.....	2973
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The first three provinces are much poorer than the last three; but in the latter the custom exists of dividing the land among all the children. In France, where the same custom exists, there are only 2706 children over fifteen years of age for every ten thousand inhabitants. These statistics are taken from Baring-Gould.

Germany have declared to me that it was a sin to bring children into the world only to live in poverty, and to drag down those already born from peasant affluence to misery. Baring-Gould writes: "I confess to an uneasy feeling at seeing the great number of graves of babes in the church-yards" of Southern Germany. "Certain it is that the German day laborer has a swarm of children, and the *Bauer* [peasant] has few; and this is not a caprice of nature." Riehl says: "On the Lower Main, where subdivision has flourished in great exuberance, I know a pair of solitary villages which wage unflagging war with petty parceling. It is an unheard-of thing in those villages for marriage to yield more than two children. The communities are rich and thriving, and the pastors preach against the crying evil, but all in vain." The parents of the babe, who had received their farm from an uncle, had brought with them the customs of their native home. The mother, who was of far finer mould than the ordinary peasant wife, said that her two living children were more delicate than those of her neighbors, and needed that extra care and food which they could receive only if they were the sole children. The father was a kind, stupid man, governed by his wife. B. was greatly taken with the pretty, childish ways of Marie, the young girl, and they became most devoted to one another. The quiet of the village gave B. his needed rest, and he stayed there until quite recuperated. C. also made pleasant acquaintances, and remained with B. E. and I rode back to Leipsic, and were joined by the other two some three weeks later.

In the spring also came the exciting times following the base and foolish attempts on the life of the emperor by Hoedel and Nobiling, — attempts which all of our party most sincerely lamented and condemned. Hitherto, radicalism

in politics had been respected, and even popular, in Leipsic; now all was changed. We gave lectures in the Improvement Societies no longer; and the few political meetings of the Socialists were held in secret, and were not devoid of danger. With the dissolution of the Reichstag came increased activity among us, in collecting money for the coming election, in writing, etc. The pretended cause of the dissolution, as given by Bismarck, was his desire to pass the Exceptional Laws against the Socialists. The National Liberals and the Progressists had prevented the passing of those laws after the Hoedel attempt; but after the Nobiling affair, they informed Bismarck that they would do his bidding on that question. Bismarck, however, was naturally unwilling to let this opportunity escape of striking a blow at the Liberals by means of the Socialist scare. He declared that the godless liberalism of the age was the cause of all the trouble in the country, and that the Conservatives could alone save the state. The scare was successful; and thousands of good, gentle Liberals, who looked to their rulers for political opinions, voted as Bismarck directed. The Socialists were attacked with extreme bitterness by the National Liberals, the Progressists, the Conservatives, and the members of the Centrum; their journals were suppressed, and their public meetings prohibited; they were without money and patronage; yet they cast in 1878 more votes than ever before. Although they were arrested for harmless speeches, they committed no violence, even in places where they were in large majorities. Liebknecht told me that, had he and Bebel said the word, they could have held Berlin and Saxony for weeks; but, said he, "we were the party of peace." Although not of the Socialists, I sympathized with them in this election; their immediate aims were those of Liberals, and they were falsely charged with sympathizing with assassination. The

German government would have made greater headway against Socialism, if, in place of suppressive measures, which have invariably increased the numbers of the Socialists, it had attempted to win the support of the laborers by relieving them of some of their burdens, and by promises of future assistance.

At the time of the election I was obliged to leave for England, and at about the same time our party broke up. The suppression of the Socialist journals seriously affected those of our number who contributed to them. Moreover, much as we loved the old city, ten months of continuous sojourn there had tired us. Some went to Russia, Switzerland, and different parts of Germany as private tutors, some took their degrees,

and others left for different universities. When I returned to Leipsic, fifteen months later, I found there not one of my old Socialist companions. Other and younger men had our places in the Convictorium, the walls of the university seemed strange and lonely, and I was glad soon to depart. My former associates are scattered over the civilized world, from Russia to South America. C. has married the pious widow, and cares for her estates and rests in the lap of plenty; B., I have heard, is in Siberia; and E. still teaches in the villages of Russia. A few are leading the life of publicists, in Germany and elsewhere, aiming for future fame; but most have gone to quiet vocations, and their present habitation is to me unknown.

Willard Brown.

AT CANTERBURY.

THE Canterbury pilgrim of to-day, who is borne southward by one of the quick trains of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, will be apt, as he fitfully attempts to summon the correct associations of the scenes through which he is rushing, to think quite as much of poor little David Copperfield, faring ragged and forlorn toward Miss Trotwood's cottage upon Dover cliffs, as of that stately procession of *ye olden time* immortalized by Dan Chaucer. The spirit of Dickens seems to pervade the Kentish country, and the formality of our visit to its illustrious dead is broken by his arch greeting upon the threshold. It is perchance no fragment of knight's or clerke's tale which keeps time, in our brains, to the throbbing of the locomotive, but certain heartfelt rhymes of a singer of the far West, who in his native gift of story-telling and vein of humor strikingly resembled Dickens himself:—

"Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills."

Even when we have descended from the train, and turned our backs upon the noisy station, the fancies of yesterday strive yet, for a little, with the fatalities of the twelfth century and the sombre phantoms of the first millennium. A long reach of the old city wall lies before us, the dark shells of its frequent towers overflowing with ivy and hawthorn, like a row of huge vases upon some terrace of the Titans; but the line of the fortifications is unpleasantly broken, in one place, by the would-be Gothic spires of the youngest, reddest, rawest, and most "dissident" of the chapels of dissent. It is still the versatile Micawber whom we half expect

to see reviewing yon drove of beeves on its way to the cattle-market "with the practiced eye of an Australian farmer," five minutes after the notion of emigration has first been suggested to his mind; we fancy Uriah Heep's fishy eye behind the heart-shaped orifice in yon wooden shutter, and Agnes Wickfield's meek face glances from between the parted curtains of a broad, bow-windowed, brass-knockerd mansion close upon the street.

But the tricky creatures of the modern imagination efface themselves, one by one, as we get deeper into the heart of the strange old town, and the realities of a portentous past assert their proper power. The streets contract. The windows which peer into them from beneath frowning brows become lattices with quarrel-panes. The projecting stories crowd one above another upon either hand, leaving but a narrow line of sky between them overhead, as in ancient Continental towns. There are not many, in Canterbury, of those delightful old oak-timbered dwellings, richly carved along the faces of their beams, which are the glory of the midland counties (the one perfect style of domestic architecture!), but scores of homesteads and hostelrys, whichever way you turn, which inform you at the first glance that they count their age by centuries. It is not, indeed, the Checkers Inn which receives ourselves, though that still exists in the form of an extensive draper's shop; and the Chamber of the Hundred Beds and the vast cellarage adapted to the insatiate thirst of the fourteenth century are yet intact. But it is an inn with a paved court-yard; a long dresser in its entrance-hall, backed by blue and white Bible-tiles, and laden with what would incontinently betray a chinamania into one form or another of sin; an oaken stair, moreover, and stained glass in Gothic windows along the corridor into which it leads. Even the waiter who

served us our first lunch in Canterbury seemed impressed by the duty of living up to his historic surroundings: "This very spot where you are a-sitting, sir, is more than four 'undred years old." "Have you many younger ones here-about?" carelessly inquires the genial captain of our expedition, and the solemnity of the waiter's tardy negative has in it something nobly English.

The profusion and prominence of hotels, taverns, inns, and all manner of places of public entertainment, extraordinary for so small a city, is one of the first plain mementos which we perceive of Chaucer and the era of the pilgrimages. Many of these houses are very quaint in their appearance, and almost all have picturesque and suggestive names. Beside the transmuted Checkers, we find the Fountain, the Fleur-de-Lys, the Rose, the Fleece, the Saracen's Head, and the Greyhound; the Guildhall, the Sun, the Star, and the Seven Stars; and two signs of St. George and the Dragon. Not many of these, of course, are as old as Chaucer, but it must be remembered that in his time, and for long afterward, it was only an insignificant portion of the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas — and those, for the most part, of modest condition — who were lodged in hostelrys at all. The palace and the priory which formerly adjoined the cathedral, in the leafy mazes of whose beautiful Saxon and Norman ruins one may literally lose one's self to-day, entertained their hundreds of the more illustrious guests from every corner of Christendom. The magnificent monastery of St. Augustine, which, in the fourteenth century, or two hundred years after the martyrdom of Becket, covered seventeen acres of ground, received its thousands.

There were also numbers of endowed *hospitia*, where the sane were fed as well as the sick cared for. Into one of the most venerable of these we strayed quite accidentally. A low stone arch-

way of the early English form, opening directly from the pavement of the High Street, seemed to invite us into a cool vestibule, which we found haunted by the usual genius, or rather *genia*, of such places, — an old woman with a story to tell.

“What house is this?” we ask.

“Thomas à Becket’s house, ma’am.”

“How his house? You don’t mean that he ever lived here?”

“Yes, ma’am,” conclusively, “he lived here, — *before the Reformation*.” This last clause is dropped with the air of a generous *cicerone*, who will give the worth of a shilling, and not withhold a curious bit of historical information. “Come up-stairs,” she adds, with the same ungrudging manner, “and see a beautiful picture.”

We mount the dim stairway in her wake, and find ourselves in what, although docked of its fair proportions now, and disfigured in its shape by modern partitions, was evidently once a spacious vaulted hall. The walls are clean and ghastly with plaster, everywhere but at the northern end, where shines a noble fresco, with tints as fair as though laid on but yesterday, representing the figure of our Lord, soaring as in a vision, with hands upraised in blessing. The drawing is pre-Raphaelite, but the coloring is beautiful, the expression benign, the action majestic.

“When was this discovered?”

“Only last year, ma’am. They took away the old chimney, and there it was. It cost the Reverend [not his Reverence, as usual] a deal to have it picked out.” We can now see plainly on either side of the fresco the converging lines which mark the shape of the old projecting chimney. Outside these lines are dimly discernible, under the white-wash, the outlines of other figures, a crowd of them. It is the merest ghost of a picture, — armed knights and a sinking figure in priestly robes, — and the drawing seems more modern than that

of the singularly preserved central figure, but the subject of St. Thomas’s martyrdom is unmistakable.

“Why do they not restore the rest of the painting?”

“Oh, no, ma’am! The Reverend never would, on account of they Catholics.”

It appears upon investigation, however, that it is not so much the uncompromising Anglicanism of the present guardian of St. Thomas’s Hospital which forbids the lifting of this tantalizing veil as the impossibility of removing the plaster, where there has been no brick-work, without bringing the painting with it. Abandoned attempts of this kind vex and sadden us, in great numbers of the old ecclesiastical buildings of England, and help clearly to define our sentiments toward those merciless iconoclasts who were everywhere in such haste to consign to one whitened sepulchre the insignia of the ancestral faith.

But to return to St. Thomas’s, or, as it is quite as often called, the King’s Bridge Hospital. It was, indeed, a foundation of the chancellor archbishop, and the door-way by which we entered, as well as the refectory where the fresco was discovered, and the vaulted and groined underground passage, now become a series of coal-bins, but believed once to have led from the hospital to the cathedral, may possibly have belonged to the original building of Becket’s own erection. But the establishment was greatly enlarged and enriched after his canonization had so increased the fame of Canterbury, and, over and above ample accommodations for sick pilgrims, a plentiful supper used to be served in the refectory to such as were too poor to seek the inns. The large, rambling building is now in part an almshouse and in part a school. Our guide showed us the lodging of one of the beneficiaries, a woman of extreme age, but with delicate, even distinguished features, who received us with a certain remote and tremulous dignity. The room in which

she sat was very comfortable, and, chilled to the marrow as we were by three months of English summer, we quite envied the venerable inmate her cosy fire. The place was dimly lighted, and the soft sound of lapping water was distinctly audible under the open lattices. Peering from one of these, we perceive that the opposite buildings are divided from the almshouse, as by a Venetian canal, by the river Stour alone, which runs between their foundation stones so fast and clear that we can see the fine long water-grasses under its surface, carried backward like streaming hair. The narrow vista of red brick walls and irregular mossy gables closed by the single stone arch of King's Bridge is extremely picturesque. We confess to an odd partiality for these private almshouses, — monuments of the piety of a by-gone time, and often, in themselves, as at Warwick and Coventry, beautiful specimens of old-fashioned building. Political economy is supposed to disapprove them, but it certainly seems as if one of the Lord's poor might await his viaticum more peacefully and collectedly in a place like this than in one of those overgrown modern establishments where bodies are fed and souls are sped by steam.

But we linger too long upon the way to the chief goal of our pilgrimage, and must now bend our steps toward the cathedral. The approach by Mercery Lane, at whose entrance from the High Street stands the Checkers Inn aforesaid, is not only the most convenient, but the most impressive. In Chaucer's day, as now, the lane was lined with shops, then principally devoted to the sale of religious relics and mementos of the minster and the town. It is believed also to have displayed, in those days, that singular arrangement of open arcades above the basement story, which is best seen in Chester, and is always a reminiscence of the Roman occupation. If this were so, the passage down Mer-

cery Lane must then have been a mere footway, for it is still extremely narrow. Opposite the end of it stands Christ Church gateway, a beautiful Gothic structure, which deceives at first by a look of exceeding antiquity, due to the softness of the sandstone of which it is built and the wanton devastation of its numerous niches. The comparatively recent date of its erection is recorded on the front, — 1517, — and under its deep archway we pass into the cathedral precinct.

The mighty edifice, or rather heap of edifices, which confronts us has about it something of the essential and unclassifiable grandeur of a great feature of natural scenery. We can scarcely measure with the eye its fine pinnacles, etched far above us upon the always pensive sky of England. It is of all the Christian ages; it is of all the Christian styles; but criticism is dumb before its majestic unity. Antiquaries point to the position of its principal entrance door, upon the south side, as connecting it with that pre-Augustinian church of Britain which the mythical Arthur defended in vain; to a portion of the crypt as dating from the era of Augustine's mission, that is to say, the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century; to the still imposing remains, upon its northern side, of erections by Cuthbert under Eadbald, and by Egelnoth under Canute; to the glorious central tower and transepts of Lanfranc, and the nave and chapels of William of Sens. But as a man's memory goes back inviolate through a long life crowded with vicissitudes, — through changes, it may be, of name and frame, and creed and country, — so this great monument, whose proportions the eye may barely embrace, holds fast through the ages its stupendous identity, and may be said, with scarce a figure, in the language of metaphysics, to be "aware of itself as past and future." We shall do well to stray slowly about the spacious and peaceful

close of the cathedral, and study the expression of its lineaments from every practicable point of view, for the aspect of the interior will be found less grateful to the feelings, if not less imposing.

For the first impression which you will receive on entering is unquestionably one of desolation. There is, indeed, the ineffable sublimity of the Gothic nave and aisles, for which no other work of human hands can prepare us, and with which no other can be compared, — the vastness forward and upward, the matchless association of beauteous lines innumerable; but all is stark, silent, vacant, colorless. Efforts are making, certainly, toward bringing back something like the color of health to this pale wilderness of stone by restoring the stained glass of the lofty windows, wantonly shattered by the sprightly soldiery of Cromwell. The most beautiful and renowned window of all, that in the transept of the martyrdom, is said to have been demolished by a single warrior, who went by the appropriate *sobriquet* of Blue Dick, and who shouted, as he plied his playful hammer, that he was “rattling down proud Becket’s glassy bones.” The officers of the parliamentary army stabled their horses in the cathedral nave, during the occupation of Canterbury. Here, as elsewhere, the modern windows, however elaborate and costly, are painfully inferior to such of the old ones as have escaped destruction. The restorations of twenty years ago and more are, almost without exception, crude, glaring, and ill assorted in their colors, missing entirely the depth of the ancient tints. Those of the last decade which display the subdued *nuances* of the “æsthetic” period are certainly more harmonious and pleasing pieces of color than the others, but are too often impaired by the weakness and sentimentality of their designs.

While we have been musing upon this curious record, in glass, of the fluctuations of modern fashion, there has been

a slight movement far away toward the centre of the church, and the gates in the screen of the inclosed choir have been heedfully shut and secured; a faint murmur of intonation announces to the outsider that divine service has begun, and soon a slender sound of chanting goes up among the immeasurable arches, touchingly enough. But the exclusive and invisible rite seems strangely out of keeping with the vast sublimity of the place, and it is hard to resist the comparison of the defended choir with an isolated outpost in a devastated country, once teeming with wealth, and glowing with loyalty from end to end. The figure of the verger pacing up and down like a sentry before the choir screen assists the military illusion.

It is something to be thankful for, however, that, while the service continues, silence is imposed upon the verger. He will have us at his mercy soon, for he alone can admit us to the arcana. Let us, then, while responding in silence to such broken phrases of petition and of praise as may reach us from within the choir, pause on the first landing of the broad steps by which we ascend to its level, and, leaning over the low marble wall which divides them from the north transept, survey for ourselves the scene of the martyrdom, unvexed by the dreadful volubility of its authorized showman.

There seems every reason to suppose that the stone pavement beneath us is the very one upon which Becket fell. A piece of one of the flag-stones, about six inches square, said to indicate the exact spot, was carried away to Rome as a relic ages ago, and replaced by another which we see. The altar which was erected hard by as soon as the church was reconsecrated after the crime has long since disappeared, though traces of its position may yet be discerned. The central pillar, against which the archbishop made his intrepid stand when he refused to be dragged by the murderer

from his sacred post, has been removed, and through the open door we look into the self-same cloister — sunny and peaceful now, though its exquisite arches are black with time — along which, in the brief twilight of December 29, 1170, the victim moved firmly and with full consciousness of his mortal danger to his memorable doom. He passed from the archiepiscopal palace of the day along the eastern and southern aisles of the cloister, endeavoring to infuse something of his own courage into the terrified monks who huddled around him, while the four barons, Tracy, Fitzurse, Le Bret, and Morville, hurried around the western and northern aisles, and they met in the north transept of Lanfranc's cathedral.

There is no room in this idle narrative for a serious discussion of the character or the cause of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury; and if there were, it might be as well to decline it. There is perhaps no figure in all mediæval history which has been so amply illustrated from so many different points of view. The emotions which his name excited, and still excite after seven hundred years, range all the way from the most enthusiastic religious veneration to the most acrimonious civic hostility and personal contempt. The cloistered chroniclers of his own time have told us his story with a circumstantiality and a vividness such as they seldom attain, and two of the most authoritative of living historians have devoted each a volume, within the last five years, to his career, and to elaborately correcting each other's quotations and demolishing each other's deductions from the original records which bear upon the case. The modern reader without any previous bias either way — and most modern readers aspire to be considered such — may take his choice between the regal saint of the great ecclesiastical period, the meek martyr of the ritualistic revival, the coarse monster of Froude, the unscrupulous usurper of Freeman, and the high-souled

chancellor of Ozonam. But of one thing we may all be sure: there is a reason in the nature of things for this man's ubiquitous and imperishable celebrity. Not by chance did the most powerful monarch of the twelfth century perform so abject and agonizing a penance for his own implication in the crime which was committed here; not by chance did others of the kings of the earth continue for generations afterward to bring the glory and honor of their costliest treasures to the vanished shrine in the chapel at the far eastern end of the cathedral; while the deep hollows in the flight of stone stairs that lead up to it, and in the pavement round about, attest the devotion of myriads of unnamed men. Still less is it insignificant that the name of Thomas à Becket is now, perhaps, not less than ever, a battleground for men who agree but in the one point of holding his canonization an empty form and the offerings at his shrine as the outcome of a degrading superstition. There must have been, there must still be, an intense and perhaps even yet but half-appreciated import in his entire story: the fiery and ambitious nature, the proud ecclesiastical consciousness, the resolute self-discipline and unguessed austerity, the heroic manner of his death, and his extraordinary posthumous honors.

A Bohemian nobleman of the fifteenth century, Leo von Rozinal, who wrote an account of his travels in England, has left us in a single sentence a summary of the chancellor archbishop's career, so simple and so precise that it is fit to replace the memory of tomes of controversy: —

“In eo templo occisus est Divus Thomas Cantuariensis archiepiscopus ideo quod iniquis legibus quas Rex Henricus contra Ecclesiæ Catholicæ libertatem rogabat sese constanter opposuit. Qui primum in exilium pulsus est, deinde, cum revocatus esset, in templo sub vestimentis precibus, a nefariis hominibus,

qui regi impio gratificari cupiebant, Deum et sanctos invocans, capite truncatus est."

This artless expression of the "common sense" of mankind upon the whole subject, three hundred years after the tragedy and four hundred years ago, may be found embodied in a long extract from the quaint narrative of Rozi-mal in the appendix to the late Dean Stanley's admirable Historical Memorials of Canterbury. The chapter on the murder of Becket, in the same volume, contains a remarkably graphic and complete account of the final scene and the circumstances immediately preceding it. The lamented dean's residence as canon at Canterbury gave him rare facilities for comparing the different contemporary narratives; while, in his study of the localities, he must have enjoyed — a capital point — a glorious independence of the verger. It is, naturally, not a sympathetic picture which he draws, — sympathetic with the saint, that is to say, — but it is both highly dramatic and minutely faithful. Thanks to Dean Stanley's thorough investigations, and to his picturesque and popular pen, any one may now know as much of the course of events upon that fatal Tuesday evening as it is possible to know of any day so long gone by. It is thus that we are incidentally made to see, in a light clearer and less colored than the suffusion of devout partisanship might have allowed, the unwavering constancy of the martyr, his ascendancy over his assassins and over death. It is thus that the conscientious methods and the analytic skill of the rationalizing school often serve, unintentionally, the cause of supernatural truth.

Not less valuable and agreeable shall we find Dean Stanley's assistance in recalling and grouping those scenes in the life of the Black Prince which associate him with the self-chosen spot of his burial, and helped, no doubt, to fix his preference upon it; for England's most

ideal knight, as well as her most eminent ecclesiastic, was interred inside these walls. And now, at last, the verger has claimed us for his own, and is sweeping us, along with other human material which has been collecting while we mused, through the north aisle of the choir to the desolated chapel of the Shrine and Crown. A gilded crescent, no doubt a crusading trophy, and the sole remnant of all the priceless offerings with which the place was once enriched, hangs high in the dome of the apse. On the right hand is the tomb of King Henry IV., and we trust, as we glance at it in passing, that the head which wears that crown has long lain easy now. On the left, we are suffered to pause for a moment before the monument of the hero of Cressy and Poitiers. It is in beautiful preservation, the rigid effigy, with slender hands folded and fine features, evidently a perfect likeness, quite unscathed. Even the symbolic representation of the Holy Trinity, the object of the Black Prince's peculiar devotion, painted on the wooden canopy above the tomb, is quite distinct. Round about the sides of it those most appropriate mottoes of the sleeper, *Hoch muth* and *Ich dien*, are inwoven with the ornamentation; above it hang his mouldering surcoat, with its embroidery of lions and *fleur-de-lys*, his helmet, saddle, shield, gauntlets, and scabbard. We render grace to Oliver Cromwell for the touch of national and reverent feeling which led him to forbid the desecration of this one tomb; yet we feel a slight reaction of wrath also when we reflect how much else he might have spared to us, in equal integrity, if he would. As it is, he rifled the scabbard of its illustrious sword for his own private collection.

Lastly, before being dismissed into the nave once more, we are permitted by the verger to gaze for a moment on the so-called seat of St. Augustine, a sort of huge, elementary arm-chair of gray mar-

ble, in which the primates of England have been enthroned for many generations, which is certainly of Saxon workmanship, and may have been the identical throne of the Saxon kings of Kent. Whether or no St. Augustine ever sat in it, — and it is not very likely that he did, — it leads us to his memory. It fixes our thoughts, as we bid good-by to the cathedral, on the austere and aureoled figure of that adventurous missionary, who came to recall, somewhat sternly as we can but fancy, to the memory of Englishmen the faith of which they had once heard imperfectly from Christian soldiers of the Flavian and Antonine Cæsars, — the faith for which St. Alphege and St. Thomas were to die in after years, and which Edward Plantagenet was to hold so fervently.

The memorials of St. Augustine are for the most part outside the cathedral and beyond the city walls. The noble monastery which he founded, a small portion of whose beautiful remains are now incorporated in a missionary college of the Church of England, was built upon land granted him by Ethelbert, the Saxon king, which had been a cemetery in the Roman times, and was therefore necessarily, by the law of the twelve tables, outside the circuit of the city. As we make the tour of the existing college buildings, we observe curiously how the nice taste which has everywhere adapted the new to the old has necessitated an unmixed monasticism of aspect and arrangement: in the dim and narrow cells of the students, the spacious but barren refectory, the mournful little mortuary chapel, with its altar and preparations for kneeling beside the dead. But the college buildings, though spacious, cover but a tithe of the ground once occupied by the convent. Stately fragments may be detected here and there throughout a large surrounding neighborhood, incorporated in quaint dwellings, overshadowing vulgar stable-yards, letting the sunshine in

upon brilliant flower-beds through Gothic arches, ivy-wreathed. The most impressive of all these relics of the past lies at the extreme eastern point of the ancient monastery precinct. It is an entire arch, built not merely of Roman brick, which may be descried, in great numbers, in many of the old structures hereabout, but by Roman hands, and its remarkable history is fairly well authenticated. It formed a part of what was first a Roman temple, afterwards the seat of Ethelbert's pagan worship; granted by him, after his conversion, to Augustine, and then dedicated to the boy martyr, St. Pancratius, whose name it still bears, probably, as Dean Stanley suggests, in memory of those yellow-haired lads, the *non Angli, sed angeli* of the great Gregory's compassionate pleasantry, whose presence in the Roman market-place suggested the first thought of St. Augustine's mission.

Interesting as this ruin is, however, there is a spot yet to be visited which is even more intimately associated with those figures of the remote past, — Augustine, Ethelbert, and Bertha. Emerging from the old monastery grounds, we find ourselves presently at the lychgate of the oldest Christian church in Great Britain, St. Martin's-on-the-hill. The king whom St. Augustine found in Kent was a pagan when he came, but the queen was a Christian. Bertha was a French princess, one of that long succession of royal brides and exiles from a brighter birthplace, for whose inevitable homesickness in this insular atmosphere and under these frowning skies we feel an undying sympathy. We do not know much about Queen Bertha, but the fact that her Kentish lord — a monarch of mark and might in his day — was won over to her faith after their marriage inclines us to invest her image with something of power as well as of charm. She was accompanied by a chaplain and confessor, whose name every ancient writer spells as him listeth,

and no two alike; but all agree that he was a man of exceptional holiness, and that he consecrated for her use, to St. Martin of Tours, the bowed, shapeless, ivy-smothered chapel on the slope before us, and afterwards baptized King Ethelbert within its walls. The archæologists, after long and dubious discussion of the case of this venerable little church, and much of denying and disproving, inform us, at last accounts, that we may say with a species of truth, *within its walls*. The greater part of the building must have been reconstructed, partly out of Roman materials, in a much later reign than Ethelbert's, but a fraction of the original edifice remains. Two things within the shadowy interior strike even the lightly-learned observer as pointing to such a conclusion: the font, which unwavering tradition declares to have been that of King Ethelbert's baptism, is decorated around its lower section with Runic rings, and the pavement of a portion of the chancel is of inch-square Roman tessera.

The view from the porch of St. Martin's is one of rare loveliness. Framed in the rustling foliage of the trees which overshadow the church-yard, we see below us the fair cathedral spires, towering over the red-tiled roofs of the town, and the soft and cultured hills beyond them, which enfold the valley of the Stour. We all know that some landscapes possess, independently of the grace of their contours, an indescribable amenity of *look*, a tender and appealing physiognomy, and this is such an one. It seems to hold suspended for us the emotions of countless others of our kind who have surveyed it from this spot. We cannot choose but fancy the smile which it wore to Queen Bertha when she looked upon it, after the devoutly desired consummation of her husband's baptism; that King Ethelbert may have paused upon the threshold here, seeing in the scene, as in a mirror, the reflection of his altered life; that

its wistful beauty may have wrung from the appeased and subjugated spirit of the saint himself one of those poignant cries of his, which even the secular world cannot forget, for they tremble with the passion of his stormiest years: "Too late I loved thee, O thou Beauty of Ancient Days, old and yet ever new, — too late I loved thee!"

We are presently shown a touching proof of how deeply one of the gentlest spirits of our own time felt the spell of this time-hallowed spot. The Deans of Canterbury have usually been buried in the cathedral, but the late Dean Alford desired to be laid here, and himself selected the place and the inscription for his extremely simple monument: "*Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis.*" As we linger near it we wonder for a moment why this tomb seems to have so very intimate an interest for our individual selves, who knew so little in his life-time of him who sleeps below. And immediately there start forth phrase by phrase, rhyme by rhyme, out of the mists of the past, certain stanzas with his name attached, cut from a newspaper corner three thousand miles away when the writer of this was a very child, and conned over with that powerful attraction toward what is saddest and tenderest in human experience which some children are possessed to feel: —

"The dead alone are great.
When heavenly plants abide on earth,
Their soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

"The dead alone are dear.
When they are here, strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

"The dead alone are blest.
When they are here, clouds mar their day
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when their tempest-time is done,
The light and heat of heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest."

Strange that these plaintive numbers, overlaid, and seemingly forgotten for so many years, should have been always waiting, ready to recur beside their author's dust so aptly. With them we take our leave of the spirits of St. Martin's churchyard.

Associations like those which have their centre in the historic streets and buildings of old Canterbury — and we have not named the half — widen out through all the surrounding region like ripples, and dimple with their charm a circumference of fifty miles of pleasant country. We may follow them in what direction we will, albeit the configuration of the land hereabout has greatly altered within historic times. We may go down to the Isle of Thanet, — strictly speaking, an island no longer, — and find the memory of the spot where St. Augustine probably landed preserved in the name of the now inland farm of Ebbes Fleet. We may go northward to Reculver, to the hoariest and most desolate ruin upon the coast of sea-girt England, — a pair of gray church towers, long a landmark for mariners, corroded by the sea wind, and smeared with orange-colored lichen. The waves are sapping their very foundations to-day, as they have already swallowed up two sides of the otherwise indestructible wall of the Roman fortress within whose circuit they were built, probably in the earliest Norman times. Inside the same impregnable defenses was reared the palace to which King Ethelbert retired when he ceded to Augustine his former residence in Canterbury as a site for Christ Church, now the cathedral. The foundations of the palace only remain, but in Ethelbert's day

they were a mile in shore. Or we may wander westward from Canterbury to Harbledown, the last halting-place, before their arrival, of pilgrims to the shrine, from London and the north, — a place described by Chaucer with somewhat elephantine humor : —

“Woot ye nat where ther stant a litel town
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down.”

There we shall encounter another hospital of St. Thomas, another immemorial church, the phantom of a yew-tree under which the archbishop may well have sat, and sundry household utensils of his, — or so they say ; they are antiquated enough, certainly, — all displayed for what you please by worthless, attenuated, stone-deaf beneficiaries.

Turning homeward from Harbledown, we get our best distant view of the cathedral. The hour is sunset, the breeze fresh, the quiet prospect enchanting. Everywhere about the valley the men are busy harvesting and stacking the golden wheat. The serried armies of the hop-fields carry their pale green plumes proudly aloft for yet one week longer, ere they fall a prey to the pickers. The windmills upon the heights wave their long arms cheerily. The great bell-Harry tower of the cathedral begins to speak.

“Bell'arry's gone six” is the way they express it in the Canterbury streets ; “it's time to quit.” He has a glorious voice, Bell'arry, big and deep and mellow. But the Cantuarians whose comings and goings are regulated by his stately summons seem not a whit more respectful of the passing time than if it were less magnificently measured out to them.

Harriet W. Preston.

CASTE IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

SOCIETY in America is not an entity. It is rather the reflection of the mood of the individual who is contemplating it, the incarnation of certain tastes, and has neither locality nor measurement. For some it possesses elasticity, for others immobility; all desire to enter where many have disappeared in an apotheosis of self-laudation, and when there find that their circle is not society, which is ever beyond and ever narrowing.

One lady, a leader of Boston fashion, stated that though "society" consisted of about twenty-five families, yet in the invitations to a general ball it might be safe to include from four to six hundred persons. Society, though not existing *per se*, is deified as a goddess; its decrees are passports, or edicts of social banishment and death; a knowledge of its laws is the preliminary, and obedience to them the final, requisite for admission. There is no New England, no New York, no Western society; there was Southern society, founded on inheritance of name, on ownership of land and slaves; but so long as there are annual governmental changes in the body politic, and constant reverses of private fortune, through the money markets and opportunities for Bonanza stock, and the advantages of high school in the East and of college education in the West offered free to all, there never can be a dominant force, — society. Manner conquers society sooner than wealth or education; an individual is relegated to his proper social sphere, in the minds of all spectators, as soon as he enters a room. The depth of his bow, the tones of his voice, and the breadth of his smile have averaged him. Manner, however, is constantly reinforced by mind, and the republican mind is one of growth. The absurdity of American social life is to talk of entering society; for as soon as

an American tries to bring society into focus to be interviewed, it divides itself into numerous facets of prismatic brilliancy. As a protest against any attempt to define society stands Mrs. Whitney's *We Girls*; in which some girl invites some one "next" to her, and that next some one next in turn to her, till finally the whole village is related in a community of interests.

This constant enlargement of a social sphere, or the infinite subdivisions of acquaintanceship, prevent society (granted for the moment that such an entity exists) from being a unified power for evil or good; while because there is no such thing as society in itself, but circles of individuals combining for social purposes, these circles represent the social and educational force of life in its less specialized aspects. The absence of any one social power is the safety-valve of American life; and any person who has been so unfortunate as to have lived, moved, and had his social being in only one set becomes thoroughly provincial.

The power of society as a unit reached its fullest exemplification in the days of the early French salons. The salon was to Paris what the newspapers and monthlies now are to us. Then the salon made public opinion, and literary criticism was a matter of experience and reflection. Even now the French critic imbibes the mental atmosphere of his equals, and thinks and weighs before he writes; whilst many of our critics go tired from the theatre, lecture, or concert to the newspaper office, to have put in type their fresh opinions, — perhaps slightly tinged by the headache or their somnolent condition, — which the public next morning adopt as the general way of right thinking; forgetting that a critic is but one person, after all,

(and possibly, also, not one fortunate in so-called social recognition), and that the impressions of an evening or of quick reading are less valuable than the criticisms of lengthier observation and reflection. Our critics are often only what are denominated as literary hacks; honest and true as far as in their power lies, but under the necessity of daily production, which must injure original quality and expression. Yet they exercise upon the public the formative power of the old salon, and render null any necessity for its existence. The second reason for the absence of salons lies in the non-existence of any one circle of people who, by virtue of inheritance, actual deed, or promissory note, can definitely establish and maintain their own social boundaries. American life is too busy for definition; men are too tired, women too anxious, to feel the delight of constant recreation through conversation at one another's firesides; we are all so willing to be hospitable by the blazing warmth on our own purchased or ancestral andirons that there are few who go out for others' entertainment. We are all at home—to nobody. Moreover, in a salon half the world were eager listeners, forgetful of themselves; but now we all must talk to prove our position, express ourselves to show that we have mind, or else look wise, hoping to see, by the swelling on our brows, the growth of the thought within.

American society is an anomaly which must puzzle all those who do not believe in it; who do not see that its varying centres are but eddies on the surface of the fixed conviction that one man is the equivalent of another in capacity, and that his failure to prove it by results is the consequence of circumstances beyond his individual control. It is this fixed belief which constitutes the essence of American impudence, boasting, aggressiveness, want of grace, and knock-you-down manner. It is also the source of our sturdy independence, our

valuation of character as the final estimate, our reliance upon the common sense of our enemy rather than on the glittering generalities and evasions of our friends. As soon as these social variations are perceived, we become conscious that caste rules in American life with an iron rod, tempered only by the fiery furnace of much wealth or rare intellectual ability: the lower we descend, in what is called social life, the more perceptible become its demarkations. In the working class its sway is omnipotent. A marriage between the rag-picker who carries her rags on her back and the man who rolls them in a wheelbarrow is contrary to all the rules of propriety, and ends in family feuds. The regular visitant at hotel cupboards who receives pie is farther removed from the tattered mendicant at back-doors than a member of the diplomatic corps from a native of Washington. In a certain well-known alley resided a shrewd brother and sister of twelve and fourteen, who assigned to each of the other dwellers his proper place in the social status of the by-way, through sumptuary laws of their own devising. These little magnates stayed at home, and sent their agents begging; all food so obtained was delivered into their keeping, and then portioned out, as the Educational Bureau would say, not according to "the illiteracy of each section, but according to its geographical area." Shapeless pieces of bread and cold flapjacks were for the tenants of cellars and attics; muffins and tit-bits of croquettes were for those who occupied the ground-floor and middle stories of the tenements.

Among the workingwomen is a feeling of exclusiveness most noticeable, while with workmen it is no more prominent than with professional men. "It is this spirit of caste," says a workingwoman of fifty years, "which keeps us all down. If we could nag one another it would be some gain, but we avoid one another instead. There is no union

among us, never was, except for a little while through the French International Association, which has died out. We never can raise ourselves from the bondage of ill-paid labor till we combine, and most of us would rather starve to death than associate with those beneath us." Another one complains that "the skilled workwomen pride themselves too much upon their skill to be willing to pull up the unskilled, just as in the professions a good lawyer or physician will not take a poor partner. It is social ambition, caste, that rules us; it begins with us, and goes up and up to kings and emperors. A woman with many servants despises her with one, and she with one despises the woman who does her own work, and she who does her own work looks down upon her who goes out to work, and the one who goes out to do special house-work scorns the scrub-woman, who is the end of womankind."

Many of these people feel that the higher grades of labor can be protected only by recognition of social lines, and talk of "the laziness and ignorance of the lower class of workingwomen." Even when out of employment, or perhaps engaged in some "uncongenial occupation as a temporary make-shift," they still feel keenly that they "belong elsewhere." "An honest workingwoman," said one of them, "whether of the upper or lower grades of labor, holds herself infinitely superior to the trashy, flashy sort. We may not get work, but we can go from work to poverty, from poverty to exhaustion, from exhaustion to death, but not to sin, — *those who follow that are a different class, with which we have nothing to do.*"

In a conversation with several of them, it was asked, "What is the real grievance of the workingwomen?" And the general answer was, that it was due to the spirit of caste, which prevented combination and coöperation, the two agents that could lighten the burdens of ill-paid labor; yet they had sufficient in-

telligence to see that social union among themselves must first be effected. The stern self-restraint, the power of self-sacrifice, the delicacy of taste, refinement of feeling, appreciation of knowledge, and acts of touching kindness to one another that are found among hundreds of them do not negative the statement that the social line, based on kinds of labor, is closely drawn among them.

"Kindness based upon equality!" exclaimed one woman. "No, it is kindness based on caste. It is Arlington Street and Fifth Avenue that make the North End and the Battery. Employers don't care for employees. If a firm give their girls parlors, lunch or sleeping-rooms, it is n't because they care, but because they can get more out of us if we are comfortable. Your republican government does n't do away with caste; it is the population to a square foot that makes poverty, and according to the laws of caste it is only for the poor to emigrate. Did you ever hear of a rich man emigrating to make room for others? He squats forever, and it is n't called squatting. Talk of emigration and agriculture to factory and city folks, who have neither money nor health to emigrate! We working-people don't envy you your pie or your pictures, if we can have bread. It is the deeper thing which makes us indignant: it is being called fools and simpletons by our employers, and bearing it, because we must have the one dollar. Labor is owned, and women are owned more than men, and will be until they can dare to combine and dare to refuse offers of ill-paid work, larded with harsh words and lunch privileges."

Is there rank, then, in all industrial pursuits? A tailoress declares that "nowhere are the lines of caste more strictly drawn than among tailoresses and sewing-girls. Those on "custom work" and those on "sale work" need not necessarily know each other. Here is a classification given by one who understands, works, and aids others in various

ways: "Employments of working-people are either subjective or objective: one cannot consort with another. Under the first are included (1) the stenographer, (2) the newspaper hack, (3) the type-writer, (4) those engaged in life-insurance business and in any sort of nursing. The second division embraces (1) mercantile women, (2) saleswomen, (3) tradeswomen, and (4) servants, who are Pariahs, so to speak, in the eyes of all other workingwomen." These words plainly indicate wherein lies the difficulty of obtaining good domestic service. Not only is there a certain loss of personal independence as to hours and meals, but housework ranks lowest in the scale of honest labor; ambition, upishness, or aspiration is of national growth. The proof-reader by universal testimony ranks highest in the scale of laborers, for good proof-reading requires not only an excellent elementary education, but also an intuitive mind. A copy-reader often advances to be a proof-reader, whereas a type-setter seldom or never becomes a copy-reader. The most amusing instance of drawing the line is seen in the superbly quiet manner in which the "ladies" behind the counters at large dry-goods establishments regard the "women" in thread-and-needle stores; and they in turn look down upon the "girls" employed in confectioners' shops, and the still lower kind of *omnium gatherum* stores always to be found in the neighborhoods of the poor. They all may stand upon their feet throughout the day and sell goods, but that is all they have in common, except through incidental charitableness. Again, the newspaper hack-work ranges from that of the regularly paid "lady contributor" on certain subjects, to that of the "woman" with the ready wit to puff up patent medicines and do a job in twenty minutes.

In talking with the thinking working-woman one is struck by the philosophical terms (obtained through processes

of imitation and by imbibing mental atmospheres) which spring as readily to her lips as do the words "feeling," "tone," "values," to those of writers on art. Such women analyze life, lay down propositions, premises, and reason from them. Very often their foundation is weak. One of them, whose analysis of the mental requisites for different kinds of labor was very keen, observed, "There are sensuous and supersensuous classes. The supersensuous care less about the technique of their work, and fail in execution, but they are capable of improvement if lofty motives are appealed to, and are ever ready to encourage the stumblers; they long to be all they feel, and their lives are full of strivings and failures. The sensuous could be represented by the Irish girls, who don't know, and don't know that they don't know; they are honest and virtuous, but their tastes are on a low plane."

The workingwomen are struggling against the identical limitations within themselves which philanthropists and believers in social coöperation and those of notable good-will in churches have always felt. These women recognize the power of mutual aid; they acknowledge that employers are not individual tyrants, and that their only chance for a freer, happier life lies not in strikes, but in combinations backed by a public sentiment in favor of equal wages for men and women. Then, the more intelligent daily see the hopelessness of any such attempt at union, on account of the intensity of the caste feeling among them; the enjoyments and occupations of each class are distinct, the latter being the cause of the former.

One more generalization can be given, made by one who is doing all she can to elevate the character of her fellow-workers: "Caste is a nuisance to those who want to get into what you call society, and it is our curse. There is among us (1) the sensuous class, those who

dance ; (2) the domestic class, who stay by themselves and get their own meals, or live with their parents in rooms, who work all day and sew all night, and go to church on Sunday, or remain at home without gadding about ; (3) then the God-forsaken class, who stay honestly in their attics and die by inches, who are not skilled workwomen by birth, and who never can be, any more than all can be artists, but they can do slop-work and starve to death (why don't the skilled pity the unskilled, and look only to the slow process of better born generations to do away with the amount of unskilled labor ?) ; and (4) there are the servants," and she shrugged her shoulders, as if mention of them were needless.

This desire for combination, as the means of a general elevation, obtains among the more thoughtful portion of the women. It does not follow that because these women do not know much they therefore think little. Life experience has made them rich in thought, and the socialistic and free-thinking papers urge them on to clearer definition of their needs, often in a wrong direction. Many of them have attempted the formation of clubs and societies of their own, which have almost always failed, if for no other reason than because they have so little surplus time and strength for anything which is not daily bread. When entertainments have been provided for them, the very fact that they were for them included a stigma. Friendly and social evenings have also been established for them here and there, but only when any suspicion of kindness even has been omitted have they been successful. This unwillingness of the more intelligent and lady-like to associate with the less intelligent renders it still more difficult for others to form any classes for their instruction or make social attempts for their enjoyment. The spirit of caste dominates them far more than people in society.

Some will not come, fearing patronage of the rich ; others from dread of being ignored by those of a higher grade, who yet work for self-support. The Irish feel this incubus of caste far less than the Americans. Difference in station is an Old World fact with which the Irish and their ancestors have long been familiar. Their church frowns on any combination for intellectual purposes which might disintegrate their religious faith, and the sodalities themselves supply avenues for social intercourse, with the added benefit of spiritual instruction.

Among the Western women who are farmers, caste is founded on the aristocracy of energy : she who makes the best butter, "raises" the finest eggs, "steps round smartest," and cooks the biggest dinner for the largest number of farm hands is the leader. At the harvest festivals and the county fairs, the wives of the poor and of the rich farmer meet on the same social plane ; the one assuming and the other acknowledging the superiority born of deftness and strength. The hired girl is a neighbor's daughter, who will soon marry, have a farm, and be just the same as the woman for whom she is now working ; so there is no snubbing her. Whoever is the best cook and the earliest riser will have the means for a better dress, and in all meetings will be the equal of her stalwart husband, in his coarse, ready-made suit ; while the weak, inefficient woman stays at home, has no new dresses, and misses the stimulus of the Grange meetings and agricultural shows. Poor woman ! Children have multiplied, and the farm income has not kept pace with their growth. Yet she is the socially recognized equal of her better-to-do neighbor in all but energy. Caste is founded in the far West on its primal, lawful ground of ability, whether physical or mental.

With the colored women there is much dissatisfaction in regard to obtaining employment. They do not ask, they say, to go to the white folks' par-

ties, clubs, lectures, or houses, — all these they have among themselves; but they complain bitterly, and with justice, that when their daughters graduate from the high and normal schools, with ability equal to that of the white girls, they can find no honorable occupation open to them. Their daughters can neither teach in our schools, nor can they enter first-class establishments as cutters or saleswomen. Even if the employer personally is willing, he excludes them on account of his customers, or of those at service in his store.

In other circles the demarkations of caste are felt more than they are seen, but the test of consciousness is more absolute than that of sight. It is after all a personal feeling, far more indefinable since the position of woman has so widely changed. She is no longer merely the housekeeper, obedient wife, or needle-and-thread mother. Almost all have some interest outside their home. Once only Quaker women spoke in church. Now all churches recognize that the power of deposition from the pulpit, or of elevation to it, rests with the women; they really rule the church. The prayer-meeting itself is an avenue to public life. "Women have no business outside of their home," said a countryman. But his wife went to a prayer-meeting, and a neighbor reported that "she had made a feeling, eloquent prayer." The husband slightly winced. She went to a temperance gathering, and spoke fervently and piously, and the men talked of Farmer B.'s wife; and Farmer B. "smartened up," got his wife a hired girl, and declared that "his wife warn't one of the show-off kind, but that she begun low down in a prayer-meeting, and worked her way up."

As this ability to manage outside affairs increases, women will have too little time to be patient with the limitations of caste, for they must choose their working comrades from those who possess personal power, though not station.

Already has the "committee life" of women done much to break down society's barriers. "Oh, yes, I took the initiative," said a fashionable woman, "and invited her first. I knew her on the Board of —; never heard of her before; but she knows how, and has style too, — is a lady." The society leader recognized the only two words that really open wide all doors, *knowledge* and *ladyhood*. Manner, *savoir faire*, is imperative; no slur is worse than the indifferent utterance, "Oh, she is no lady," or, "He is not a gentleman." Saints are charitable toward outward failings, but busy and gay people alike demand the passport of manner, whose little pleasantnesses are no more than the exchangeable silver coin of society. If no exchange, then no sociability.

Since women have acquired such complex duties or relations, the varieties of society within a city's limits are queer. The superabundance of women perhaps has necessitated the frequent reading of a poem or essay as an introduction to the later supper. The washerwoman has her "bricabrac coterie." The wife of a small store-keeper invites you to pass a pleasant, social evening at her residence, and ghastly poems are recited, and original songs on crumpled paper drawn from waistcoat pockets are sung. The wholesale merchant takes the retail trader to dinner at a hotel, not to his club nor to his house. At a reception of "choice friends," loose, disjointed kid gloves encase long, lank fingers, which give a lingering pressure on introduction, as a deep voice asks, "Where do you belong?" or, "What are you doing for society or the world?" or, "Have you a calling?" and if one could be sure that annual revenues would never fail one would like to exclaim, "I do nothing, am nobody, and aspire to nothing! I live on my estate." A widower says, "Since my wife's death, I am endeavoring to maintain her social reunions. Will you come and read?" and you go,

— and find the pictures near the ceiling. The height at which pictures are hung establishes, in the eyes of the social connoisseur, the society standing of their possessor. Money can buy color and frames, inherited taste alone can hang them; all other signs may fail, but the height of a picture will ever be the true indicator of one's social position. Intellectual entertainment is no test of one's social standing; the lowest and the highest are eager to offer this *pièce de résistance*. It takes the place of supper, or whets the appetite for something substantial, and is as often the bane as the delight of an evening. People are no longer supposed to possess enough intelligence to talk for two hours at their own sweet will, but the topic must be assigned by the paper, essay, *brochure*. Even coffee-parties are intellectualized; a kettle-drum, a ball, or a huge reception, remains as the only entertainment incapable of mental improvement. When every one can offer original mental food, who shall lead? The coterie in the side street is as large as that on the fashionable avenue. Within the course of a few days, a lady went to four lunches, two kettle-drums, and two evening receptions, and did not meet the same person twice. The larger the city, the more conspicuous is this variety of circles. Where is society? At each door there were carriages, and each house was well appointed. Some would fold their napkins; others would throw them crumpled on the table. Some would have wine, others water. In one house it was *en règle* to remove your bonnet; in another, to wear it. Here "gents" were invited; there, "some of our best society." In one the men carried opera hats, and wore white cravats, and bowed deeply; in another, frock coats and flat scarfs, and shook hands. All and each averred they knew how, and all and each secretly feared they did n't.

The outcome of all this variety is that while there is caste there is no rul-

ing force. The most exquisite kindness and the freshest *bonmots* are met with among people forever unknown to fame. Clever talk and story-telling are often most graphic among those who read little. Literary satire, analysis, and epigrammatic wit abound among the more cultured; and a quiet sympathy, restful manner, and keen, general intelligence, with a thorough knowledge of one's own specialty (where there is such), among the most cultured. Just at present it often requires moral courage to invite a friend to a family dinner, or to ask an acquaintance to meet an undistinguished guest, to hear an unauthorized voice; a social evening is burdened with a purpose, belittling sociability and rendering impossible the grace and freedom of the French salon. To many, a celebrity has a mercantile value, as increasing the number of those who will come to them; the more noted the celebrity, the more are they "in society." Only let it be remembered, the grocer's wife, who lives over her husband's store, also issues invitations to meet some one who has written something, or is going to do it; and guests of as much real intelligence will be met with in the retail merchant's house as in that of the wholesale jobber.

The timidity and ever-obtruding self-consciousness of our people prevent us from constantly asking the same persons; we are afraid lest they fancy we like them. A sympathetic spirit in the host and real devotion to intelligent culture are the only means by which American society can approach the merits of the old salon. Subordination of one's self, interest in others' gifts, and willingness to speak of one's own if asked, will conquer caste and render society delightful. A friend's friends are generally the persons who consent neither to be amused, nor to amuse others, but they exist in every circle. Introductions are like courses at dinner: we have hardly found of what one is composed before another dish or stranger is presented.

There will always be worthy unknown people whom one ought to know in *all* ranks of American life. The clerk, on eight hundred a year, wonders that you have not read his brother's article in the last magazine; the concocter of hair-oil in an obscure village supposes every one has heard of her contribution to society's physical welfare; you take tea in a little room, and eat pickles, cheese, and bread with a lady and gentleman well known for their devotion to humanity (you never heard of them before, but that is your ignorance); you are invited to a reception for the president of — (you were unaware of such an association); you have pamphlets of real excellence sent you (the authors bore all the expenses of publication, so little were they appreciated); you meet with the wife of a representative to the General Court (you had never heard of her husband); cards come on uncanny paper asking you to meet an artist or musician who exhibits his pictures or sings in some unknown hall or church vestry; you meet with a noble author, and can hardly recall his books, or a great scientist or genius, and your questions resemble those of a French grammar. And so it goes! But all this *is* society, and it is all fine and true, though with foibles that amuse, and little awkwardnesses that grate, and stiffness that chills. Every one is of importance in his own circle; how important will be shown by his universality. Some English ladies, in luncheon with one of the best families, said that was the first house they had seen where manners were so simple that they dared to ask if they might see the range and the kitchen *ménage*. We are more shy than cold, and more self-conscious and self-depreciatory than shy; we honestly do not think any one can care to know us, or that we can give, in our own personality, any pleasure.

Whence is it that, with caste in every direction, the best society, as such, does

not exist? It is owing to our wretched self-consciousness, ambitions, and want of calm self-respect that caste exists, and it is the real excellence, the glory, of American life that there is no such an unit as society; whilst both the evil and the excellence are inherent in republicanism and our gratuitous public-school education. Theoretically, all children are educated in the public schools; practically, business interests demand mutual assistance. Universal suffrage gives the same right to the clodhopper, author, or merchant. Any one may be where some one else is, for force of will and long-headedness conquer. This is what our Declaration of Independence stands for. Are our children to repeat, "All men are born free and equal," and then to covet social superiority? The only position that has ever been acknowledged cheerfully by the American people has been the small circle of first-class historians, poets, and scientists. Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, Agassiz, Bryant, Longfellow, were — Longfellow and Lowell still are — leaders of intellectual, social life, because each unites an exquisite kindliness and active sympathy for others' needs with his own attainments. There is also political society, of all degrees of honesty and grace; but towards even the purest statesmen there are varying degrees of personal animosity, kindled by difference of opinion, which leave him a doubtful social empire. Certain families have always stood for certain ideas, and extended hospitality towards those of the same faith. Money, position, or literary success is generally supposed to unbar the gates of caste; but money does not do it for those of the first generation, though their children may be accepted. Position is of variable tenure, and small literary success is cheap. Force of character is worth a dozen magazine articles, and if the small number of our best intellectual men had been anything less than manly, simple, and true in their

nature, American aggressiveness would never have honored them as social leaders. Character, not intellectual force, is what republicans worship; but discontented aspirants are parasites on society, which adores literary mediocrity.

Common sense can never grant that only a few know what society means, though willing to confess that a few alone understand the laws of conventionality. Republican common sense cares to adapt the means to the end, and if it can have a jolly time in its own parlors, if it can think and read and write papers and dance and sing, it is not going to be told that it is not — society. Each one is worth the whole of himself; it was thus with his ancestors, and will be so with his descendants; every true democrat will create a little world around himself by virtue of his own being, whilst the old aristocrat will appeal to inheritance and land. When our presidents are often the unknown third man, brought from comparative obscurity to retire again into mellowed light; when presidents' wives cannot

banish wine from the tables nor frizzles from the brows of the women, are Americans to talk of the power of society? The power of tact, of sympathy, of native force, of real intelligence, not of idle appreciation, is the only power that American individualism will ever consent to honor. Our high schools and the minimum examinations in colleges will make it more and more possible for cultured circles to exist on small incomes; a love for scholarship, enjoyment of great works, and perception of the opportunities that the simplest forms of nature offer for original research, even to the child botanist, will make literary life less a sham, power and money less a god, until good manners and simplicity of thought and life are as universal possessions in our republic as they are in our theories. Caste in its unkindest or most exclusive forms will gradually disappear in the reality of our living, though it may always remain as an undefined aroma from unknown distances. But society, — where is it? Everywhere.

Kate Gannett Wells.

PYRRHUS' RING.

I MARVEL much about this wondrous ring:
 Plain gold the circlet, set with agate stone,
 On which were graved, by Nature's craft alone,
 Pierian streams and trees, Apollo king,
 And all the Muses as in act to sing.
 Not only was each lovely presence known
 By form, and robe, and mien, but one would own
 The lyre was there, nor wanting any string!

'T was lost, with other precious things of old, —
 A long time lost, till some poor husbandman
 Upcast it, gleaming, from a fallow mould,
 And to a sordid lapidary sold.
 I know not all the chance and change it ran;
 At last, a poet was its sacristan!

Edith M. Thomas.

EAST OF THE JORDAN, AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

THE topography and archæology of "the Holy Land" are to Christians the most interesting in the world, and the names of the men who have written on them, from the times of the Talmudists, and Josephus, Abulfeda, and Edrisi, to our own, present such an array of genius that it is no small praise to Mr. Merrill to say that his book¹ merits a prominent place in the literature of the subject. It is indeed a matter for congratulation that, as American missionaries have taken the lead in practically reforming the East, Americans like Robinson have also been among the first to solve the problems of scriptural geography. There are now two societies, one English and one American, devoted to exploring Palestine, the former working in the east, which is comparatively well known and easily accessible, while our own is busy with the west, our author having labored for the latter. It has been asserted that this latter division is the least important and least interesting, and if Mr. Merrill had achieved nothing more than refuting this error, as he has most successfully, his work would still be of great value. Those who are not familiar with the works of De Vogué, Wetzstein, Guillaume, and others who have written on this region are generally under the impression that it is a mere desert, with a few decaying *tell* or mounds marking the site of ancient towers; when, on the contrary, it abounds with the magnificent remains of what were scores of splendid cities, their circuses, baths, temples, palaces, and triumphal arches being often only half ruined, and presenting perfect studies of architecture from the mysterious primeval Cyclopean, through Phæ-

nician, Greek, Græco-Roman, and Romanesque, to the Saracenic. Following W. H. Waddington, Mr. Merrill observes in this region the manner in which Græco-Syrian architects, with new social or religious needs, employed with grand logic the elements of the Græco-Roman orders, and developed from them the first stage of the Transition. Yet this region has been very rarely visited. Like Arles, "the best of it lies buried 'neath the ground," and immense archæological treasures await the excavator. There are the ruins of threescore great cities in the Hauran group, all of them covering, "as monkish writing covers older text," the remains of the very ancient cities of Bashan. "It is impossible to say how many layers of civilization may exist beneath any one of these towns."

We regret that our limits will not allow our giving the grounds, topographical and philological, on which Mr. Merrill identifies many of the sites of the Bible. In many cases he convinces, but in as many more this "identification" depends so much on fancied and forced resemblance to modern vulgar Arab words, and is conjectured through such an array of Talmudic, Arabic, and Greek substitutions of vowels and "daring guess-work," as would hardly hold good in law; so that we are tempted to write of it, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la science.*" There is certainly much brilliant imagination displayed in proving that many places are the same as those mentioned in the Bible. "Here would I locate," "here it is supposed," and "many think" are great authorities in this work,—as, indeed, with most on Palestine. This is, however, the only an Introduction by PROF. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

¹ *East of the Jordan: A Record of Travel and Observation in the Countries of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, during the years 1875-1877.* By SELAH MERRILL. With Illustrations and a Map. With

manner in which Mr. Merrill displays much imagination. He is usually very dry and straightforward, so much given to the business in hand that once he would not copy a Nabathæan inscription which came in his way, because at the time he was looking for Greek; reminding us of the colored man who threw the perch back into the river because he was "arter catties, an' only follered one perfession at a time."

Although Mr. Merrill knows the Arabs well, he astonishes us by remarking that he wonders, when an Arab says his prayers, "if he knows *anything* of God;" from which we should infer either that he is ignorant that the Muslim religion is a pure theism, or else that, like many good folk, he holds that an atheist means "anybody who differs from us in any way as to religion." There is also a little inconsistency in pointing out that "a man can be a good Moslem while nursing angry passions in his heart," and anon convincing us that these heathen are on the whole far honest than the correspondingly poor in Europe or America. He is not a quick observer of such Oriental ways as would explain the Bible, and he communicates the most worn-out, infant-school information as to the Arabs with an innocence which is amusing. Yet he now and then gives us some good points: as, for instance, when a Jew explains that the general dirtiness of his race in Palestine, both as to their faces, hands, houses, and streets, is owing to the fact that government "will do nothing for them." We are also obliged to him for a list of the names of Arab girls: for example, Misses Fascinating Fly, Sociable Slider, Safe Chatterer, Victorious Camel Driver, Benevolent Old Shoe, Pink Thick Lip, Enough, Diamond Molasses Maker, and Blessed Butter Maker.

It is remarkable that Mr. Merrill, like Captain Warren, seems to be igno-

rant that excavated objects which crumble and vanish on being touched can always be preserved by simply sprinkling them with a solution of gelatine or glue, which in its turn it is easy to make from bones, parchment, etc. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the author, in regretting that this Western Holy Land is so little explored, gives unconsciously good reason for it, by telling us that most Europeans or Americans who attempt it soon die. It is indeed one of the most unhealthy countries in the world, and as destructive with its heat as the Arctic regions are with cold.

There are men who when mad try, like Hamlet, to conceal it by shamming madness, and there are others who when they feel that strong drink is daunting them play the drunkard, and like them there are frivolous authors who affect a light, fantastic tone in a manner meant to convey the impression that, airy as they seem, they are in reality like the diplomatist who was described by the Persian prince as being "one deep lake, always serene at bottom, though he may be rumpled up-stairs with playful waves." Yet such men may be clever in their way, and Signore de Amicis, though an advanced type of the species, certainly produces books which are at times rather interesting, and occasionally moderately amusing. Heine appears to have been his model, — that is to say, Heine in the French version, and in his weaker parts, — and he gives us, if not the wine of the great German Jew, at least his froth, which is to children the best part of champagne. Perhaps the first test of a mere book of travel is the degree to which it excites a desire to visit the country described; the next being the number of passages in it which impress themselves on the memory. Judged by both standards, Spain and the Spaniards¹ is a little better than most works of the

¹ *Spain and the Spaniards.* By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Italian by WILHELM VOL. XLVIII. — NO. 290. 53

MINA W. CADY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

kind, although the first is often due to glittering exaggeration, and the second to eccentric trifles. Thus, he weeps beyond reason. His eyes fill with tears on seeing the handwriting of Columbus. In Seville, "when sitting by one of the noblest creatures whom he has ever known," the looking at the stars and talking of the Infinite cause him, when the "noblest creature" takes his hand, to exclaim, "*It is true!*" while a flood of scalding tears filled his eyes, and he began to cry like a child. *What* it was that was true does not at all appear, but that is of no consequence; the "enthusiasm" was there, "all the same." In the next paragraph Signore de Amicis tells us that a picture of St. Anthony had such an effect on him that he was as weary as if he had seen a great gallery, and was seized with a tremor which lasted as long as he remained in the room. In Granada, in the court-yard, he trembles like a leaf, while two tears are running down his cheeks. This he swears, "on the heads of his readers." And after far too many other instances of the too, too utterly ineffable emotional character of his heart he weeps while departing, and in the last line of his book, to think that he shall never see Spain again. It is true that he seems to doubt at times whether this record of such a very rainy season of sentiment will be believed, since, after telling us that when he beheld a masterpiece by Murillo he grasped by the arm one Señor Gonzalo Segoria y Ardizona, — nothing less, — "one of the most illustrious young men in Seville," and uttered a cry, he expresses a wish that this gentleman was beside him to testify with his signature to this fact. But if he is an Italian Job Trotter at weeping, he can also be at times a French Sam Weller in cheerfulness; for, fortunately, he is as easily moved to smiles as tears. Thus, he bursts out laughing when he first sees Cadiz, even as the negro of olden time is said to have guf-

fawed at the sight of Niagara. When a dealer in dagger-knives shows him his wares, he is so appalled at the "horrible, barbarous-looking weapons" that "he steps backwards every time that one is opened;" and as the merchant exhibited twenty it would seem that the Signore de Amicis must have receded and advanced altogether about one hundred and twenty feet, before he finally bought "the most enormous navaja in the shop." A traveler who weeps, faints, runs back, and laughs hysterically, like Signore de Amicis; who at one time drinks soberly a bottle of Val de Peñas, but who scarcely swallows his first glass of sherry "before a spark runs through his veins, and his head is heated as if full of sulphur," is generally susceptible to beauty; and it may be thought an inducement to the wicked to peruse his works when we declare that there are in Spain and the Spaniards many passages which would indicate intense erotomania, were they not all closely imitated from Heine or the Heinites. In the would-be burning address to the long-departed Arab beauty, Itamad, in his chapter on Seville, and in the sudden transition to an unexpected wetting, we have combined the most unmistakable touches of the *Reisebilder*. The reader will even suspect that the Italian knows his Mark Twain, when he fancies the hair of a poor traveler "standing on end from fright" when in Portugal a dinner bill is brought to him for eight hundred reis. There are, however, times when the author's *naïveté* is purely unaffected, as, for instance, when he declares that in a mock bull-fight among a few school-boys "seas of blood" were shed. Yet withal he is always in such sympathy with his subjects that he gives many racy touches, not without real value. There is no other work on Spain which depicts so vividly the influence of politics on the Spanish people. "Even the stranger becomes affected by it. The passions are so strong, the

struggle is so fierce, and the future welfare and life of the nation are so evidently at stake in this struggle that it is impossible for any one with Latin blood in his veins to remain indifferent." Wherever he went he was cautioned as to his conversation. "Be careful! That man is a republican." "Hush! Your neighbor is a Carlist," and so on. The sketch given in the chapter on Burgos of the thirty political parties in Spain, absolutists, moderates, conservatives, and radicals, is admirable. "If you wish to be accurate you can subdivide these parties again, but it is better to get a clear idea of things as they are." Our American politicians who believe the Spaniards are an effete race may learn from De Amicis that they manage "the machine" with a skill which might excite the envy and admiration of the most practiced "boss" in our republic, and have, as a finishing stroke of art, so contrived to interest the entire Spanish population in their factions that among their thirty parties there is not one which aims at overthrowing the professional politicians themselves. As the traveler in Egypt always makes his chapter on the dancing girls the *grande pièce de résistance* of his banquet, so the Spanish tourist by "old custom" reserves his great display for the bull-fight, and it is no small credit to Signore de Amicis that his description of this great national disgrace is equal to any extant. "When the *espoda* kills the bull at the first blow, then follow from the audience the words of a lover, wild with delight, and the gestures of madmen: 'Come here, angel! God bless you!' They throw kisses, call him, and stretch out their hands as if to embrace him. What a profusion of epithets, *bonmots*, and proverbs! How much life!" It is worth observing how the writer, in his sympathetic

sketches of such follies, unconsciously reveals the real causes of Spanish national debility. There occur occasionally in his book some good bits, or touches, as when he describes a priest with his school-boys, or tells us of a fellow traveler who was ever earnest in pointing out and describing the scenery, and in crying out, "'Look!' hitting me on the side where my pocket-book was," and who eventually picked the traveler's pocket. We also recognize the faithful reporter in him when he, sworn at by angry Spaniards, instantly writes down their oaths in his note-book. It is giving Signore de Amicis far more than his due to speak of him as unrivaled, for he is inferior in most respects to Inglis, George Borrow, the author of the *Black Country of Spain*, and a dozen others; neither does he excel, as a dozen reviewers have declared, in wit, brilliancy, poetry, strength, and grace; but he may assuredly be commended as a lively sentimentalist, generally shallow, although occasionally shrewd, whom we often laugh with, but who is more frequently the cause in himself of our laughter.

Major Serpa Pinto¹ seems to have been raised up, in a generation which had lost all faith in Portuguese energy, to show that the spirit of Vasco de Gama has not departed from his race. And when we remember that his great predecessor, and possible ancestor, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, was labeled, and indeed a little libeled, by Shakespeare as a typical traveling liar, it is with pleasure that we find his follower much less prone to overflowing and coloring than most Southern Europeans. It is indeed appalling to think what we might have been called on to read had a De Amicis passed through unknown countries, peopled, *inter alia*, with princesses seeking the love of every white

¹ *How I Crossed Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.* By MAJOR SERPA PINTO. Translated from the author's manuscript by AL-

FRED ELWES. In two volumes containing fifteen Maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1881.

traveler, and among such marvels as the major met. In this book the conscious or unconscious foibles and frailties of the author are so charmingly mingled with instances of courage and prompt and wise action in startling emergencies that, before perusing many pages, the reader will perceive that the major himself is the most entertaining object in the book. That he, like Benvenuto Cellini, frequently tells the truth as if he were romancing is due partly to his indulging to a great extent in the weakness of the Cenci family as set forth by Shelley, or "the trick of self-examination," and tenderly confiding the results to the reader, and partly to his translator, Mr. Elwes, whose reckless English casts a veil of vulgarity over a probably fair original. Thus we are told that a negro "went off his head," meaning that he became insane; that "a lot more carriers were got together;" while (page 55) "I had to" does duty for "I should have." Neither is it commendable that through the book the natives are spoken of as "niggers." What the explorer practically effected was, however, by no means trifling. Skilled in scientific observation, his discoveries of the affluents of the Zambesi, and of the topography, geology, and resources of Inner Africa, as described by him, are hardly inferior in value to those of any of his predecessors in African travel. He passed through untraveled lands, "and met with men to man ne'er known before," and describes them well. The strangest of the latter are the Muccassaquere, a race of *white* Hottentots, hideous beyond belief, like caricatured Mongolians, and evidently lower even than the Fuegians of South America in the scale of humanity. "In some respects they would seem to be even below the wild denizens of the jungle; for the lion and tiger have at least a den [query, dens?] in which they seek shelter, while the Muccassaquere have neither." It is gratifying to ob-

serve that Major Pinto is bitterly opposed to the slave-trade, and was always ready, like a true knight, to set lance in rest with fiery zeal, and attack the leaders of slave-gangs, *vi et armis*, and free their captives; albeit, like Don Quixote with his galley-slaves, he is sometimes at a loss to know how to dispose of them. Indeed, on one occasion he found the liberated exactly like the boy Andreas when rescued by the Don,—better satisfied with matters as they went before the war, and anxious to return to the oppressor. He shows as clearly as Thomson has done in the Central African Lakes that as the slave-trade diminishes the blacks rise in civilization, but he believes that slavery will last while polygamy shall endure. His work is full of wild adventure, but, as every reader of African travels, from the days of Park and Clapperton to the present time, will anticipate, it is principally occupied with the miseries and difficulties attendant on settling down, and the manner in which the savages rob the traveler, or drive him away; so that on the whole his experiences form a pretty evenly balanced record of camping, scampering, and decamping, happy if scampering be not the parting pace. The author is frequently amusing, chiefly so when least aware of it, and very much so when he contemplates and describes his own virtues. It is indeed to be desired that something could be done to prevent African explorers from giving us so much in detail the saintly manner in which they resisted the temptations of black or tan beauty. It was all very well for Mr. Thomson to tell us how he left a beautiful young Arab girl to the very extreme of misery among savages, unheeding her tears to be rescued, lest people might talk about him. He was playing good boy for the Geographical Society; and Major Pinto appears to have been under a knightly vow of virtue. But unfortunately there are in this world many who are not bound to

be good, either to geographical societies or to Mrs. Pintos, and it is to be apprehended that if these Confessions of Pure Souls — *flores d'alma* — are to be continued, Africa will be over-traveled by the wicked long before the elephant shall have disappeared from that very zoölogical continent. From what we have said it will be apparent that this record of crossing Africa combines the agreeable with the useful to a degree which will render it interesting to the most varied tastes; it only remains to be added that the work is excellently printed, mapped, and illustrated. In two respects the title-page or the translator does the book great injustice, since it contains not only fifteen maps, but also forty-six ethnological illustrations.

It is a most inauspicious omen for the accuracy of a book when its author begins with a quotation which he tells us is from Goethe, "if his memory serves him aright;" nor is it a very promising proof of style when the reader is informed that it has always been his aim to write only of the less frequented countries, "whether or not they offered the most romantic opportunities for picturesque description." And when we find within the limits of the first three paragraphs of the book before us¹ not only these expressions, but such others as "prior wanderings," "now would I take," "perforce be niggard," and "bo-real travel," we naturally enough anticipate one of the many invalid works in which debility of thought is varied only by chills of pedantry or fevers of fine writing. The reading world knows by sad experience that to treat of countries little known is no proof of excellence in a book. Even in the Middle Ages it was proclaimed that the gosling which flew over the Rhine returned as a goose, and that the jackass pilgrim to Jerusalem came back a donkey. And when a writer speaks of the happy "Cockney

hunting-ground of Scandinavia" as if it were *remotis terris*, far in realms unknown, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Vincent must indeed believe that his work will be read only by the humble folk to whom a trip to Europe is still a marvel. As the learned Lightfoot made himself so much at home in ancient Jerusalem that he forgot the way about his own farm, so Mr. Vincent has been so long astray in Central Asia and far Cathay that he has lost the course of modern geography, and does not know that Scandinavia and Egypt have been annexed to *la grande route*, and that there is no longer a *terra incognita*. It is true that he mentions traveling twelve hundred miles by a route seldom attempted, but his brief description of it rivals the country in barrenness. Yet in this discouraging beginning we have nearly all the defects of the book. It is here as with the fore-court to Tieck's fairy-land, — "what is repulsive is what first we see;" and one might think, after getting well under way in the current of the work, that Mr. Vincent had followed Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker in endeavoring to make his beginning as unattractive as possible, in order to test the faith of the reader in the writer. From the first chapter he gives a plain, straightforward, and accurate account of all that he sees, and he sees clearly all that is practical and sensible. Indeed, we firmly believe that he speaks from his heart when he tells us that he has withstood the temptation of giving a dramatic, not to say an unnaturally theatrical tinge to his experiences," but we may be permitted a doubt as to the existence of the temptation. *Casta est quam nemo rogavit*. He is the antithesis of a De Amicis, but as such is the more welcome to those who prefer rational writing to *delirium scribens*. His observations are, however, often shrewd, and if he rarely contemplates man or

¹ *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn; or, Travel-Tracings from the far North of Europe.* By FRANK VIN-

CENT, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

nature from a really romantic or poetic point, he at least sees them as they are. He is but a second-hand painter, yet he photographs with little blur, and often sketches with tact and vigor. Mines, libraries, museums, roads, reindeer, Lapps, the food and resources of the country, and its industries are all set forth briefly but accurately; nay, he often inadvertently describes with skill beautiful scenery and romantic ruins, showing thereby the extreme to which mere habit may carry a consistent writer, and how truth may be rewarded. But when Mr. Vincent becomes conscious that he has strayed into simile or metaphor he is at once bewildered, as when, describing the Folgefond, he declares that "a most beautiful sight was the enormous field of ermine, which lay extended before my entranced eyes; but no, I will not call it ermine, for this specimen of nature's dazzling integrity was never stained." It is creditable to Mr. Vincent's own specimens of dazzling integrity in other places that they also are never stained with such confusion. He is never humorous, although the coolness with which he tells us that if a Cape Cod man had been present at the creation he would probably have suggested some important improvements in the working of the universe, and the naïve manner in which one or two other old jokes are passed as original, is certainly amusing. Many minor observations are of value, as when he says that the enormous jelly-fish near Hammerfest swim beside and after steamboats in search of food thrown overboard. "But since they have no cerebrum it is difficult to believe they have so much intuition as this act would seem to imply; that is, supposing it is possible for instinct to exist without brains, a theory which has not yet been proven." Whether "proven" or not, the fact as given is of value to the believers in the theory that the ganglions are all half brains, and that man thinks all over.

It may in fairness be also remarked that the work improves with every page, until the instances of needlessly perverted words and uselessly inverted sentences become so rare as to entertain rather than annoy; even as a traveler, vexed and impeded with sprawling king-crabs on a New Jersey beach, regards them with growing interest as they disappear. In fine, Norsk, Lapp, and Finn may be cordially commended as a very good book and an excellent traveling companion, full of valuable hints to all who intend to undertake "boreal travel."

There are four classes of men who print accounts of their travels. First, we have the makers of "tours" and "trips," and "views" and "vacations abroad," who write to be known as having traveled and as "authors." To this great primary division belong young lords fresh from the university, who, before going into "the House," hang up their votive tablets of transmarine adventure in the Temple of Fame in the form of Rambles in the Rocky Mountains, and ladies who never dream that there is anything worth knowing which is not in their guide-book. Then we have the regular professional traveler, who, like the "chanter" or talking man in a show, gets his living by exhibiting the great panorama of the world. He is invariably "a bit of a Barnum," has existed in all ages, and was provocative among the Greeks of several excellent proverbs which discredit all truth in all tourists. Above these we have the perigrinations of great poets, scholars, or diplomatists; and finally the scientific traveler, who, with an object in view, from which death itself must not daunt him, pushes on bravely to the end. It may be a question with the cultured as to which of the last two write the most readable books, but with the world a Humboldt is higher as a traveler than a Goethe, and the immense popularity in England of Stanley proves that, on the whole, feeling inclines to adventure

allied to solid service. It is high praise, therefore, to say of Joseph Thomson, the writer of the book before us,¹ that no one at his age — for he was only twenty when he enlisted with Keith Johnston — ever won his spurs more nobly in the field of African travel and of strictly scientific research. As the conduct of certain members of the Geographical Society of London towards Stanley was most ungenerous, and as it was hoped by some that the very expedition of which this book treats would be the means of discrediting Stanley, it is all the more creditable to Mr. Johnston that, far from sharing such feelings towards the daring American discoverer, he always manifests for him a sincere admiration. That his own work was well done is shown by the public declaration of Sir Rutherford Alcock, "I do not know that there has ever been a more successful exploration in Central Africa, or one more complete in all its parts;" while the president of the Geographical Section of the British Association of 1880 also described it as "one of the most successful and brilliant on record."

It is true that the last part of his work was to correct or verify what had already been discovered and described by Burton, Livingstone, Stanley, and Cameron, but this correction was of itself of the greatest importance. What was done, and what the book most admirably sets forth in a vigorous and manly but never gushing style, amounts to this: that an immense area of country about and between Lake Tanganyika and the sea was traversed for the first time; the explorer being the first to reach Lake Nyassa from the north, to journey between Nyassa and Tanganyika, and to pass for sixty miles down the new-born, but already dying, mysterious river Lukuga. Mr. Thomson was

¹ *To the Central African Lakes and Back: The Narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's East Central African Expedition, 1878-1880.* By JOSEPH THOMSON, F. R. G. S. With a short

also the first who ever burst into that silent sea, Lake Leopold. His merit appears from the fact that he was at first only a subordinate in the expedition, and that when its commander, Keith Johnston, one of the most skilled of geographers and able leaders, died, at the outset, young Thomson might with propriety have returned, as it was "strictly" his duty to do. That he, under appalling disadvantages, a mere boy, could make up his mind at once to go on was wonderful. He tells us simply that it was the first time in his life he had seen any one die, and that he felt himself alone in the great responsibility of leading what appeared to be a very forlorn hope. He was ill with fever, but "with my foot on the threshold of the unknown, I felt I must go forward, whatever might be my destiny. Was I not the countryman of Bruce, Park, Clapperton, Grant, Livingstone, and Cameron? Though the mantle of Mr. Johnston's knowledge could not descend upon me, yet, Elijah-like, he left behind him his enthusiasm for geographical research, and I resolved to carry out his designs as far as lay in my power." So he achieved what he had resolved to do, suffering terribly at times from illness, or from mutinous men and rascally native chiefs, but always displaying in his dealings a moderation and gentleness which could hardly have been expected in any but a Quaker. It is very creditable to the young captain that he managed his resources with the utmost wisdom, so as to get full value to the last out of every pound expended, and took such care of his men that he brought back, in good condition, to Zanzibar all but one of the one hundred and fifty men with whom he set out. Mr. Thomson congratulates himself that he never was obliged, like Stanley, to kill any natives; but those who read, in chapter biographical notice of the late Mr. Keith Johnston. Portraits and a Map. In two volumes. Second edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; The Riverside Press. 1881.

three of the second volume, of the insults and robbery which he meekly endured from the Wama, and what he bore from his own servants, will admit that his patience is of that kind which passes praise, and which is probably not to be found in any American. Perhaps the outcry which had been raised in England against Stanley for defending himself bravely when in extremes had something to do with this excessive humility; but, though Mr. Johnston's blood did not boil, that of the reader must, in realizing what he suffered. Meekness was the chief virtue of the first explorer, Moses, and as meekness was exactly what the Geographical Society desired of Mr. Thomson, it is not for us to find fault.

The reader will also be pleased to observe that, notwithstanding his trials by native insolence, he firmly believes in the "improvability" of the blacks, and it cannot be denied that he adduces many striking facts to prove his faith. The most remarkable ethnographical observations in the book are those which show that as the rivers and the very soil

of inland Africa change miraculously in short spaces of time, so whole nations in a single generation change their characteristics from good to bad, and *vice versa*. Tribes which were in Burton's time, or less than thirty years ago, fiendish in savageness and rapacity, are now mild and generous, owing to the cessation of the slave-trade; while, otherwise, one which was among the cowardly, has, during the same time, owing to a mere assumption of the dress of a warlike people, become ferocious conquerors. The hill-folk, unlike those of Europe, are the most timid and degraded, for they have been driven up from the fertile plains into starvation and misery.

We have nothing but praise for the style and tone of the book, though the somewhat naively English use of certain words, as when the writer speaks of nasty hills and nasty rivers, is amusing. Perhaps the highest praise which we can give the work is that it has tempted two thorough perusals. The typographical execution and style of the book, with its two portraits of Johnston and Thomson, are admirable.

Charles G. Leland.

BUDDHA AND EARLY BUDDHISM.

WITHIN two years, or since the appearance of Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, the world of London was amused to learn that an eminent native Hindu Buddhist had come among them to examine the field with a view to making English converts. Had he encountered Mr. Arthur Lillie he might have found a convert ready made, and been encouraged by learning that among the pessimists and Schopenhauerites there are many who say that they approve

of Buddhism, or admit, as the cautious gentleman did of Niagara, that they have heard it very highly spoken of.

Buddha and Early Buddhism is not a mere exposition and recapitulation of the doctrines of Buddha. Its object, the author tells us in his preface, is to prove that gnostic Buddhism preceded agnostic or atheistic Buddhism. This may be the nominal name of the book, but the reader, before he has finished it, discovers that the real end of Mr. Lillie's studies is to establish as indisputable the fact that Buddha is the only true reformer who has ever existed, and

¹ *Buddha and Early Buddhism.* By ARTHUR LILLIE (late Regiment of Lucknow). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

that the influence of his teachings was the inspiration of Confucius, Zoroaster, Christ, and all the prophets and sages who have lived in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America since the time of the Hindu saint. This is a subject upon which it is comparatively easy for the advocate of Buddhistic perfection to argue. We may not be willing to accept his arguments, but at the same time, as Pantagruel said about the suggestion that the Swiss were formerly chitterlings, we would not take our oath to the contrary. Mr. Lillie says his conclusions are the result of nine years' study, and that his labors were begun with an unbiased mind. They may have been so begun, but they were not long continued with the same impartiality. Mr. Lillie is unmistakably a partisan. Many Europeans who approach the study of Buddhism look upon it as a *Haupterscheinung*, or chief primal development; forgetting that it is really only a reformation of Brahmanism, and in point of importance holds the same relations to it as the Protestant Reformation does to Roman Catholicism. We do not of course speak here to those who regard the church simply as a penny pot in which the splendid flower of the Reformation grew. This is the mistake the author of *Buddha and Early Buddhism* has made. It is true he declares that the contest between Brahmanism and Buddhism was one between the Rishis, or prophets, and the priests. But once he has said this he quickly loses himself in mystical speculations, astronomical myths, and Indian symbolism. In analyzing the trine of Brahmins and Buddhists, and the connection of the legendary Buddha as the solar hero with the zodiacal signs, he has neglected the question at issue, and has failed to consider it by the only method which could throw light upon the disputed point. To understand the principles of Buddhism in its beginning, and the belief of its founder as to God and a future life, we

must first comprehend the nature of the religion from which it sprang, and the reasons which made a reformation possible. If there is one fact in regard to Brahmanism more clearly certain than any other, it is its easy adaptability in point of worship and doctrine. The ease with which the Hindu of to-day makes for himself new demons is only equaled by the readiness with which his early ancestors created new gods. In the sacred books of India we can follow each step in the growth of religion. We see the first crude efforts to explain the Unknown by giving to each element a god to rule it, gradually developing into metaphysical subtleties. No sooner had philosophers assigned a supreme cause to life and nature than they were driven to seek for a cause of this cause. In trying to grasp the Infinite they arrived at many conclusions, and before the time of Buddha there were numerous schools of philosophy, both gnostic and agnostic, but all were considered equally orthodox. The one dogma upon which orthodoxy depended was that which recognized the Brahmins, or priests, as sole possessors of religious truth and undivided masters of the spiritual welfare of the people. It was no matter what a man believed awaited him in the next world so long as he held that his eternal salvation — whatever it might be — could be obtained only through the power of the Brahman. This was the doctrine which it was heresy to question. The object of Buddhism was to destroy the priesthood. According to its teachings, man, without the aid of priest or ritual, could effect his own salvation by following the path of righteousness, and this at once separated irrevocably the reformer from the orthodox. Other speculations would have been passed over in silence. The tendency of Hindu metaphysics was to pronounce activity and existence the highest evils. Non-existence was the goal all longed to reach. Buddhism, pur-

suings the same train of thought, with only this difference, that man was supposed to attain his end unaided, evolved the idea of Nirvāna. It was the logical sequence of Brahmanism. The mission which Buddha undertook was to save man from sorrow and trouble by teaching him to rise superior to the delusion of existence by quenching all desires. A man, to be perfect, must reach a stage of indifference where he can forego every speculation as to the Unseen. He must be an Agnostic in the purest sense of the word, for he must neither deny, nor yet believe in, the existence of God, a future, or a soul. If he ask himself, What was I in the past, what am I now, what will I be in the future? if he declare that he has a self, or that he is conscious of the non-self, or that he has a soul which will live forever, he is still walking in delusion, — “the jungle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet-show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion.”¹ Until he has thrown off every earthly fetter, and until sensations and ideas in him have ceased to be, he is unworthy of Nirvāna. This condition, in which he neither knows, thinks, nor feels, is indeed Nirvāna itself. It is clear that in such a conception there is no place for affirmation or denial, for it is only their absence which constitutes supreme knowledge and insures man’s eternal salvation.

Mr. Lillie appears to have profited by the essay on Buddhism recently published in a work on Nepāl by Mr. Oldfield. There is this difference, however, that the schools which Mr. Oldfield classes as materialistic, Mr. Lillie loosely describes as “agnostic.” He in fact throws together under this term all schools which are not strictly theistic, or, as he calls them, “gnostic.” Mr. Lillie, in studying the Gnosticism and Agnosticism of Buddha, is like the sky in

the nursery problem, which goes around the house and around the house, but can never get in it. He considers symbols, modern ritual, and superstitions, and accepts the separate statements of individuals, but never seriously studies the stupendous philosophy which underlies the whole system, and which is the very *ne plus ultra* of the logic which grapples with the *Nichtsein*. He is not fortunate in the facts he has selected as proofs of his theory. The prayers and *credos* which he quotes can be as readily explained as homage rendered to the teacher of divine and saving knowledge as to a God in our sense of the word. The priests of Ceylon may have told a Dutch governor they believed in a Supreme Being, but this by no means proves that such a belief is a doctrine of Buddhism. Nor do the facts which he has collected as to the belief in spirits and demons affect the argument. One might as well study the teachings of Christ by examining mediæval witchcraft and diabolism. Buddha’s Parable of an Atheist, which he quotes, instead of proving his point shows very effectually how entirely he has misunderstood Buddhistic philosophy. Mr. Lillie touches upon many interesting topics in the history of the influence of Buddhism upon the Eastern and Western world. There is certainly a strange similarity between the symbolism and rites of Buddhism and those of Gnostics, Therapeutes, and Western mystics. There is yet a wonderful mystery as to the connection between Buddhism and Christian church forms, *pace* Cardinal Newman, whose work has by no means settled the question. The discovery of America by Buddhist missionaries in the fifth century has already been accepted by many scholars as an established fact. In all this Mr. Lillie repeats the arguments of others, and leaves his subjects very much as he found them. Altogether we would say that his book, though interesting, fails to accomplish its main object. The author

¹ See Rhys Davids’ Translation of the *Sabbā-sava Lutta*.

has read Buddhistic literature very thoroughly, and has brought together a number of peculiarly important facts; but he has not known how to make use of them, and has distended many in order

to adapt them to his purpose. Buddha and Early Buddhism, while it has attractions for the general reader, offers little that is original or of value to the student of Eastern religions and philosophy.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW DEPARTURE.

INCLINATION to forsake the field of assured success, and seek distinction in untried paths, has shown itself a controlling impulse in many an artistic mind. Examples are most frequent, probably, amongst actors, whose eagerness to shine in unexpected situations, and to demonstrate merits apart from those by which they have achieved prominence, is a common characteristic. For reasons sufficiently obvious, these efforts of theatrical aspiration are seldom satisfactory; nor would they be likely to win applause, even if based upon sound judgment and sustained by positive ability. The actor, as a rule, must be content with fame in a single branch of his vocation, unless he is prepared to undertake a fresh career in regions where his person and his precedents are unknown. In other arts ambition is subject to no such restraints. If the power of versatility exists, it is fairly sure of recognition. A Doré may desert the narrower channel of his early fortune, and enlarge his fame in proportion to the breadth of his spreading canvas. Rossini, with a reputation founded upon dozens of dazzling comic operas, could not rest, in his old age, until he had produced a solemn mass which might stand beside the grave works of more majestic composers. Scott, after securing eminence enough to content his modest nature through the exercise of one gift, built himself secretly a

higher renown by means of another. Bulwer's less brilliant light shone with a still greater variety of rays. The "deed" may not in all cases be equal to the "attempt," but the evidences of determined endeavor to establish this sort of manifold claim upon public attention and regard have always been abundant, and will be as long as the imagination of men can be turned to creative account.

The publication of Mark Twain's new story, *The Prince and the Pauper*,¹ supplies a rather striking instance in point, — or, at least, supplies material for illustration of the tendency of writers whose position is fixed and prosperous to give their faculties a new and unexpected range, and strive for a totally different order of production from any previously accomplished. It would be impertinent to pronounce too confidently upon the author's motive, but what he has done is, in one particular, plain to every comprehension. He has written a book which no reader, not even a critical expert, would think of attributing to him, if his name were withheld from the title-page. There is nothing in its purpose, its method, or its style of treatment that corresponds with any of the numerous works by the same hand. It is no doubt possible to find certain terms of phraseology, here and there, which belong to Mark Twain, and characteristically convey his peculiar ideas;

¹ *The Prince and the Pauper: A Tale for Young People of all Ages.* By MARK TWAIN.

[From advance sheets.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

but these are few, and would pass unnoticed as means of identification, although we recognize their familiarity readily enough, when we are already aware from whom they come. It is also possible to recall episodic passages in his earlier volumes — quaint legends and antique fantasies — which seem to be animated by a spirit similar to that of the present tale; but these, again, would have suggested nothing as to the origin of *The Prince and the Pauper*, if it had appeared anonymously. So far as Mark Twain is concerned, the story is an entirely new departure; so much so as to make it appear inappropriate to reckon it among that writer's works. It is indisputably by Clemens; it does not seem to be by Twain, — certainly not by the Twain we have known for a dozen or more years as the boisterous and rollicking humorist, whose chief function has been to diffuse hilarity throughout English-reading communities, and make himself synonymous with mirth in its most demonstrative forms. Humor, in quite sufficient proportion, this tale does assuredly contain; but it is a humor growing freely and spontaneously out of the situations represented, — a sympathetic element, which appeals sometimes shrewdly, sometimes sweetly, to the senses, and is never intrusive or unduly prominent; sometimes, indeed, a humor so tender and subdued as to surprise those who are under its spell with doubts whether smiles or tears shall be summoned to express the passing emotion.

The book is not only a novelty of Mark Twain's handiwork; it is in some respects a novelty in romance. It is not easy to place it in any distinct classification. It lacks the essential features of a novel, and while principally about children, is by no means a tale exclusively for children, although the young may have their full share in the enjoyment of it. The subject is so absolutely simple that to know it be-

forehand deprives the reader of none of the pleasure he has a right to expect. There is no pretense of a formal plot, and all the charm is owing to the sincerity, the delicacy, and the true feeling with which the story is told. Two little boys (one a bright figure in history, the other a gem of fiction; the former King Edward the Sixth of England, the latter a pauper vagrant) accidentally exchange stations at the age of about twelve years, and each remains for several days in his strangely altered condition. A strong resemblance between the two, coöperating with accidents of time and place, makes it possible for the substitution to remain undetected. The sharply contrasting adventures of the pair constitute the whole tale. The incident of the exchange is the sole point that would seem to be hazardous for the narrator; but whether the skill is conscious or not, whether that particular passage gets its truthfulness from the author's own sense of its validity, or is carefully elaborated with a view to the reader's beguilement, it certainly presents no difficulty as it stands. The rest follows naturally and ingenuously. There is no strain upon credulity, for the characters come and go, live and breathe, suffer and rejoice, in an atmosphere of perfect reality, and with a vivid identity rarely to be found in fictions set in mediæval days. The same life-like verisimilitude that is manifest in many pages of Scott, and throughout Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, glows in every chapter of this briefer chronicle of a real prince's fancied griefs and perils. To preserve an illusion so consistently, it would seem that the author's own faith in the beings of his creation must have been firm, from beginning to end of their recorded career. Unless the teller of a story believes it all himself, for the time, he can hardly impress such conviction as he does in this case upon the mind of the reader.

However skillful in invention a writer

may be, it is certain that his work loses nothing of effect from a studious harmonization with the period in which it is placed. In *The Prince and the Pauper* this requirement has been scrupulously observed. The details are not made obtrusive, and the "local color" is never laid on with excess; but the spirit of the age preceding that of Elizabeth is maintained with just the proper degree of art to avoid the appearance of artfulness. Critical examination shows that no inconsiderable labor has been given to the preservation of this air of authenticity; but the idea that the results of research are inflicted with malice aforethought is the last that would occur to any reader. On the other hand, if irrelevant phrases may be once or twice detected, their employment is obviously intentional, — the indulgence of some passing whim, the incongruity of which, it is taken for granted, will be excused for the sake of its fun. Such might easily be spared, no doubt, though they do no serious harm. It is in every way satisfactory to observe that the material accessories are brought into view with an accuracy which coherently supports the veracity of the narrative. Dresses, scenery, architecture, manners and customs, suffer no deviation from historical propriety. It would be a pity if our trust in the existence of the little pair of heroes, or of the well-proportioned figures that accompany them, were to be shaken by short-comings in these respects. But there is no danger. The big-hearted protector of guileless childhood is as palpable to our senses as to the grateful touch of the prince's accolade. The one soft spot in the hard old monarch's nature reveals itself to our apprehension as clearly as to the privileged eyes of the courtiers at Westminster. The burly ruffian of the gutters, the patient, sore-afflicted mother, the gracious damsels of pure estate and breeding, the motley vagabonds of the highway, the crafty and disciplined

councilors of the realm, the mad ascetic, and the varied throng of participants in the busy scenes portrayed, — all these take to themselves the shape and substance of genuine humanity, and stamp themselves on our perceptions as creatures too vital and real to be credited to fable land. We go beyond the author's cautious proposition in the prefatory lines, that the story "*could* have happened:" we are sure that it ought to have happened, and we willingly believe it did happen.

It will be interesting to watch for the popular estimate of this fascinating book. Of the judgment of qualified criticism there can be little question. That it will be accorded a rank far above any of the author's previous productions is a matter of course. It has qualities of excellence which he has so long held in reserve that their revelation now will naturally cause surprise. Undoubtedly, the plan upon which most of his works have been framed called for neither symmetry, nor synthetic development, nor any of the finer devices of composition. Generally speaking, they served their purpose, without the least reference to the manner in which they were thrown together. They stood, and stand, at the head of all the genuine successes of modern comic writing; but, notwithstanding the frequent flashes of power that give them vigor, the felicities of characterization that brighten them, the pathos that chastens them, and no one can say how many other manifestations of cleverness, they remain the most heterogeneous accumulations of ill-assorted material that ever defied the laws of literature, and kept the public contentedly captive for half a score of years. Now the same public is called upon to welcome its old favorite in a new guise, — as the author of a tale ingenious in conception, pure and humane in purpose, artistic in method, and, with barely a flaw, refined in execution.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been trying to aid some friends who are delighting themselves with making a collection of old pewter, and I must confess that, after having laughed a good deal at first at such an unromantic fancy as this, I have become much interested in the old platters and bowls myself. I have been taught to recognize the dignity of the time-worn color and shape of old English and colonial ware, and to be disdainful of modern Britannia metal. It is a humbler sort of china craze, but its interest lies, with me, in its bringing the collector into contact with a different phase of life among New England country people. It carries one back, not to the sanctity of the parlor china-closet and the ceremony attendant upon having company, but to the homely every-day living; to the time of wide open fire-places and kitchen dressers, where the pewter plates shone like silver in bright array upon the shelves; to the time when one great platter in the middle of the farmer's dinner-table held the various ingredients of a boiled dish, or the pork and beans, unflanked by side dishes, except potatoes, and unfollowed by dessert. In the early New England days wooden ware was in far more common use than would be supposed, and a handsome set of pewter was an enviable possession. As for china, any amount of that betokened unusual prosperity. There was very little money in the farming districts of New England for many years, and numerous persons live in vastly more comfortable fashion now on the same land which gave their ancestors a bare living fifty years ago. We can have no idea what a serious thing it was in the last century, or early in this present one, to undertake any new expense; for instance, sending a boy to college. To raise an extra two or three hundred a year

meant that the men and women both should drudge early and late, and deny themselves most cruelly. Any one who looks closely at the signs that are left us of the pewter-plateage in Massachusetts will find much that is interesting, and he may discover in the fields the nameless graves of many a hero and heroine, unmarked except by a rough lichened stone gathered from the abundant harvest of the soil. The building of so many mills and the rapid growth of the manufacturing villages have afforded better markets; and beside the money that the young people have earned and brought home, the income of the farms has been made larger year by year, and the farm-houses and the way of living in them have steadily grown more comfortable.

The pewter was not all melted into bullets wherewith to fight our foes, but it is fast disappearing in other ways, and my friends' collection may come to be in time most precious. They can tell some amusing stories, as all collectors can, about their securing the chief prizes. The beer-mug, with its clanking cover and many dents and the portraits of William and Mary on its side, came from a charmingly quaint house near the sea; and they like to remember the droll gossip with which a shrewd and merry old woman entertained them one showery afternoon, when they were weather-bound in her house, at last hunting out from the upper-shelf rubbish of her store closet the dearest of their many ancient bowls. She told them how her elbows used to ache in the days when her grandmother (who was a splendid housekeeper, and who brought her up) used to have the pewter scoured. They had to be very careful not to scratch it; and indeed there seems to be a general feeling of relief that the ware has gone

out of fashion, it was so hard to keep it looking as it ought. At any rate, the proper care of pewter is a lost art, I fear; the great platters were one by one gathered to their rest by the tin-peddlers when pewter was high in the war-time, and the little plates have been melted on the stoves by careless cooks.

The peddlers are the men to buy it from: it was not long ago that I found a treasure in this way for my friends, — part of an old communion service which had been used for a great many years in a country church. I suppose that parish rose in the world to the dignity of using plated silver, and this was sold after a while for a few cents a pound, and was thrown among old metal in the store-house of a tin-shop, whence it was brought to me. Old pewter seems to belong only to kitchens and ale-houses, and to the practical side of life; it was strange to see it fashioned into such a shape as this, and put to such a use. It seemed like sacrilege; there was something most pathetic about the dingy, worn old leaden cups to me, and I could not help remembering to what sorrowful lips they had been held for comfort, and what a part they had taken in stories that will never be written or told, — in tragedies of despair and fear, of doubt and pain. They seemed to me, as they had to so many before me, a visible link with the mystical and immortal. I handled them reverently, for a certain awe and sacredness still clung to them; their plainness and poverty thrilled me through and through.

— Mr. Gay, in his lucid article on When did the Pilgrim Fathers Land at Plymouth? seems to have overlooked a fact of some importance. The New England Society of New York eats its annual dinner on the 22d of December, following the date fixed upon by the Old Colony Club of Plymouth in 1769. The question is this: How came the Old Colony Club to make the mistake — if it be a mistake — of celebrat-

ing on the 22d instead of the 21st? Mr. Gay seems to imply that "the antiquary of the Old Colony Club" must have been "a careless reader," who was misled by the use of a comma instead of a semicolon, in the narrative of Mourt's Relation. I should not like to say that the gentleman referred to was *not* a careless reader, although antiquaries are not generally such. Even if he never had an existence outside of Mr. Gay's fancy, it is hardly fair to reflect on so venerable a shade when a better and more ingenious reason than carelessness or dullness can be given for his choice of dates. Mr. Gay writes thus: "Judge Davis's suggestion was that the mistake was made by adding eleven days instead of ten to December 11th, Old Style, to make it conform to New Style. But as the Gregorian calendar had been only a few years before adopted by England, it seems incredible that the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America could have made such a blunder. Such men could hardly have failed to understand why the Gregorian calendar was adopted, and that to change Old Style into New, ten days only should be added to the day of the month in the seventeenth century." Nevertheless, Judge Davis's suggestion was in all probability the correct one. When the bill for the reform of the calendar was introduced into Parliament in 1751, Lord Macclesfield said, "The same day which, in each month, is with us the first is called the twelfth day of the month throughout almost all the other parts of Europe; and, in like manner, through all the other days of the month we are just *eleven* days behind them." This error of eleven days in the Julian calendar was rectified by the enactment that the year should henceforth commence on the first day of January, and that the day after the 2d of September, 1752, should be called the 14th, — *not* the

13th. What, then, is less incredible, and was more likely, than that "the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America" should follow the fashion, not of Paris, by taking off ten days, but of London, by taking off eleven? And if this was a blunder, our friend the antiquary could sue for grace with a lighter conscience than ourselves.

— As different orders of the classic column are distinguished by the peculiar ornament, so we may, if we please, distinguish the architecture of "lofty verse" by the kind and amount of verbal decoration which it carries, as well as by the intrinsic idea and purely musical quality. He would, perhaps, be taking too low a ground of criticism who would claim that poetry is to be differentiated by its adjectives; and yet there would be some justice in his theory, since, above every other class of words, it is the adjective which gives color to the language, whether spoken or written. It might be demonstrated, in this line, that the epic, lyric, and didactic schools have each a distinctive palette, and even that the various prosodic forms have their chosen and recurring adjectives, syllabically assorted. As a rule, the heroic measure looks out for commodious adjectives of one or two syllables; letting alone, if discreet, those of three, which have to be pronounced either with undue stress upon the final syllable, or slightly as regards the penult. On the other hand, every experimenter with dactylic or anapestic forms knows how pat and trippingly these same trisyllables come to the rescue. Take, for example, this line from Mr. Swinburne's melodious hexameters:—

"From the bountiful, infinite west, from the happy, memorial places."

We might instance the adjectives of Homer, but what would be the use, when we know, beforehand, that the sea is "many-sounding," that the best worthy of Troy will be depicted as "crest-

waving," and that every Greek will be "curl-haired" and "well-greaved," Hera "white-armed," and Pallas "blue-eyed" (or "*gray-eyed*," if the intellectual cast please you better)? Let us, instead, sample the adjectives of Milton, and in doing so taste a reminiscence of Dante. Here, in the sly language of Moth, we seem to have come to a "great feast of languages," wherefrom we may profitably "steal the scraps." Nowhere else may one imbibe so much of the "sciential sap" of classic learning and nomenclature: innumerable proper adjectives, and adjectives of geographical description; rich words, that, standing alone, are both poetry and painting. Such are, "Etrurian shades," "Iberian fields," "Serbonian bogs," "Sabeian odors," "Atlantean shoulders," "Memnonian palace," "rich Cathaian coast," "the Black-moor Sea," "the starred Ethiop queen," and others equally opulent, from this gold-coining mint of epic verse. Many an impecunious and untraveled muse has been enriched by this free-circulating currency, if the truth were told.

We would also take note of a singular class of adjectives continually recurring in the poetry of Shelley. These may be termed adjectives of negation or privation, and suggest having been transplanted from the Greek. The following phrases will serve as specimens: "*unascended* majesty," "*uncommunicating* dead," "*untransmitted* torch of hope," "*unpavilioned* sky." Add to this class such cumbrous polysyllables as "intertranspicuous," "circumfluous," "semivital," "superincumbent," "amphisbænic," etc. Here is a single passage from Prometheus Unbound which well illustrates the adjective repertory of the poet of the "white ideal":—

"Run, wayward, . . .
Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes
With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,
And up the green ravine, across the vale,
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
Wherever lies, on unerasing waves,
The image of a temple."

Note the curious dislocation of accent in the word *crystalline*; with few exceptions this is the pronunciation followed by Shelley.

In the poetic work of Matthew Arnold are many instances of musically-leagued adjectives, two, three, or four in number, preceding the noun, and lending a sort of procrastinating majesty to the verse. In *The Strayed Reveler* we find such combinations as these: "the warm, grassy, Asopus bank;" "the broad, clay-laden, lone Chorasmanian stream;" the

"Flowing-robed, the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus," —

this, with the sublime adagio movement of inrolling waves: —

"They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship,
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands."

— A friend of mine who has just returned from a long residence in the East is much disturbed by the slovenly manner of speaking which he observes to be prevalent among American children of the refined class. His two little girls have been brought up in a colony where their playmates were mostly English, while his son, a boy of ten or twelve, has spent the last six years in America. The relative advantages, so far as the language was concerned, have been nearly the same, yet the contrast between the boy's speech and that of his sisters is remarkable, not only in pronunciation, but also in facility of expression. The girls, who, it should be remarked, are but seven and nine years respectively, pronounce with a clear-cut precision and form their sentences upon a model of incisive brevity refreshing to hear. The boy's language flounders. His phrases are turbid and incomplete, and his words are often docked past recognition, or drawled to an absurd length, besides being enunciated with that nasal twang which, by the way,

has oddly enough been called "speaking through the nose," whereas it is caused by obstructing certain sounds in their passage through that organ.

Viewed in the light of the above illustration, the comparison of English-spoken English with American-spoken English is unfavorable to the latter. Leaving out of the question that small and highly cultivated class of Americans who are thought by some to speak better English than the best which England affords, this seems in general to be a true statement of the case. The average colloquial American English is undoubtedly open to criticism on the score of careless articulation, not to speak of the nasal accent, which may possibly find more or less excuse in an instinctive attempt to guard against our great national catarrh by contracting certain muscles. I am reminded in this regard of an acquaintance who used to be accused of "speaking like a book," because he neither mouthed nor curtailed his words.

— Recent unfortunate occasion has obliged me to look about among that order of people which furnishes — or fails to furnish — our servants, and the only advantage that I have thus far gained by it consists in an improved acquaintance with the proper signification of the term *lady*.

For the greater part of this I am indebted to a certain melancholy, molasses-candy-colored mulatto girl, of a scrofulous habit and an exalted notion of her social value, who favored us for a very short time by becoming a member of our household. "Some people," she took pains to remark, "thinks that folks that works ain't ladies, but they is. My sisters works, but they're all ladies."

A distinguished washer-lady of our neighborhood also illuminated the question by excusing her absence on a Monday with the explanation that she and another lady had been cleaning house for a woman who was about to travel in Europe with her family.

This reversal of definitions doubtless occurs in accordance with the spirit which asserts humanity's right to climb, but it indicates, under the circumstances, that the ideas which bring about such a result are very much underdone. My respected washer-woman and my benevolent cook and my condescending in-door man have reached that half-baked condition of republican development which claims privileges without having taken the intermediate steps. In the mean time these slack-baked notions give rise to endless inconveniences, which make us long for Chinese, Hindus, Nihilists, — persons of any sort, who, pending their attainment of the lecture platform or the presidential chair, are contented to assume that station in life to which their intrinsic worth entitles them.

— In the library of the Literary Institution of Bath, England (as we are told by Dr. Dibdin), there is an unpublished work, in two quarto volumes, MS., written by John Sherwen, M. D., entitled *Vindictio Shakespeariana*, in which the author has retrieved and cleverly explained several words in the original text of Shakespeare, by his accurate knowledge of the dialects of the Northern and Border counties. It is much to be regretted that this work has not been published. A glance through almost any of the plays will convince the reader that the poet had not only an extensive familiarity with, but a partiality for, words in provincial use in these counties; and his strikingly correct descriptions of locality and scenery in *Macbeth* have been adduced as proof that at some period of his early life he had visited Scotland. Be that as it may, such words as the following, — *greet* (to cry or weep), *sag* (to hang down), *shive* (a slice), *sliver* (noun, a small branch, and verb, to tear off), *neb* (the beak), *brock* (a badger), *biggen* (a night-cap), *pick* (to pitch or throw), *scale* (to spread, as manure), *side* (adjective, wide,

loose), *clean* (adverb, entirely), *leather-coats* (apples), *clap* (to pat or tap), *chare* (a job of work), *flapjack* (a pan-cake), — and many others, are terms “familiar in the mouth as household words” in the North of England. Mr. Brockett's Glossary has done some service in explaining Northern provincialisms, but it is very imperfect; and the labors of the recently-established English Dialect Society cannot but have a happy effect in shedding light on many a Shakespearean expression that has hitherto been deemed obscure or unintelligible. Take, as an example, the “scamels” with which Caliban seeks to tempt the appetite of his new “King” Stephano. These scamels have for one hundred and fifty years proved an indigestible morsel to the editors, puzzled as they have been to decide whether they were “fish, flesh, or good red herring,” and some of them preferring to have *stanniels*, *sea-malls*, or even *shamois* kids served up instead. Now, however, it has been discovered that the “scamel” is simply the provincial name in Norfolk of a “gamey” bird of the godwit species, the flavor of which was undoubtedly familiar enough to the connoisseurs of the London restaurants of the poet's day.

It occasionally happens that a word has a special or provincial signification, in addition to its ordinary one; and obscurity arises from the author using it sometimes in one sense, sometimes in the other. Such a word is the common adverb *soon*. In such passages as the following, — “Soon at five o'clock I'll meet with you,” *Com. of Err.*, I. ii. 26; “Soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo,” *Mer. of Ven.*, II. iii. 5; “Come to me soon at after supper,” *Rich.* III., IV. iii. 31; “You shall bear the burden soon at night,” *Rom. and Jul.*, II. v. 78; “We'll have a posset for 't soon at night,” *Merry Wives*, I. iv. 8, and a dozen more, it is evident from the context that “soon” cannot have its common meaning of “in a short time.”

Take the first instance above: the time we know exactly to be eleven o'clock, because Antipholus bids his servant go to the inn,

"The Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this hour it will be dinner time."

He then invites his friend, the First Merchant, to dinner:—

"What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?"

To which the Merchant replies:—

"I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. *Soon at five o'clock,*
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time."

Now, bearing in mind that noon is the universal dinner-hour in Shakespeare, *six hours* must intervene ere they meet again, which could hardly be called "soon." An examination of the other passages will present the same inconsistency; and yet I believe no editor or commentator has ever given any acceptable explanation of it. Even so exact annotators as the Clarkes only say that "soon"—about or towards; and Dr. Schmidt says that "soon at night"—this very night, which, to say the least, is very unsatisfactory. The fact is that "soon" in these passages is a pure provincialism, and corresponds exactly with the New England expression "at early candle-light," and the Latin "*ad primam vesperam*," for which our term "night-fall" is a good synonym. If a collation of these passages had failed to show the correct meaning of "soon," Mr. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, tells us that in the West of England the word still signifies "evening;" and if this were not sufficient, we have the authority of a book written by Gil, a contemporary of Shakespeare, a head master of St. Paul's School, that the use of "soon" as an adverb, in the familiar sense of "betimes," "by and by," or "quickly," had, when he wrote, been eclipsed with most men by an acceptance restricted to "night-fall."

Another provincial stumbling-block occurs in Coriolanus (V. v. 34), where Aufidius says of his great rival,—

"I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; *help to reap the fame which
he did end all his.*"

Various changes have been proposed and made in the last clause; the most common being to read *ear* instead of "end," and to transpose this word and "reap." But the old text is perfectly correct. To "end" a crop succeeds reaping it, and means to gather it into garners, to house it, or stack it up in ricks. "A well-ended rick of hay" and "well-ended stacks of wheat" are among the commonest harvest technicalities in not only Northern but other English counties. It is the *consummation* of harvest; and Aufidius metaphorically says that after he had reaped the crop of war and victory, Coriolanus had taken the advantage of it to himself by gathering all the glory into his own garners.

This will also serve to explain a passage in L'Allegro, where the poet, referring to Puck,—

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end."

The last word has, no doubt, puzzled many a reader, though it is perfectly intelligible to any "Northern farmer."

The word "fettle" is another pure Northern provincialism, meaning to *get ready, prepare, dress one's self*. Many a time have I been told by my father "to *fettle* myself and go to school," "to *fettle up* for church," etc. It is used both as an active and a neuter verb; and Shakespeare has given it its exact signification in Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 154:—

"But *fettle* your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church."

The very singular word "pheeze"

occurs twice in Shakespeare, and has bothered the commentators exceedingly to find its correct meaning; some explaining it = to beat, others = to drive. In the North of England they have an old word pronounced *phaze*, meaning generally *to make an impression upon, to arouse, stir up*. It is commonly used in such expressions as "I called the man a fool, but it never *phazed* him," "I hit the door with all my might, but could n't *phaze* it." This word has sometimes seemed to me to come very near fitting the situation in Shakespeare. In Tam. of Shr., Ind., i. 1, Sly says to the hostess, "I'll *pheeze* you, in faith," that is, I'll stir you up, I'll startle you; and in Tro. and Cres., II. iii. 215, Ajax says, "An a' be proud with me, I'll *pheeze* his pride," meaning, I'll make an impression on him, I'll *bring down* his pride.

Another Northern peculiarity is the use of the term *wife* for a woman in general, without any reference to the conjugal relation, in the same way that *femme* in French and *frau* in German are occasionally used. Brockett mentions this, and derives it from the Saxon *wif*, mulier, femina; and says that Bede uses *wif-cild* for a female infant. In Henry V., Act V., chorus, we have, —

"Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with *wives*, with
boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd
sea;"

where "*wives*" is surely not confined to married women, but includes women of all ages and relations. Again, when Lord Bacon says, "Strawberry-*wives* lay two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest are little ones," he plainly means all women, married or not, who deal in the fruit; and Charles Reade, in his Scotch novel, *Christie Johnstone*, frequently calls his heroine and her friend "*fish-wives*," though they are both unmarried girls. I was amused at Grant White, in his *Every-Day English*, ridiculing the

newspaper that spoke of a certain Miss A. K., a young country girl, who raised and sold chickens, as a "lady poultry-ist." As he sensibly says, if the good old term "henwife" were too homely, she might well enough have been a "poulterer" or "poulteress." This point is interesting, as it helps to establish the accuracy of the Folio text in the celebrated *crux* in *Othello*, I. i. 21, "A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wife*," — a line that has exercised the ingenuity of the commentators to the extent of at least sixteen conjectural emendations. Let us examine it for a moment. First, bearing in mind the above-named usage of "*wife*," we must remember, secondly, that the preposition *in* is frequently used, in old writers, for *on account of, by reason of*; as in *Macb.*, IV. iii. 55:

"Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more *damn'd*
In evils to top *Macbeth*;"

and in 1 Henry IV., V. iv. 121, "The better part of valor is discretion; *in the which* better part I have saved my life;" that is, *through which, by reason of which*. And lastly, the line in question has no special reference to Cassio's connection with Bianca, nor with any woman in particular, but is a general photograph of a certain trait of his character, as contemptuously portrayed by Iago. Dashing paladin that he is himself, Iago is bitterly mortified that the general should have passed over him, and preferred to the lieutenancy a man who had no soldierly qualifications whatever. He designates the new officer as a theorist only, a "counter-caster," and a mere *woman's man*; one of those amorous, susceptible fools who are ready to risk all they possess for a fair face or a charming woman. Iago knew that Cassio had one mistress, "a customer," hanging about his neck; and he thought that he was also in love with Desdemona, — "That Cassio loves her, I can well believe it;" and it is through this susceptibility to female fascinations that he

aims to have "our Cassio on the hip." He says, "I will abuse him to the Moor in the *rank garb*;" that is, I will take care the general shall know what a libertine his lieutenant is, and what lengths the "voluble knave" will go "for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection." What, then, could be more natural, when Iago is expressing his indignation at the promotion of Cassio, than that he should, in exaggerated language, depreciate those characteristics in the "Florentine" that were most unfitting for a soldier, — qualities, by the way, that he despised the more for being so opposite to his own nature? "One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, a fellow" who is willing to go to perdition, almost to sell himself to the devil, for a beautiful woman, — "a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

Does not this give to the Folio text a clear and easy interpretation, without changing a letter, and without any subtlety or sophistication whatever? If it be claimed that Iago is referring to the lieutenant's connection with Bianca, the line might well enough be paraphrased, "A fellow almost cracked after a good-looking wench;" but I think it more likely that he is speaking of Cassio's general character among the sex, as a gay Lothario or a love-smitten Miss Nancy, and the paraphrase would be, "A fellow who is almost ready to throw himself away, body and soul, for the sake of a pretty woman."

If space permitted, other instances might be adduced of this use of provincial words by the great poet. But the main object of this note was to bring to the attention of the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* a word that has caused almost as much conjecture regarding its meaning as any other in the plays, — a word that I have been surprised to find no editor or commentator has done justice to, though some years ago, at least, it was common enough (and may be so still) among the peasantry of the North-

ern and Border counties, and no Cumberland girl would have had the least difficulty in understanding it perfectly. I mean the word "braid," in Diana's speech, in *All's Well*, IV. ii. 74:—

"Since Frenchmen are so *braid*,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid."

I need only refer the reader to the *Variorum* for pages of speculation on the signification of this word. Steevens's explanation, that it is equivalent to *deceitful*, is the one generally accepted. It escaped the notice of Brockett when he compiled his Glossary, and that may partly account for recent commentators missing its provincial meaning. When a boy, I have myself heard this word used, more than once, in exactly the sense that Diana gives to it; and it seems to me that the poet could not have selected a more forcible expression, there being no one English word that so fully gives the sense required. It is evidently derived from the Scotch *braid*, but has acquired a much more comprehensive meaning than our *broad*, the latter being generally applied to language, whereas the *braid* in question is applied to both language and actions, oftener to the latter. *Impudent* comes fairly near to it, but is not quite forcible enough, while *lustful* is perhaps in the other extreme. A man was said to be "braid" whose behavior among women was audaciously gross or insulting, or who had a noted character for making improper advances, or for taking saucy liberties. And now, after the lapse of forty years, when I recall hearing such expressions as these, "John, you munnot be sae braid, noo," or, "He's far ower braid to keep my company," it seems to me, from his putting this word so aptly in Diana's mouth, that the poet himself must at some time have heard similar expressions. The word "braided," however, so far as I recollect, was no relative of "braid." "Braided" was a word always applied to goods or wares, and meant *dirty*, *tumbled*, *crumpled up*. Soiled or damp

clothing, carelessly put away, was said to come out *braided*; that is, in braids, wrinkled, or creased. And, if I am not mistaken, it was applied also to cheap or second-hand articles, especially of haberdashery. It will be remembered that the shepherd's son, in *Winter's Tale* (IV. iv. 204), asks if Autolycus, in his guise of a peddler, has any "*unbraided* wares;" and his language has generally been supposed to be a press error for "*embroidered* wares," which is the reading of Collier's *Corrected Folio* of 1632. But I have never been able to divest myself of the impression that he rather means any new, fresh, unsoiled wares, — wares that are nice and untumbled, and not second-hand goods. Of this meaning of "*braided*," as a Northern word, I am not so confident as I am in the case of "*braid*;" and I have looked in vain for any corroborating references to it in such glossaries as I have access to. Probably some of my readers may be able to add their authority, and so to confirm, or otherwise, what I have written, and thus help to elucidate these long-disputed obscurities in the text of our beloved poet.

— Married women of tender sensibilities on the subject of equal rights, as well as tall boys who are hankering after the rights they have not yet earned, are quietly snubbed in their aspirations, when traveling in the trim little screw steamers on the coast and fiords of Norway. For women accompanying their liege lords and for children under age only half fare is charged. Doubtless, a certain brilliant essayist of the *North American Review* would not deign to ask the reason for this regulation. But the high-stepping and gray-haired patriarch of our party, elated by this unwonted leniency towards his pocket-book, applied to a good-natured captain for an explanation.

"Captain, why does your company carry a man's wife and children on half tickets?"

The jocund captain removes his well-blackened meerschaum, and declares that all the companies do the same.

"But why, captain? There must be some reason."

"Why, bless your soul, I don't know; only they always have."

The traveler persists, and remarks that he has noticed that the country is poor in everything but children. "May it not be, captain," he inquires, "that this is a plan to encourage matrimony, and to mitigate the hardships that heads of families have to endure while raising a family on these gray old rocks?"

The captain nods assent, and adds, "Perhaps so," in a parenthesis, as it were to his thoughts, as he surveys the bold stranger who has dared to suggest that his grand and cool and healthy Northland may be barren or dreary, or that poverty is really pressing his kinsfolk more closely in their narrow mountain homes than on the broad fields of Minnesota, of which he hears much from his cousins. . . .

Neither the grandeur of the mountains nor the weird intricacies of the fiords serve to keep the terrible woman question out of Norway. The time was, and not long ago, when no self-respecting Norwegian woman would consent to enter the saloon of a steamer to eat in the company of the masculine passengers. The example of the English and American women who travel in that country has changed this custom, and now the officers are no longer vexed by the problem as to how to serve two first-class meals at the same time to the few first-class passengers who frequent their lines of travel. The Norwegian woman traveler is nevertheless a model of quiet reserve and dignity. The influence of English-speaking women in Norway is not confined to table manners alone; a still greater impression is being made upon this proud and energetic race of women in reference to the question of education. The Governesses'

School in Christiania no longer meets their demands, and the younger women especially are restless, and begin to beg that the highest educational privileges may be made as free to them as to men.

—It has been discovered that beer cures intemperance. It has also been discovered that beer causes intemperance, and does not cure it. The British Parliament discovered in 1830 that beer would cure the evil. Forty years later the Convocations of Canterbury and York discovered that beer was one of the chief causes of intemperance. Literary men are just now discovering the beer antidote. One of them says, "He would do a priceless work in the Lord's vineyard who should teach the English lower classes to drink lager beer."

On the side of beer we have two discoveries: (1.) Beer cures intemperance. (2.) England drinks too little of it, and so is not cured. But how much does England drink? Professor Levi tells us that in 1866 she drank .863 of an imperial gallon of proof spirits and thirty-seven gallons of beer and ale for every man, woman, and child. He estimates the proof spirits contained in the beer and ale at 3.393 gallons a head.

So, England drinks about four times as much alcohol in beer and ale as in spirits. This suggests two questions: (1.) Does English intemperance come from the one fifth of alcohol contained in the spirits, or from the four fifths contained in the beer? (2.) If thirty-seven gallons a head is not enough to effect a cure, how much beer does the Lord's English vineyard require?

We will now look at the anti-beer discovery. In 1869, thirty-nine years after England had, by fostering legislation, quadrupled its use of beer, the English church took measures to ascertain the causes and extent of intemperance. The Convocation of Canterbury, through a large committee, sent letters of inquiry to the judges of criminal courts, chief constables, superintendents of police,

recorders, coroners, chaplains and governors of prisons and workhouses, and others whose official position gave them special means for observation.

The convocation, in summing up the evidence obtained from 2223 witnesses, say that the parliamentary Beer Act of 1830 appears to be one of the foremost and most prolific causes of intemperance, and that "the testimony on this point, on the part of the magistracy, the constabulary, the parochial clergy, and others most competent to judge, is most emphatic and unanimous." This report was forwarded to the throne with the indorsement of the Upper House, together with 2223 extracts from the evidence on which it was based. Some years later the Convocation of York made similar inquiries. Its report, based on the testimony of 2711 witnesses, is still more emphatic in relation to the disastrous effects of beer on the people of England. We know about how much beer England has used for the last half century. We know, too, or may easily learn, whether it has or has not cured English intemperance.

—Of late years we Americans have had sufficient cause to bemoan ourselves on account of our climate, which not only treats us to the severest extremes of tropical heat and Siberian cold, but springs from one to the other with a suddenness for which no one can be prepared, the most alert Yankee not being "lively" enough to keep up with such volatile weather. Since living in a country with so absurd a climate is really a grave misfortune, we may be thankful to find that there is anything good to be said for it; and I think it may be noticed, as balancing in some degree its unpleasant characteristics, that when the weather *is* in a good humor it can give us as fine days as are to be had anywhere in the world, and a remarkable variety of them. In this month of October there have been days equaling those we may have reveled

in Italy, and others, again, which for brilliancy of beauty were like the most superb we have known among Swiss mountains, — days when the landscape seemed wrapped in softest haze, which yet was not a haze, since all things appeared in true outline and relief; and other days when the crystalline air was so pure that there actually seemed to be no atmosphere at all, and one fancied that one could touch with the finger objects two or three miles off. Happy is he who, in such rare days, is living in a hill country, for their beauty is there best noted and enjoyed. From where I live, the river (the Hudson) has the look of a lake, or rather of two lakes at north and south, the water directly in front being hidden by trees; but a few minutes' walk brings one to a spot where the straight course of the river may be seen for twenty miles. I passed the place to-day in my afternoon stroll, and had to stop there several minutes, I was so struck with the beauty of the familiar view. The river had taken on that peculiar tint of dark, brilliant, living blue which most suggests the motion, the flow, of water whose movement cannot, on account of distance, be really observed; the imagination could follow the noble stream the long way from its far-off beginning to its end. The hills — we towns-people do not dignify them as mountains, though we are proud of their respectable height — wore that indescribable hue one sees on them only in autumn, which is not purple, but a mingling of red and blue, as in a changeable silk. The house-roofs of the town below, and even the ugly village on the opposite shore, were picturesque, seen in mass and in that splendid light. I knew it all so well! And yet the beauty of it flashed on me as newly as if it were some strange foreign town I was looking on, and an unfamiliar river and hills. On the way home, as the sun declined, the hills became ruby-color, and the sky gold;

and soon, with another turn of the kaleidoscope, it was the sky that had flushed rose-pink, while the hills below it were softened to dusky blue. It is this changefulness of aspect in the hills which lovers of them rejoice in; it is like the changes of mood and of countenance we notice in a dear friend, all of whose moods and looks are lovely to us.

Although we constantly speak of nature as painting pictures for our eye, I think the real effect of her on those who are sensitive to her influence is like that of music, suggesting the same strong and quite indefinable emotions. I don't know whether or not this has been remarked upon before, but it is a fact that any nature-lover easily discovers for himself. Why a certain slope of upland, a certain grouping of trees, a certain quality of light, cheers, or soothes, or saddens us it would be hard to say, — as hard as it would be for some of us to tell why and how we are moved by a Schubert symphony. There may be persons who are able to find a reason for their enjoyment, but we who cannot explain the meaning of what we feel are none the less sure of the strength of our feeling. There is a difference in the effect upon us of natural scenes, and some of them — such as the impressions of a desert waste or of Alpine summits, solitary or in glorious companies — we can come nearer to rendering an intelligible account of to ourselves; in the same way, the meaning of certain music, as some of Beethoven's symphonies, we might, if we tried, translate in imperfect fashion into words. Analogies of this sort cannot of course be pressed; nothing of man's invention is strictly comparable to the glory of the great mountains or the sea, yet there is enough of likeness between the sentiments suggested by music and by nature to make the lovers of them both pleased to notice it. I recollect the delight of first hearing Schubert's symphony in C, — a delight the more complete and intense that

it appeared to need not the slightest attempt at analysis; it was pure, unmixed emotion, — without any *conscious* exertion of mind, that is, — and after it was all over the first spontaneous thought

was, How like what nature has often seemed to say to us! It was the only comparison one could make between anything else and that quintessence of music as such.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. The Poets and Poetry of Ireland, by Alfred M. Williams (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is an admirable compilation so far as it goes. The editor has fairly accomplished his purpose, which was to give within the compass of a single volume a connected series of Irish poems from the earliest period down to the present time. Mr. Williams has both gained and lost by strictly adhering to his self-imposed limitations, which excluded the work of Irish-American poets as well as that of Irish poets who were not truly national, — that is to say, such Irish singers as addressed themselves almost wholly to English listeners. The loss and the gain are obvious. Mr. Williams's collection contains little that is commonplace, and much that is rare and not easily accessible to the general reader. His historical illustrations and critical notes add greatly to the value of a unique compendium of Irish poetry. — The same publishers have issued a red-line edition of Miss H. W. Preston's translation of the Georgics of Vergil, originally published in a less elaborate form. The present volume is illustrated with four full-page cuts. — Geraldine, A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence (same publishers) is the title of an anonymous work, in which the author set himself the difficult task of writing a society novel in verse. The author's claim that he wrote the poem before he had read Owen Meredith's *Lucile* is easily conceded. The resemblance between the two poems is undoubtedly accidental; it is, however, unfortunate. One can scarcely avoid comparing Geraldine with *Lucile*. A better poem of the kind than Geraldine would suffer by such a comparison. — *Roses and Myrtles*, by Sarah Jerusha Cornwall (D. Appleton & Co.), is a volume of graceful, brief poems and lyrics, in which the workmanship is rather better than the material.

Holiday Books for Children. The young folks are to have a treat this year, if the first putting forth of gayly-tinted covers is a fair indication of the literary crop to come. No approaching Christmas season has ever been signalized by the appearance of so many attractive books for children. In fact, it is difficult to imagine what more tempting offerings could be brought forward. A book that will undoubtedly take its place as a standard work for young folks is *The Children's Book* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), by Horace E. Scudder, author of the *Bodley Books* and many others. It is almost a whole library in it-

self, as it contains long selections from the best books that have ever been written for children, — fables, popular tales, stories in verse, stories from Hans Andersen and from the Arabian Nights, Lilliput, Adventures of Baron Munchausen, etc. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the book is beautifully bound. A colored frontispiece by Rosina Emmet is very attractive. — The most thoroughly original and the best colored illustrated book of the season is *The Glad Year Round*. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) It is a great credit to the illustrator, Miss A. G. Plympton, and will without the least doubt establish her position among the very best illustrators of children's books in this country. The class of books to which this belongs was the immediate result of the introduction of the Kate Greenaway Books; but while in all other cases the illustrators of these books on this side of the Atlantic have closely followed the teachings of Miss Greenaway, even adopting her costumes, Miss Plympton has made her book purely original and entirely American. The costumes worn by the children whom we see every day in the streets of the city or in the country are suddenly made very picturesque and beautiful under the skillful brush of this artist. The verses are pleasing, and the whole work is extremely delightful. As a piece of printing the book will easily rank with the best of color work. — Mr. Frank R. Stockton is one of the best friends among authors that the children have. His books are invariably full of good reading, and in every respect attractive and interesting. New editions of two of his books (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), *Tales Out of School* and *Roundabout Rambles*, are issued this year, with fresh pictures and beautifully decorated colored covers. In their new dresses, these books will delight the children more than ever. — *Sunday* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) is the title of a book of over four hundred pages, filled with stories for children on every conceivable topic, and illustrated in the most generous manner. — *Our Young Folks Abroad* (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) is a story of the adventures of four American boys and girls in a journey through Europe to Constantinople, told by James D. McCabe, with innumerable illustrations. — *Cross Patch*, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a book that will surely please the juveniles. It is made up of narratives, into which the author has introduced characters and sugges-

tions from the myths of Mother Goose. Illustrated by Miss Ellen Oakford. — The Rev. Edward E. Hale has added the third to his series of *Stories of Adventure*. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) It includes true stories of Marco Polo, Cortez, Humboldt, and others. — Mrs. Overthway's *Remembrances*, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a book for the older children, and younger grown-up people. It is a collection of five stories by the author of *Jan of the Windmill*, with ten full-page pictures. — *Phaeton Rogers*, by Rossiter Johnson (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, where it was immediately placed on the list of favorites with the young people. It is a capital book, filled with spirited incidents which are cleverly told. The illustrations are a great feature of the book. — *Two Cabin Boys*, by Louis Rousset (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a boy's book. It is filled with the most exciting sea and land adventures, all of which are well told and generously illustrated. The plot is skillfully put together, and there is nowhere any sensationalism or extravagant exaggeration. — *Thorncliffe Hall*, by Daniel Wise, D. D. (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is a story for older boys. It relates how and why "Joel Milford changed his opinion of boys whom he once called 'goody-goody fellows.' " — Dr. Gilbert's *Daughters*, by Margaret H. Mathews (Porter & Coates), is a well-conceived and well-written story for girls.

Legends and Folklore. Moncure D. Conway's *The Wandering Jew* (Henry Holt & Co., New York) is said to be the only existing treatise on the subject. The author has not entered into the study of the legend as a matter of curiosity, but seriously, because he believes the subject has a real and a large significance. He discusses the sources of the myth, the generalization of the legends, and devotes several chapters, all of them full of strange and interesting material, to the wanderer in the folklore of Germany, France, and England. — *An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folklore* (Henry Holt & Co., New York), by the Rev. George W. Cox, author of *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, is a most complete work. Its purpose is to give a general view of the mass of popular traditions belonging to the Aryan nations of Asia and Europe, not merely to discuss or relate the Greek and Latin myths. — *Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), by Thomas and Katharine Macquoid, contains many stories founded on popular traditions in these countries, and others that have been adapted from the tales of story-telling beggars.

Miscellaneous. Thomas Fowler, professor of logic in the University of Oxford, has written an excellent book on the life, works, methods, opinions, and influence of the great English philosopher, Francis Bacon. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) If one has no technical acquaintance with philosophy it is an exceedingly difficult and tedious task to acquire an understanding of the nature and influence of Bacon, and it was to make this task a pleasant labor that Professor Fowler wrote his book. He has placed his discussions

on the different divisions of his subject in an interesting form, and has wisely kept the book down to convenient size. — *A First Greek Course* (Harper & Brothers, New York), by William Smith, is a new text-book for the use of the lower classes in schools. — *The Yorktown Campaign and the Surrender of Cornwallis*, by Henry P. Johnston (Harper & Brothers, New York), is a timely publication and a thoroughly well-written book. It gives an account of the final campaign of the Revolution, and of the movements of Cornwallis and Lafayette in Virginia. Several disputed and uncertain points are established by unpublished letters of Lafayette's. Letters by American officers and papers captured in Yorktown, now in the State Department at Washington, as well as numerous plans of the Yorktown siege by French, English, and American engineers, were consulted by the author. A list of authorities on the period to which the book relates is given in the appendix. The illustrations are excellent. — *The History of the Discovery of the Northwest*, by John Nicolet, with a sketch of his life (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), is a story of the perseverance of the first white man who visited that part of the United States now divided up into Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The *Jesuit Relations* were the author's chief resources for information. — *The Franklin Square Song Collection* (Harper & Brothers, New York) contains over two hundred of the songs and hymns that have, during many years past, become popular in the widest sense. In the midst of a multitude of newer airs these were rapidly being lost sight of. The words are given with the music in each case. The addition of notes on the history and origin of many of the songs is a new feature in such compilations, and a good one, as it gives the book a certain historical value. — The second in the *Leaflets from Standard Authors* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been compiled by Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, from poems and prose writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. These *Leaflets* are especially designed for use in schools, but as they include the best known and most admired passages they can hardly fail to be useful for homes and libraries as well. — The new volume in the series of *Appleton's Home Books* (D. Appleton & Co., New York) is *Household Hints*, by Miss E. W. Babcock. The little book contains a mass of information for housekeepers, and is especially designed for those who are inexperienced in the trials of managing a household. All sorts of difficulties which come up to disturb the routine of a well-regulated home establishment are discussed and perhaps set at rest. At all events, the young housewife has here, in convenient form, practical hints that have evidently been well considered by the experienced, and which to the male intellect, incompetent on such subjects, appears to be almost without value! — *The Story of a Scandinavian Summer* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), by Miss K. E. Tyler, is a pleasant account of the movements of a party of travelers during three months in the land of Thorwaldsen. It flavors strongly of the note-book. The author has a great deal of historical information to offer about

whichever of the principal cities, places of interest, or scenes in the journey were considered worthy of the required space in the book, and it is in the main interesting. — In 1878 Mr. W. F. Rae visited the Province of Manitoba and a part of the New West as correspondent of the London Times, and two years later, in the same capacity, he journeyed from Halifax, N. S., to the Red River of the North, in Manitoba, and then to the Rio Grande, in New Mexico. The letters which he sent to the Times during these two journeys are now printed in book form (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), under the title *Newfoundland to Manitoba*. — Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the composer and pianist, made it an invariable rule to keep a daily journal, which, when he was on concert tours, was sometimes extended to many pages. All his notes of travel and many of his letters have now been brought together in book form (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) by his sister, who in editing the volume added a short biographical sketch and many criticisms. The original work was in French. — *The World, Round it and Over it*, is the title of a volume made up of letters written to a daily journal by an English barrister-at-law during his travels around the world. The book is illustrated with numerous wood-engravings. (Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto.) — The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is evidently an English book. Whether it is really an autobiography or a piece of fiction the reader will have hard work to determine. It matters little, however, for nothing can save it now from being rather dull and commonplace. — *A Critical Review of American Politics* (Robert Clarke & Co., Chicago), by Charles Reemelin, is, in book form, a series of chapters on almost all the questions that bear on American politics, from the Declaration of Independence up. The author gives the reader, in the preface and sketch of his own life, the means of forming an idea of the true value of the book, although perhaps unintentionally. — *The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century*, translated from the French of Jules Verne (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a book that explains itself in its title. It is well illustrated with original drawings by Leon Benett, and fac-similes from early maps and manuscripts. — With the title of the Agawam Edition, G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first two installments of Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature*, in one handsome volume, at a moderate price. This places a valuable standard work within the reach of the general public. The completion of Professor Tyler's task is awaited with interest. — Mr. Edward H. House gives the happy title of *Japanese Episodes* to a collection of papers published by J. R. Osgood & Co. Mr. House has resided in Japan during the last twelve or fifteen years, and his observations on the manners and traits of that singularly gentle people are of exceptional value. The only serious fault to be found with Mr. House's *Episodes* is that they are too few. The reader would gladly welcome half a dozen such stories as the *Little Fountain of Sakanoshita*, and a whole volume of such sketches

as *A Day in a Japanese Theatre*, both of which were originally printed in this magazine. A *Japanese Statesman at Home* appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. The bit of travel entitled *Fuziyama and Back* is now in type for the first time. It is presumable that the publishers charge nothing for Mr. House's sketches, since the prettily designed cover with its Japanese emblems is alone worth the price of the book. — Roberts Brothers have brought out Mr. A. I. Symington's *William Wordsworth* in two very neat volumes. The biographical essay is agreeably written, though it is in no sense a profound study of the poet. The extracts from Wordsworth's prose and poetical works display a nice critical taste. — Mr. J. Brander Matthews's papers on the French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century have been collected in an exquisitely printed 8vo volume. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) — From the press of Didier et Cie, Paris, we have received *L'Homme et la Nature*, by Dr. Hugh Doherty. — In *L'Insegnamento Pubblico ai Tempi Nostri* (Forzani, Rome), Signor Fornelli discusses the question of public education from an advanced Italian point of view. — In the two beautifully printed little volumes containing *The Comedy of Errors* and *Cymbeline* (Harper & Brothers) Mr. William J. Rolfe has completed his series of Shakespeare's plays for the young. We consider Mr. Rolfe's plan a commendable one. There is a place for just such an edition as he has projected and edited with so much discrimination. — *The Poets' Tributes to Garfield* is a collection of poems written for the Boston Daily Globe and other journals. (Moses King.) — If we may judge by the two volumes now issued, the Campaigns of the Civil War (Charles Scribner's Sons) promises to be a valuable series of military studies. The initial volume, entitled *The Outbreak of the Rebellion*, by John G. Nicolay, describes the opening of the conflict, and covers the period from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run. The second volume, *From Fort Henry to Corinth*, by General M. F. Force, contains a narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862, involving an account of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson and a description of the battle of Shiloh. We shall examine the work in detail hereafter. — In the department of essays there is nothing more charming in a thoughtful, graceful way than Mr. O. W. Bunce's *Bachelor Bluff*, his *Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations*. Nearly all, if not all, these papers are collected from the pages of *Appleton's Journal*, where they were read with a pleasure that insures them a second perusal. (D. Appleton & Co.) — *Miss Jewett's Country By-Ways* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) requires no recommendation to those who are familiar with her *Deephaven* sketches and the pleasant pages of *Old Friends and New*. *Country By-Ways* is in some respects a notable advance on Miss Jewett's previous writings. Without losing any of her freshness or simplicity, she has acquired a firmer hand. This is particularly plain in the story of *Andrew's Fortune*. — *Walter Savage Landor*, by Prof. Sidney Colvin (Harper & Brothers), is the latest addition to the English *Men of Letters* series, and is the most interesting

of recent biographical and critical sketches, if we except Mr. George Willis Cooke's book on Emerson (James R. Osgood & Co.). Mr. Cooke has made a loving and adequate study of his subject. It is admirable in an admirable fashion, and is its own justification, if the publishing of such a work at the present time needs a *raison d'être*. The book has a fine steel portrait of Emerson.

Fiction. Mr. De Forest's new novel, *The Bloody Chasm* (D. Appleton & Co.), is not so sanguinary as its title. It is a love story, with a Southern heroine and a Northern hero, and deals with the period immediately following the collapse of the Confederacy. There are a great many entertaining novels which are not nearly so good as *Kate Beaumont*, and this is one of them. Mr. De Forest belongs to that small group of American authors who can write novels pure and simple. Others excel him in the presentation of subtle characters, or in the depicting of a single situation; but no one puts so much story into his story, — so much action and every-day life. All these things enter into the composition of *The Bloody Chasm*, which, though it lacks the well-knit plot and the sustained literary excellence of *Kate Beaumont*, is a book that the reader will not care to lay down until he has finished it. — *Without a Home*, by Edward P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), requires no special comment. It does not differ in essentials from the author's previous books. Mr. Roe's purpose is always excellent, and he has had the good fortune to win a large audience. — *In the Bush*, by the Rev. H. W. Pierson (D. Appleton & Co.), is a thoroughly delightful book. Nothing could be better in their way than the author's descriptions of old-time social and religious life in the Southwest, and nothing could be much more unsatisfactory than the five or six full-page cuts which serve to illustrate the text. — *Queen Titania* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of those pleasant little tales which Mr. Boyesen has taught us to look for at his hands. The volume contains two other short stories, *The Mountain's Face* and *A Dangerous Virtue*, the latter being decidedly the gem of the collection. — *A Prince of Breffny*, by T. P. May (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), is a historical romance of considerable freshness and spirit. A lively young Irish adventurer, serving in the army of Charles III. of Spain, is not at all a bad figure for romance. — *The Fate of Madame La Tour*, a tale of the Great Salt Lake, by Mrs. A. G. Paddock (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), and *Damen's Ghost*, one of the latest of the Round-Robin Series of native fictions, complete our list in this department.

Art. A Biography of David Cox, with Remarks on his Works and Genius (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, London, and Paris), by William Hall, has been issued under the editorship of J. T. Bunce. The author was favored with a long intimacy with Cox, and being an artist himself was therefore able thoroughly to appreciate the efforts of the man whose biographer he has become. The book is much more interesting to the general reader than biographies are apt to be; perhaps, for one reason, because the

genius of the man who earned a foremost place among the creators of a school of English water-color painters has not been praised without limit, but has received justice. — *The Human Figure*, one of Putnam's Art Hand-Books (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), edited by Miss Susan N. Carter, has reached a fourth edition. In her capacity as principal of the Woman's Art School, at the Cooper Union, Miss Carter has had an opportunity to see what is needed in the way of special discussions for students in art, and these volumes appear to be edited understandingly. In the book at hand, which was written by Henry Warren, honorary president of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, the drawing, color, and proportions of the human figure are considered in detail. — *A Short History of Art* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), by Julia B. De Forest, will have to take its chances with many others which have appeared within a few years. The book is well illustrated. It is intended for students as an introductory to standard works, but, being a book of three hundred and fifty pages, it can hardly be called a "brief" outline of the origin and development of art, although it may be, and evidently is, an interesting and accurate one. — Students in art who desire to give any considerable attention to the history of sculpture, painting, or architecture will find Mr. C. S. Farrar's book, *Art Topics* (Townsend MacCoun, Chicago), of the greatest assistance. As a reference book and key to standard works on art, it has at present no rival. Its whole purpose is to give a brief biographical history of sculpture, painting, and architecture, with special references to the best works on the subjects, or on any particular divisions of them. These references, given in such a thorough manner, are exactly what students in art need to assist them. — *The Magazine of Art* for October (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York) contains the second paper on *The Story of an Artist's Struggle*; a second article on *Dutch Painters and Woodcutters*, with five illustrations; *Nuremberg*, with five illustrations; an article on *The Progress of Academies of Art in Great Britain*; a well-illustrated account of *Barge Life*; and the usual number of pages of art notes. The full-page frontispiece is a wood-engraving of *Ars Longa, Vita Brevis*, after the original painting by Haynes Williams.

Religious. The following religious books have been received during the month: *The Bible Commentary*, Vol. III., *Romans to Philemon* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), by F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter; *The American Edition of the Revised Version of the New Testament* (Harper & Brothers, New York); *The Theory of Preaching*, *Lectures on Homiletics*, by Austin Phelps, D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); *The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons*, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York); *The Man Jesus*, by John W. Chadwick (Roberts Brothers, Boston); *The Orthodox Theology of To-Day*, by Newman Smyth (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).